

THE MUNSEY

*This number of
Munsey's Magazine
comes pretty close
to my idea of
what a modern
magazine should be.*

*I regard it as
a whole as the
best number we
have ever issued.*

Frank A. Munsey



Munsey's Magazine

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IMPORTANT

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV.

OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 1.

The Crisis in China.

BY ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND,

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN THE PEKING UNIVERSITY.

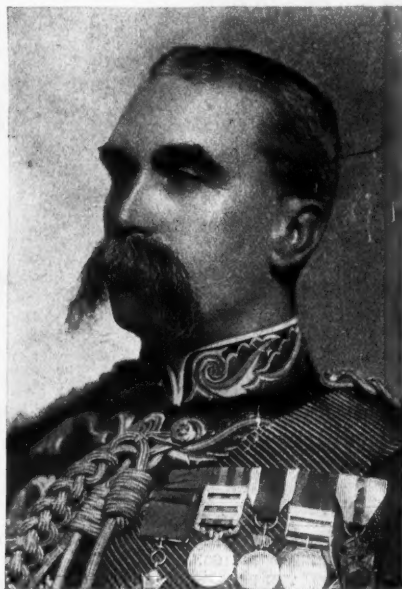
A REVIEW OF THE CAUSES OF THE RECENT EXTRAORDINARY OUTBREAK, THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE EXISTING SITUATION, AND WHAT MUST BE DONE IF CHINA AND THE REST OF THE WORLD ARE HENCEFORTH TO LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE.

THE word "Boxer" has been printed more often during the past three months than during the previous three hundred years. Why? Who are the Boxers?

The Boxers are a secret society called in Chinese I-Ho-Tu'an or I-Ho-Ch'uan. The *I* means "righteous," *Ho* means "harmony," and *Tu'an*, or *Ch'uan*, means "fist." The whole name may be



VICE ADMIRAL SIR E. H. SEYMOUR, WHO COMMANDED THE UNSUCCESSFUL RELIEF EXPEDITION IN JUNE. ADMIRAL SEYMOUR'S SKILL AND GALLANTRY AS LEADER OF THIS FORLORN HOPE WERE HIGHLY PRAISED BY AMERICANS WHO SERVED WITH HIM.



LIEUTENANT GENERAL SIR ALFRED GASELEE, COMMANDING THE BRITISH FORCES IN CHINA. GENERAL GASELEE IS A VETERAN OF THIRTY SEVEN YEARS' SERVICE WITH THE BRITISH INDIAN ARMY, AND MARCHED TO CANDAHAR WITH LORD ROBERTS.

translated as "The Fist of Righteous Harmony."

The society was organized many years when the governor of Shantung province, whose son was said to have belonged to the Boxers, gave to the mem-



EDWIN H. CONGER, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHINA, WITH AMERICAN OFFICERS, OFFICIALS, AND MARINES. MR. CONGER IS IN THE CENTER; ON HIS RIGHT STANDS COMMANDER KNOX, OF THE PRINCETON; ON HIS LEFT, HUBBARD SMITH, ACTING CONSUL AT CANTON.

From a photograph taken in front of the United States consulate at Canton in October, 1890, when Mr. Conger was on a tour of inspection.

ago, and has had different names, such as "The White Lily" and "The Big Knife." The latter name originated

bers large swords and constituted them a sort of rural police, to protect the country from men who had been driven



MISS LAURA CONGER AND MRS. E. H. CONGER, DAUGHTER AND WIFE OF THE UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHINA, WHO WERE AT THE AMERICAN LEGATION IN PEKING DURING THE SIEGE.

From photographs by Stalee, Washington.

to robbery by the loss of their property in the overflow of the Yellow River. It was not long before the Boxers became worse thieves than those from whom they were to guard the people, and in a little more than a year's time they developed into formidable enemies of the allied powers of the world, as they are at the present time.

The Boxers were originally organized for moral and religious study, for athletic exercise, and for mutual help and protection from other secret societies and from the avarice of officials. The organization began for the most part among the country village folk, but after the pres-

ent uprising it embodied a vast number of hoodlums, almost all the Chinese soldiers of the Shantung province, and all whom it could induce or compel to join its ranks.

It has many superstitious practices, gathered, no doubt, from a study of Taoism. Among these is the belief that after a certain amount of athletic exercise the devotee becomes sword and bullet proof. One of them, when brought before an official, is said to have announced:

"You cannot hurt me. I am bullet proof. Cut off this hand and the blood will not flow."

"Take him and cut off his hand," quietly ordered the official, "and



LI HUNG CHANG, THE "GRAND OLD MAN" OF CHINA, WHO MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE BEEN PRIVY TO THE GREAT CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE "FOREIGN DEVILS."



see whether or not he is bullet proof and axe proof."

They did so, and the man bled to death. But such incidents were ex-

tempted by the young Emperor Kuang Hsu two years ago. At that time the emperor issued several important edicts. One directed that a university should be established at Peking, which was done. Other schools were established at Tientsin, Shanghai, and Nanking, all of which are under the management of Chinamen, with a foreigner as president of each college.



THE BISHOPS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CHINA. ABOVE (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) ARE DR. WHARTON CASSELLS, OF WEST CHINA, AND DR. MOULE (IN NATIVE COSTUME); BELOW ARE DR. CHARLES J. CORFE, OF COREA, DR. PERRY SCOTT, OF NORTH CHINA, AND DR. GRAVES, OF SHANGHAI.

plained as being due to imperfect knowledge of the Boxer rites.

REASONS FOR THE PRESENT UPRISING.

There are three general causes for the present uprising.

First, it is a revolt on the part of the conservatives against the reforms at-

Another edict was that agricultural schools should be established throughout all the provinces of the empire. When it is remembered that the Chinese plow with a forked stick, one point of which is tipped with iron, the need of such schools will be apparent.

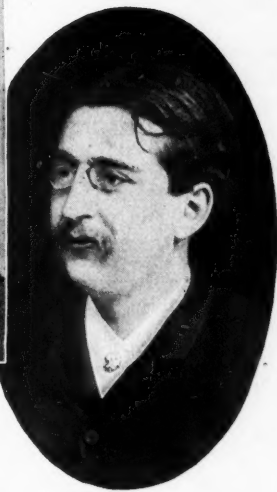
A third edict was that "mines should



BARON VON KETTELER,
THE GERMAN ENVOY,
FORMERLY SECRETARY
OF THE GERMAN
EMBASSY AT
WASHINGTON—KILLED
ON JUNE 19 LAST.



M. MICHAEL DE GIER, THE
RUSSIAN ENVOY.



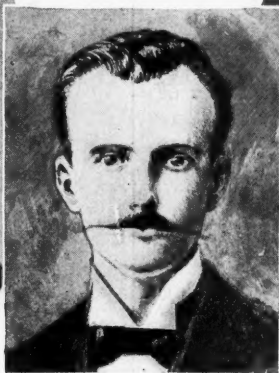
M. PICHON, THE
FRENCH ENVOY,
FORMERLY A MEMBER
OF THE PARIS
MUNICIPAL COUNCIL
AND MINISTER TO
HAYTI.



SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD,
THE BRITISH ENVOY.
*From a photograph by Elliott
& Fry, London.*



SEÑOR DE COLOGAN, THE
SPANISH MINISTER.



DR. VON ROSTHORN, THE AUSTRIAN
ENVOY.

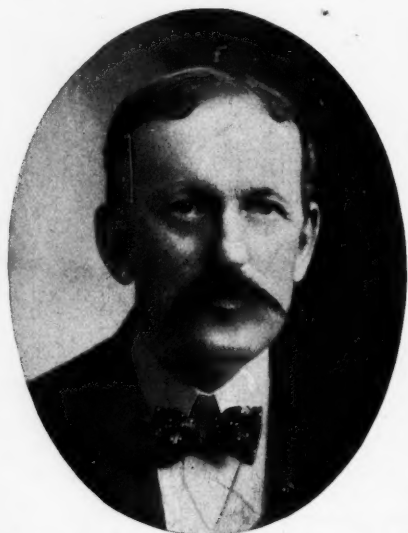


BARON NISHI, THE JAPANESE
ENVOY.

MINISTERS OF FOREIGN POWERS AT PEKING.

The German minister was killed by Chinese troops while on his way to a conference of the Tsungli Yamen; the others held out until relieved by the allied forces on August 15. The chancellor of the Japanese legation, Mr. Sugiyama, was also killed.

be opened and railroads built." In China I have seen blind old women sitting on the bare ground in midwinter, feeling about for a few weeds or corn



WILLIAM W. ROCKHILL, SPECIAL POLITICAL ENVOY OF THE UNITED STATES IN CHINA.

From a photograph by Stalee, Washington.

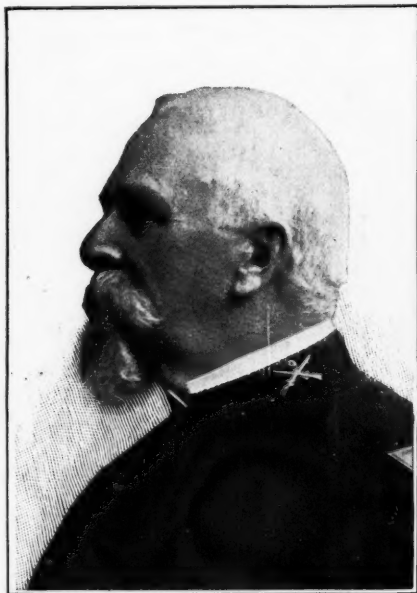
stalks to cook their food and heat their brick beds. I have seen men raking up the dry grass on the mountainside for the same purpose, all of them oblivious of the fact that beds of coal were buried beneath their feet. People in one part of the country starve for food, while in another part crops rot for lack of people to eat them. There are practically no methods of transportation from one part of the country to the other. It was the desire of the young emperor to avoid these calamities and provide for these needs; but his people were not ready to accept the innovations he proposed.

A second cause of the uprising is the constant discussion about dividing up



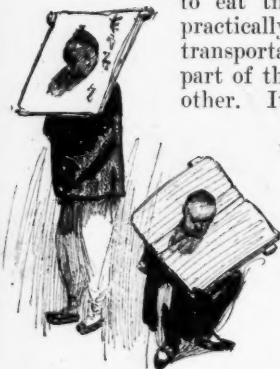
COLONEL CHARLES A. COOLIDGE, WHO SUCCEEDED THE LATE COLONEL LISCUM IN COMMAND OF THE NINTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.

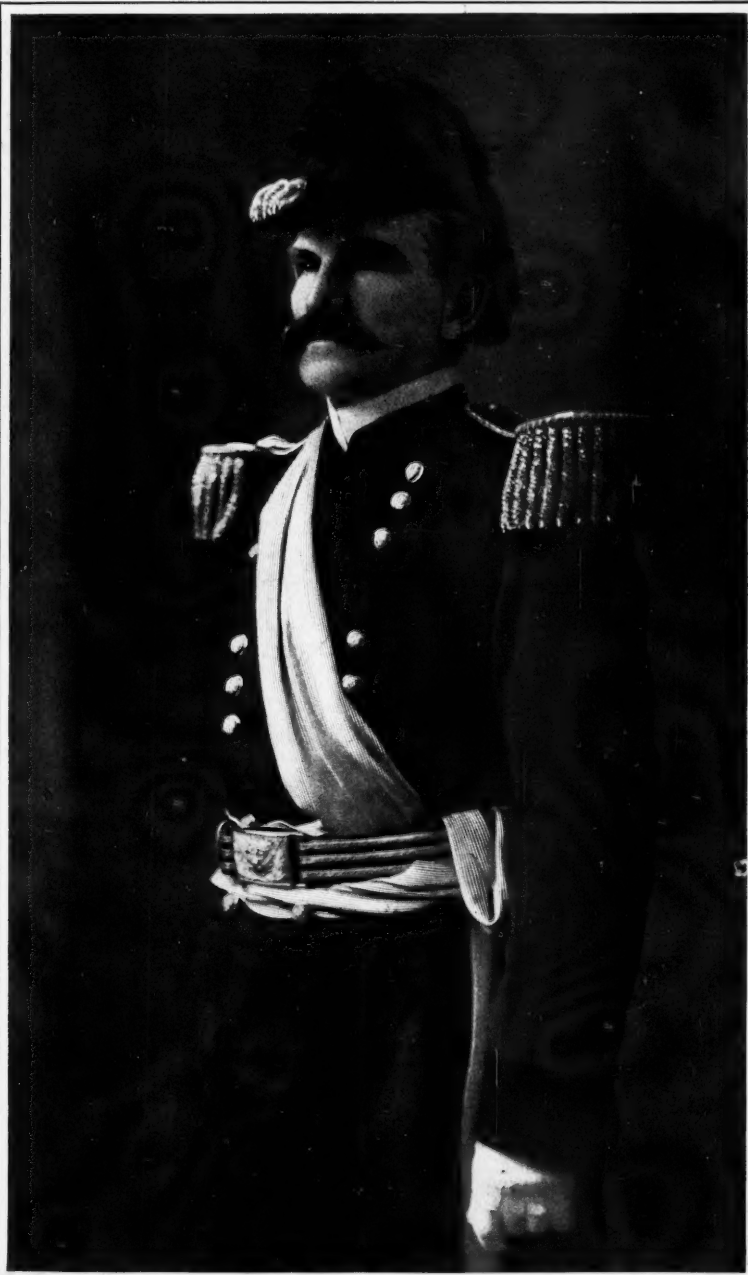
From a photograph by De Youngs, New York.



THE LATE COLONEL EMERSON H. LISCUM, NINTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY, KILLED IN THE ATTACK ON TIENTSIN, JULY 13.

From a photograph by the Imperial Studio, San Francisco.





MAJOR GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE, COMMANDING THE UNITED STATES FORCES IN CHINA. THERE IS NO MORE TYPICAL AMERICAN SOLDIER THAN GENERAL CHAFFEE, WHO ENLISTED AS A TROOPER AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR, AND HAS MADE HIS WAY TO THE FRONT BY A SPLENDID RECORD OF ARDUOUS AND GALLANT SERVICE.

From his latest photograph—Copyright by J. J. Pennell, Junction City, Kansas.

(See article by General O. O. Howard, page 123.)

China, which has been carried on in the Tientsin and Shanghai papers. If such discussions were carried on by Chinese in this country about a proposed partition of the United States, it is safe to say that their printing offices would be blown to atoms.

A third cause of the present uprising was the difficulty that existed between the Boxers and the Christian churches. The former were constantly persecuting the Christians, and dragging them before the officials. In self defense, the Roman Catholics appointed two of their priests to take charge of all such litigation. The fact that the priests under-



REAR ADMIRAL BENDEMANN, COMMANDING THE GERMAN NAVAL FORCES ON THE CHINA STATION.

stood foreign as well as Chinese law, that they knew the Chinese language, and that they were foreigners, made them more than a match for their antagonists, and they generally won their clients' case. This angered the officials and it angered the Boxers, who began attacking the Roman Catholic Christians in a body. An appeal to the officials brought no help, so that regular pitched battles occurred between the Boxers and the Catholics. These attacks soon extended to the Protestant

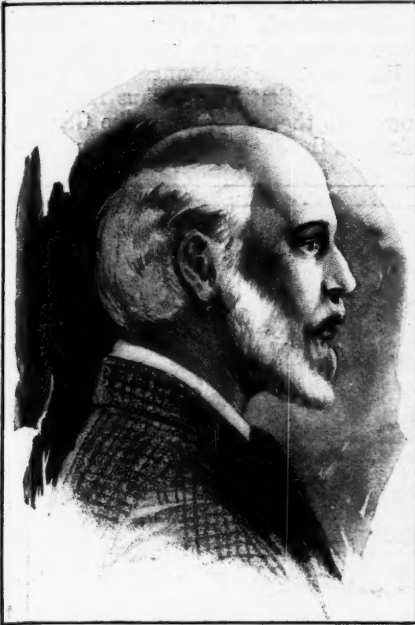
Christians. Then, becoming bolder, as it became clear that they had the sympathy of the official class, the Boxers



LIEUTENANT GENERAL VON LESSELE, COMMANDING THE GERMAN INFANTRY IN CHINA.



LIEUTENANT COLONEL VON ARNSTEDT, COMMANDING THE GERMAN CAVALRY IN CHINA.



SIR ROBERT HART, WHO FOR THIRTY SEVEN YEARS HAS BEEN AT THE HEAD OF THE CHINESE REVENUE SERVICE.



TSU-HSI, DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA, THE MOST POWERFUL ENEMY OF FOREIGNERS AND FOREIGN CIVILIZATION.

conceived the plan of driving all foreigners out of China.

NEITHER MISSIONARIES NOR CHRISTIANS
THE CAUSE.

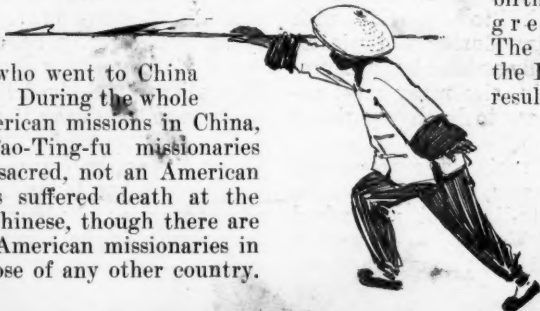
As many people, apparently, are inclined to accuse the Christians and the missionaries of being the cause of the present disasters, let me call attention to a few facts.

The six schools established by the Chinese government—the Peking Imperial University, the Tientsin Imperial University, the Shanghai College, the Nan-king Imperial University, the Shanghai Arsenal, and the Shanghai Girls' School—are all under the management of Americans who went to China as missionaries. During the whole history of American missions in China, unless the Pao-Ting-fu missionaries have been massacred, not an American missionary has suffered death at the hands of the Chinese, though there are perhaps more American missionaries in China than those of any other country.

The persons massacred thus far, as nearly as can be established at this writing, have been two members of the diplomatic body, one a German and the other a Japanese, a member of the faculty of the Peking Imperial University, Professor F. Huberty James, and three members of the English church mission, all of whom wear long black gowns similar to those of the priests.

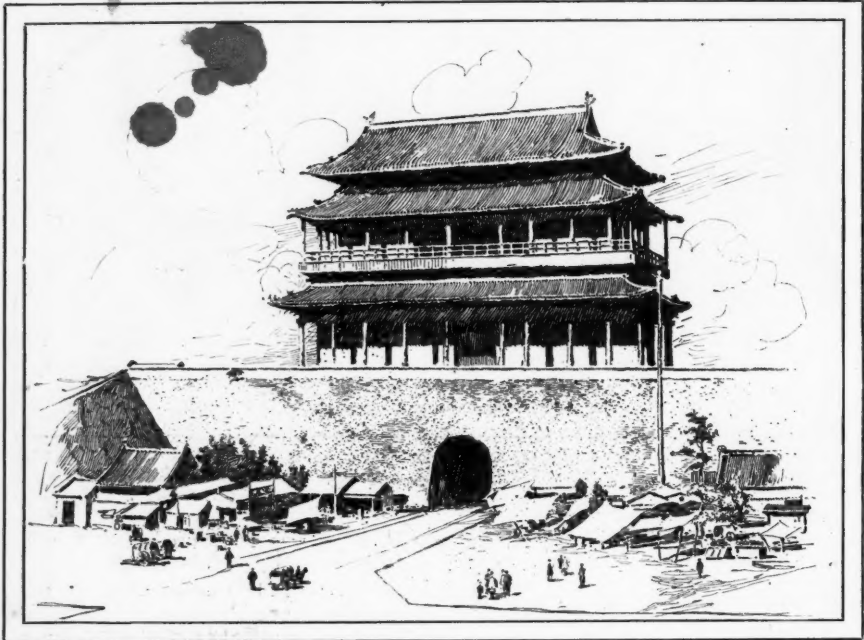
WHEN THE PRESENT MOVEMENT BEGAN
AND HOW IT GREW.

The present Boxer movement began more than a year ago in the northeastern province of Shantung, not far from the birthplace of the great Confucius. The difficulties with the Roman Catholics resulted in the death of a large number of the Boxers, for the Catholic missionaries drill their followers in civil,



political, and military matters as well as in spiritual things. Their churches were stored with guns and ammunition, and their people defended themselves stoutly. Their final resort was the great North Church in Peking, which, it is said, still stands, several thousand mem-

that it would reach such dimensions as it later assumed. The fact that so many persons were shut up in Peking is an indication of the suddenness with which it broke on that city. Thus far, however, with the exception of the German minister, the Japanese attaché, and Pro-



THE HATTA MEUNNE GATE OF THE TARTAR CITY, PEKING. THIS VIEW SHOWS THE GREAT STRENGTH OF THE DEFENSES CAPTURED BY THE ALLIED RELIEF EXPEDITION.

bers having defended it against the Boxers.

The Boxers' next move in Shantung, last year, was against the Protestant churches. As it is the principle of these churches not to use force, even in self defense, many of their converts were robbed of all they had, though fewer of them lost their lives. Many fled to the missionaries and had to be provided with food and clothing during the winter. They were liberally assisted by the Europeans at Tientsin, else many must inevitably have frozen to death or perished from starvation.

In the early spring the movement reached Pao-Ting-fu, the capital of the province of Chih-li, about a hundred miles south of Peking and as far west of Tientsin. At this time no one supposed

fessor James, very few foreigners, except soldiers, seem to have lost their lives.

THE CHARACTER OF THE CHINESE TROOPS.

Much has been said about the Chinese troops. I have been constantly asked how they are drilled, and by whom; whether they are brave, and whether there would really be danger to the world if those four hundred million Mongolians should be drilled as warriors and turned loose upon the other nations.

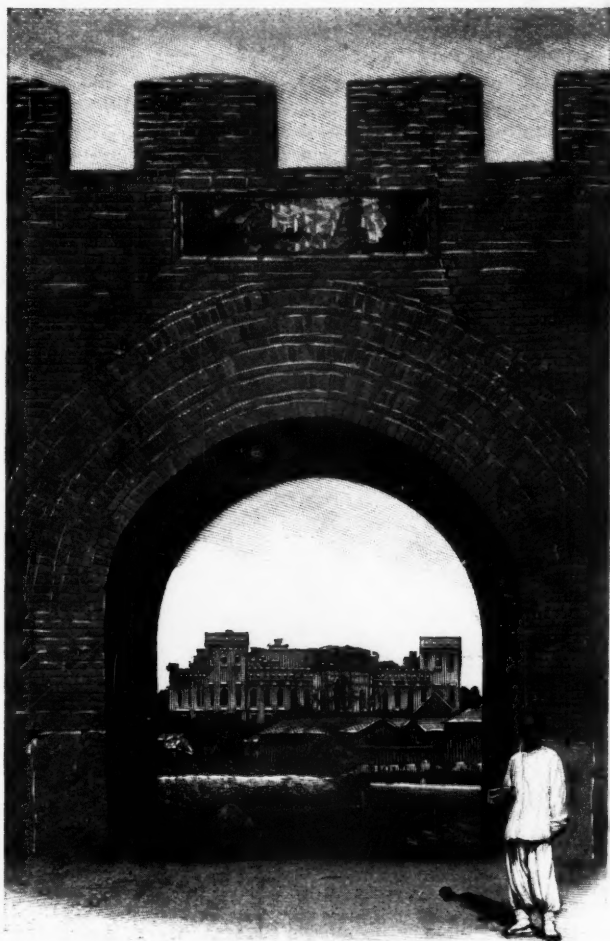
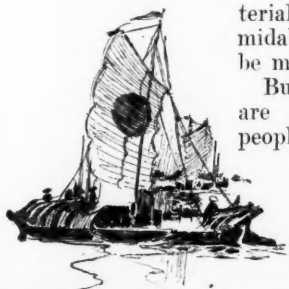
The Chinese soldiers are drilled for the most part by Europeans who came to China either by appointment or as adventurers, or who have been dismissed from service in their own country. General von Hanneken, whom I know per-

sonally, is a German gentleman, a man of character and ability. He was on the Kao Hsing, the transport sunk by the Japanese at the beginning of their war with China. I was in the hotel at Chefoo when he returned, and heard his story.

When one of the Mikado's war ships met the transport, on which were nine hundred of the best drilled soldiers of Li Hung Chang's army, the Japanese demanded that they should surrender. The Chinese threatened to shoot their generals if they complied. The Japanese ordered the foreigners and all who wished to do so to leave the ship and come to theirs. The Chinese soldiers threatened to shoot any who left the Kao Hsing, and this they continued until the Japanese blew up the transport with a torpedo. It is said that some of the foolhardy braves stayed on the vessel as it sank and shot at those who jumped into the sea and tried to save themselves by swimming. Such men,

surely, are the material of which formidable armies might be made.

But the Chinese are not a military people. When I left Chefoo to return to Tientsin, as we passed the Taku



ONE OF THE GATEWAYS IN THE WALLS OF TIENTSIN. THE BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND IS GORDON HALL (THE TOWN HALL), IN WHICH MOST OF THE FOREIGNERS IN TIENTSIN WERE BESIEGED FOR TEN DAYS BY THE CHINESE.

forts, the garrison apparently consisted of one man, a sentinel upon the lookout, and he was lazily leaning on his gun, apparently oblivious to his surroundings. A soldier to whom a foreign gun was given began playing with the trigger, and said to a companion, "What is this little plaything for?"

During the war with Japan, all the soldiers who were brought back wounded to Tientsin had their wounds in the back. They explained it in this way: "When we went into a



LIFE IN PEKING IN TIME OF PEACE—A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN THE CHINESE CAPITAL.

battle, we ran at the Japanese and the Japanese ran at us. When we shot down their men in front, others would come in and fill up the ranks. You can't fight people that way. They do not know when they are whipped. Somebody had to run; so we ran, and that is how they shot us in the back."

The Chinese have a saying that "no good man will ever become a soldier." They lack military organization; they are poorly fed, poorly clothed, poorly cared for, and when wounded they are left to die on the field. The Chinese are not good soldiers, they never have been good soldiers, they never will be good soldiers. No one can point to a great battle that

has ever been fought by them during the whole four thousand years of their history.

At the time when

China was one of the most highly civilized powers in the world she was conquered and ruled for a hundred years by the nomadic Mongol tribes.

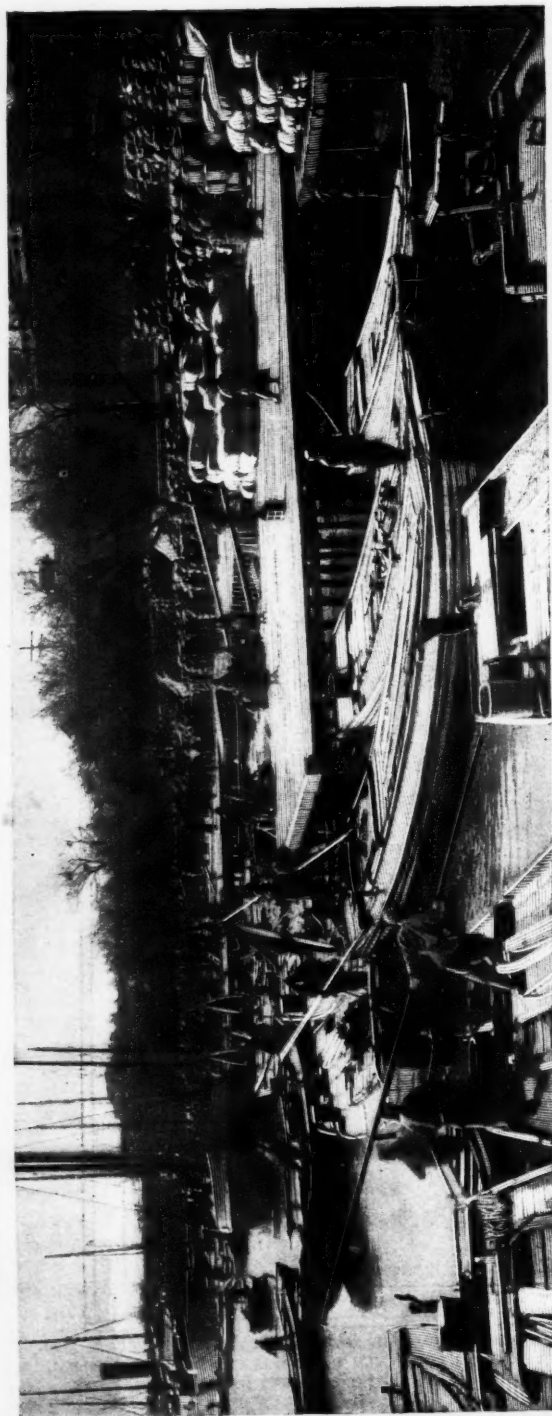
If the Chinese were fighting men, could an army of twenty thousand Europeans and Americans force its way to Peking? Could eight hundred or a thousand foreigners in Peking, behind walls not more than three feet thick and twelve feet high, defend





FIELD MARSHAL COUNT ALFRED VON WALDERSEE, DESIGNATED AS COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA. COUNT WALDERSEE, WHO SUCCEEDED VON MOLTKE AS CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF OF THE GERMAN ARMY, IS REGARDED AS ONE OF THE FOREMOST SOLDIERS OF THE DAY.

From a photograph by Thiele, Hamburg.



THE BUND, OR RIVER LANDING, AT TIENTSIN. THIS POINT, AT THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON THE PEIHO RIVER, ABOUT FIFTY MILES FROM THE SEA, FORMED THE MAIN BASE OF THE ALLIES' ADVANCE ON PEKING.

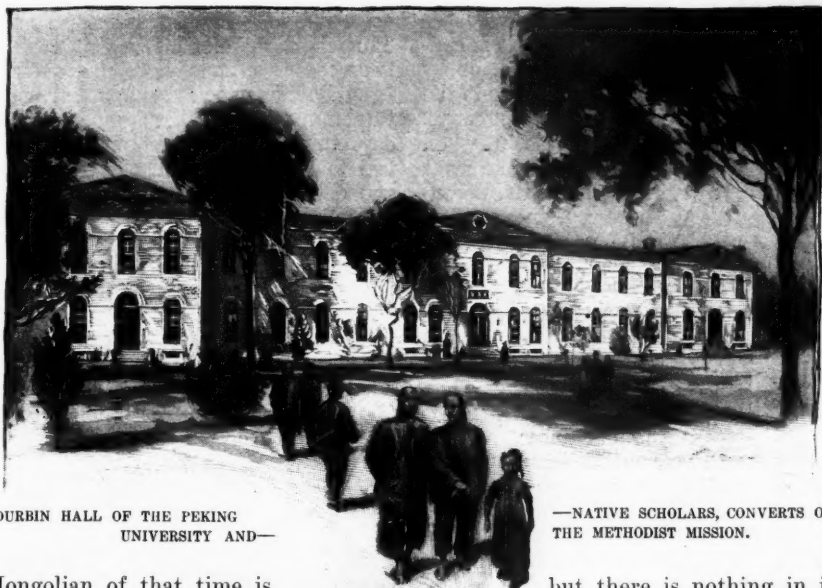
themselves against both the Boxers and the imperial troops? The Chinese are not warriors; they conquer, if they conquer at all, by the arts of peace.

HOW THE CHINESE CONQUERED THE MONGOLS AND MANCHUS.

On the other hand, from the fact that the Chinese were conquered by the bows, arrows, and spears of the Mongols and Manchus, we must not hastily conclude that they are a weak people. From the fact that they are not fierce we must not conclude that they lack character. The Chinese are adepts in the arts of peace. Li Hung Chang, a typical Chinaman, ranks as a diplomatist and statesman with Gladstone and Bismarck. As a warrior, in his early days, he might have ranked with Grant or Moltke, and as a business man with a Rothschild or a Vanderbilt.

Whenever the representatives of foreign countries have come in contact with the Chinese in a diplomatic way, they have found their match. With guns they are easy victors.

When conquered by the Mongols, the Chinese began at once to force upon their conquerors their language, literature, laws, and customs. Inside of a hundred years of Mongol rule there were no Mongols left, and all that remains of the



DURBIN HALL OF THE PEKING
UNIVERSITY AND—

—NATIVE SCHOLARS, CONVERTS OF
THE METHODIST MISSION.

Mongolian of that time is the name he gave to the yellow race.

The same thing took place in the case of the Manchus. No Manchu in the Tartar city of Peking can speak the Manchu language. In China, Manchu is a dead language except in the imperial palace, and there it is spoken only on occasions of state. The Chinese have supported their Manchu rulers in idleness for so many generations that they have become an



enervated, emasculated race, and are ready, like the Mongols, to be cast back upon their native plains and mountains. The Chinese conquer by the arts of peace.

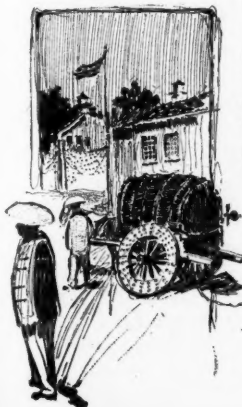
"The yellow danger" is a very catchy phrase, good to create a sensation and sell newspapers,

but there is nothing in it. The yellow danger is no danger at all. "The white man's burden" is a reality. The civilization of the world waits for the white man. If it is not brought about, the white man will be held responsible. He has the physical power, the mental strength, and the moral stamina. No danger can be placed in his way by the yellow, the black, the brown, or the red man. His road is clear, his duty is plain, his ability is sufficient, his responsibility is tremendous.

"The yellow danger" is a mere myth.

THE SCENE OF THE FIGHT- ING.

The country from Tientsin to Peking is low, and sandy or marshy. In summer, during the wet season, it may be flooded; in spring and autumn the traveler may encounter sand storms which vie with those of Sahara. The journey to Peking





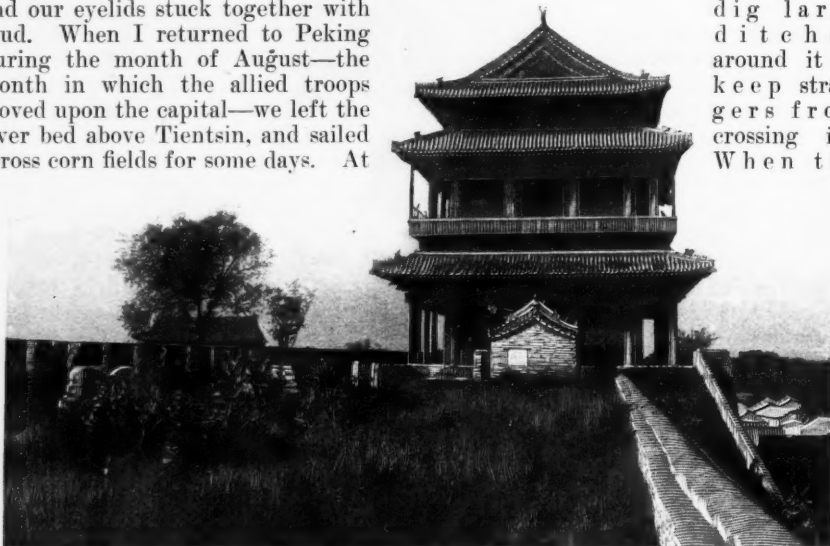
and beds were covered with dust, and our eyelids stuck together with mud. When I returned to Peking during the month of August—the month in which the allied troops moved upon the capital—we left the river bed above Tientsin, and sailed across corn fields for some days. At

may be made by boat—house boat, as it is called—by railroad, or by road. I have made the trip in all three ways. On one occasion, when coming down the river in a house boat, we encountered, near Ho-Hsi-Wu, a dust storm which drove us against the bank of the river and kept us there three days. The sand sifted into our boat from every side, and when we awoke in the morning our faces, pillows,

until we were within twelve miles of Tungchou. Arrived there, it took us two weeks to get our baggage transferred from Tungchou to Peking, a distance of fifteen miles. It takes from four to six days to make the journey from Tientsin to Peking by boat. By rail it is a run of four hours.

If the season has been a very rainy one—July and August are the rainy season in north China—the march of the allies must have been very difficult. The roads are deep with mud. I say the roads, but, as a matter of fact, the Chinese have no roads as we know them. They never make or repair a highway. Travelers go wherever animals have made a path or carts a track. People

who own land dig large ditches around it to keep strangers from crossing it. When the



ON THE TOP OF THE WALL OF THE TARTAR CITY. PART OF THE WALL WAS SEIZED AND HELD, DURING THE SIEGE, BY A PARTY OF AMERICAN MARINES UNDER CAPTAIN MYERS.

night the boatmen and myself went swimming in the corn fields. The whole country for miles around was flooded. As we got farther north, we directed our course towards an old road bed which had become a stream. The Chinese have a saying that "an old road will become a river, and an old woman a mother in law."

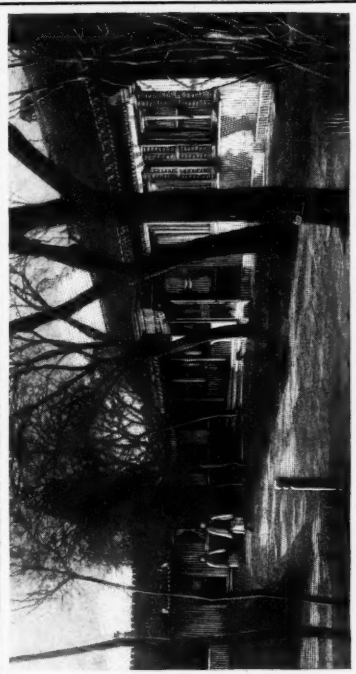
As we sailed up the road—which we followed for two days—I saw a man and his son harvesting their broom corn in a boat. We did not return to the river

roads are muddy, the Chinese do not hesitate to drive along the edge of a grain field in a new track, for there are no fences to separate one field or one estate from another.

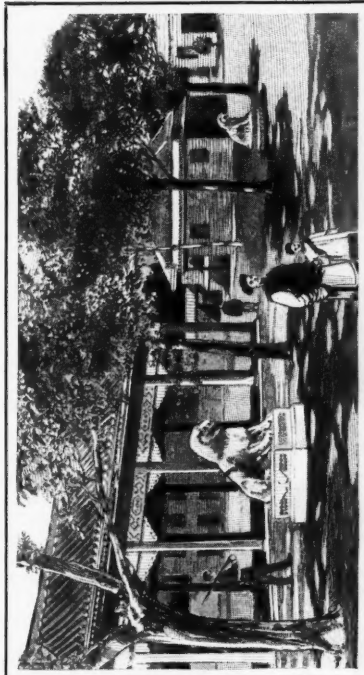
The transportation of heavy guns must have proved difficult indeed if the roads were bad. Besides the mud, the cart, gun, or ammunition wagon is liable to upset at any time and to fall into a cesspool. If caught in a storm by the way, the soldiers must have had difficulty in finding places to pitch their tents. A



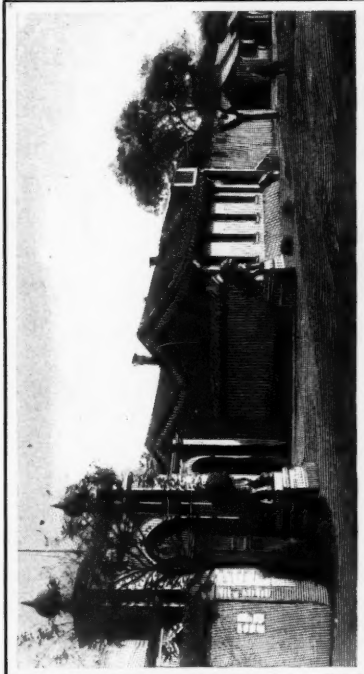
LEGATION STREET, PEKING, AND THE FRONT OF THE FRENCH LEGATION.



THE INTERIOR COURT OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION.



GROUPS AND BUILDINGS OF THE BRITISH LEGATION.



THE GATEWAY OF THE JAPANESE LEGATION.

SOME OF THE FOREIGN LEGATIONS IN PEKING, WHICH WERE BESET BY BOXERS AND CHINESE TROOPS FROM EARLY IN JUNE TO AUGUST 15,



THE WALL OF THE TARTAR CITY, PEKING, BREACHED AND STORMED BY THE ALLIED FORCES ON AUGUST 15. THE WALL IS ABOUT SIXTY FEET HIGH, AND FORTY OR FIFTY FEET THICK.

level wheat, corn, or millet field, or a melon patch, makes a poor camping ground. In ten years' residence in Peking, and much travel about the country, I never saw a single grass field. The Chinese have no meadows, nor any term in the language to express the meaning of our word "meadow."

THE RESTORATION OF PEACE.

There will be the expenses of the war to pay, and China—poor old idiot!—will have to pay them.

Let the powers insist upon the opening up of the country, as well as the open door. Until the mines and oil wells of China are opened, railroads built from one end

of the country to the other, and modern schools established for the education of the people, what has happened during the past two years may be repeated at almost any time.

Let not a free press in the Chinese

ports abuse its freedom. Let not Europeans make evil examples of themselves. Let not tourists be vandals, destroying a beautiful piece of carving for the sake of carrying away the leg of a deer or the arm of a man as a relic. Let all foreigners remember that the worst barbarians are those whose conduct is most barbarous, and China and the world may yet discover terms on which they can live in peace.





A HAUNTED ROOM.

HERE was love's parting; that regretful hour
 Passed into memory here—naught, naught is new;
 Still slanting light athwart a vase of blue,
 A proud gladiolus lifts its scarlet flower.
 There is the memoried nook, the mimic tower
 Of cherished books, the soft settee for two;
 And there, as in the days I deemed her true,
 The mantel group of shapes Medusan glower.
 The place is sentient of her—everything—
 Each object that her beauty loveless left,
 When from the room, still sobbing low, she passed;
 There on the threshold yet, half lingering,
 I see her pause, as one of hope bereft,
 Who fain delays the look she knows the last.

John Myers O'Hara.

The Greatest Fighting Machines Afloat.

BY FRANKLIN CHESTER.

THE KENTUCKY AND HER SISTER SHIP, THE KEARSARGE, THE NEWEST AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS, REGARDED BY MANY NAVAL EXPERTS AS THE MOST POWERFUL AND EFFICIENT WAR VESSELS IN THE WORLD.

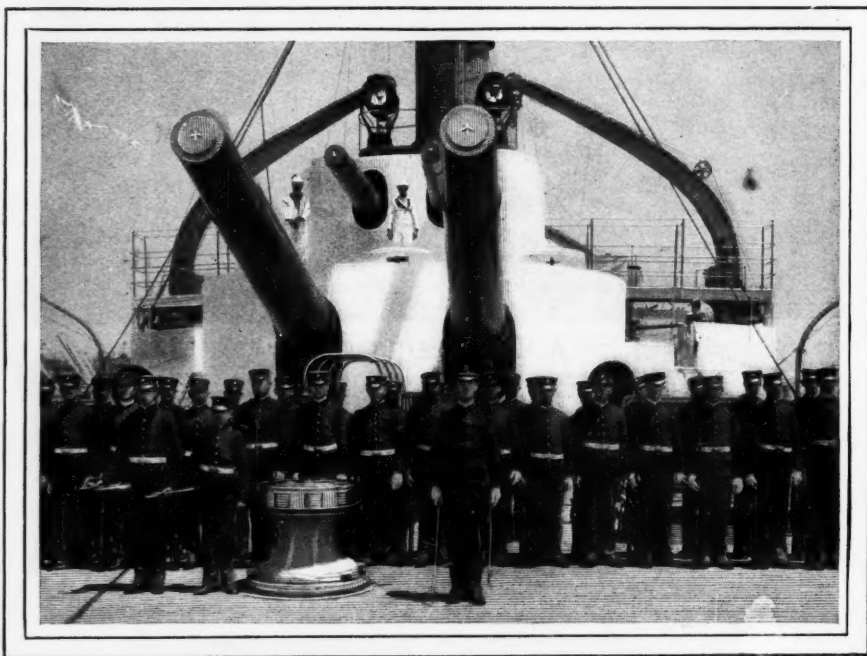
NOT so many years ago it was said that the United States was practically without a navy. Now our sea force ranks fourth among the powers, and its fighting ability is not to be measured by tonnage alone.

There is no battleship that has been so thoroughly proven as the Oregon, but we now have in commission two vessels that are her superiors, fighting machines in which are embodied the very latest lessons of naval science. The Kentucky and her sister ship, the Kearsarge, represent a new type of fighting machine, the first to have the superimposed turrets, which increase the range and effectiveness of the deadly eight

inch guns; the bulkheads that run obliquely, and many minor improvements, including a complete electrical installation, which furnishes power for everything on board except to drive the ship through the water.

There are larger ships in other navies, but it is probable that no foreign war vessel now afloat can meet the Kentucky on equal terms. She and the Kearsarge are the finest fighting machines in the world. There are many people who will doubt her ability to defeat that battle tried bulldog of the sea, the Oregon; but theoretically, that splendid ship is the inferior of the two newer ones.

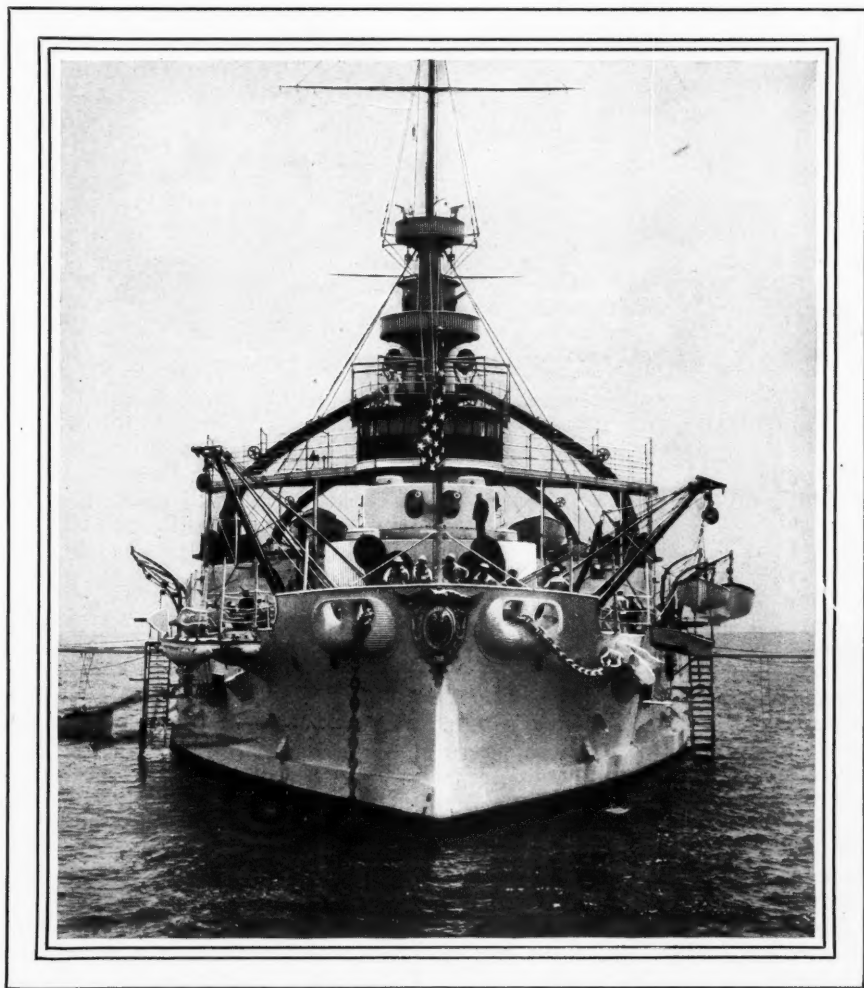
Our brief and triumphant war with



THE KENTUCKY'S MARINE GUARD AT GENERAL QUARTERS.

Spain furnished the first real test of the modern fighting ship. Before it, experts had only two criterions, both most unsatisfactory. One was the bombard-

by an occidental standard. In their one important sea fight they made so poor a showing that few lessons could be deduced from their decisive defeat.



A BOW VIEW OF THE KENTUCKY, SHOWING HER GREAT BEAM (SEVENTY TWO FEET). SHE IS WIDER THAN THE LARGEST OCEAN LINERS, THOUGH LITTLE MORE THAN HALF AS LONG.

ment of Alexandria, which took place seventeen years ago, and the science of building war ships has made enormous strides since then. The other was the battle of the Yalu, during the war between Japan and China. While it may be admitted that the personnel of the Japanese navy is entitled to respect, it is certain that the officers and men of the Chinese ships are not to be measured

Pretty much all that has been demonstrated about the capacity of a modern war vessel in actual battle was shown at Santiago, for the battle of Manila was too one sided to give a fair test. It was the good fortune of this country to have some of the most experienced and scientific naval experts in the world take part in the fight which resulted in the destruction of Spain's best fighting ships.

The keel of the Kentucky was laid in 1896, but there was opportunity to take advantage of the lessons learned two

pearance when compared with others of recent construction. But there are many new things about her. The most con-

spectuous, and probably the most important, is the superimposed turret. The turrets for the eight inch guns are simply placed on the top of the turrets for the thirteen inch guns, the object being to increase the range of the upper guns, to economize space, and to centralize the weight.

The interior arrangement of the Kentucky is entirely new. Nothing is more crowded than a battleship, and room is

most precious. There is a vast amount of machinery that must be compressed into a small space, to say nothing of fuel bunkers, ammunition chambers, storerooms, and other necessary compartments. The crew of more than five hundred men must be taken into consideration. Every inch is valuable.

One of the most notable departures in the Kentucky's architecture is the manner of constructing the bulkheads. These water tight partitions are a feature of the modern man of war which plays the very mischief with the designer who is seeking to economize room. Heretofore they have always run across the ship at right angles with the keel. In the Kentucky many of them run at an oblique angle, and the result is a much more convenient division of space.

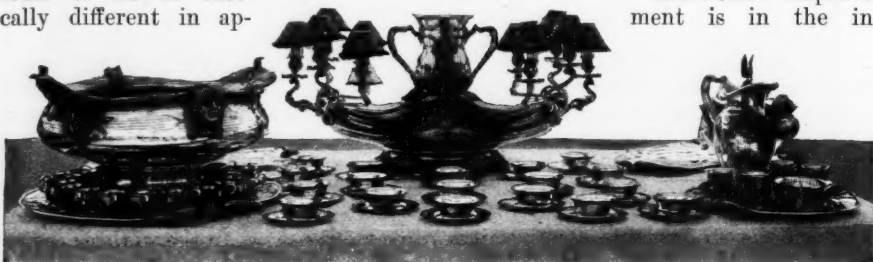
Another improvement is in the in-



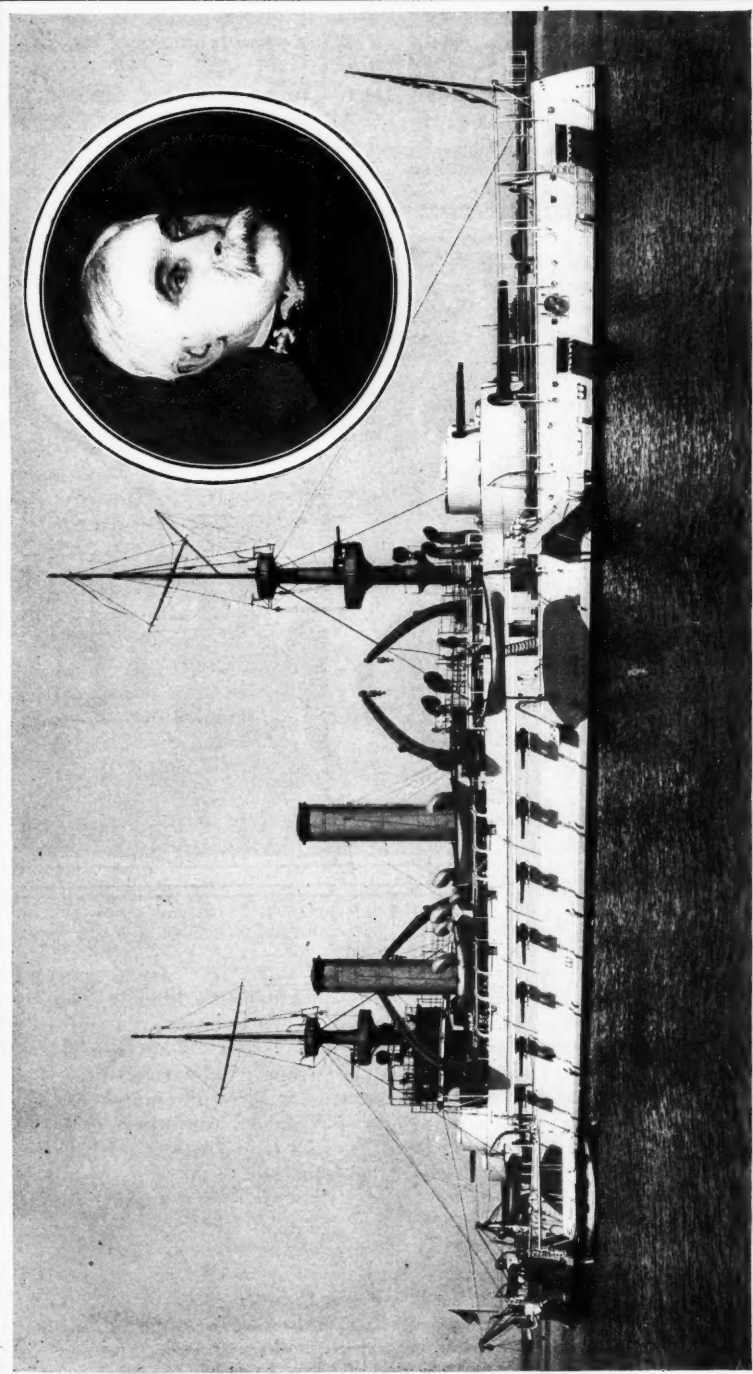
THE GREAT SILVER PUNCH BOWL OF THE KENTUCKY.

years later. She is the latest big war ship to go into commission. In appearance she is not so formidable as the latest French battleships, or the Venerable, the most powerful type of Queen Victoria's navy. They are of heavy, frowning, bulldog build, their huge massiveness giving an impression of slow and crushing force. Compared with them, the Kentucky would look like a thoroughbred beside the best bred draft horse. The American ship appears to be much lighter, more compact, and quicker. She suggests the fighter that wears an opponent down rather than one that crushes at a single blow. Yet when the Kentucky lies alongside a cruiser, she looks cumbersome and heavy enough.

To those casually familiar with the architecture of the battleships of the American navy, the Kentucky does not seem to be so radically different in ap-



THE SILVER SERVICE "PRESENTED TO THE BATTLESHIP KENTUCKY BY THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF KENTUCKY," AS INSCRIBED ON THE PUNCH BOWL.



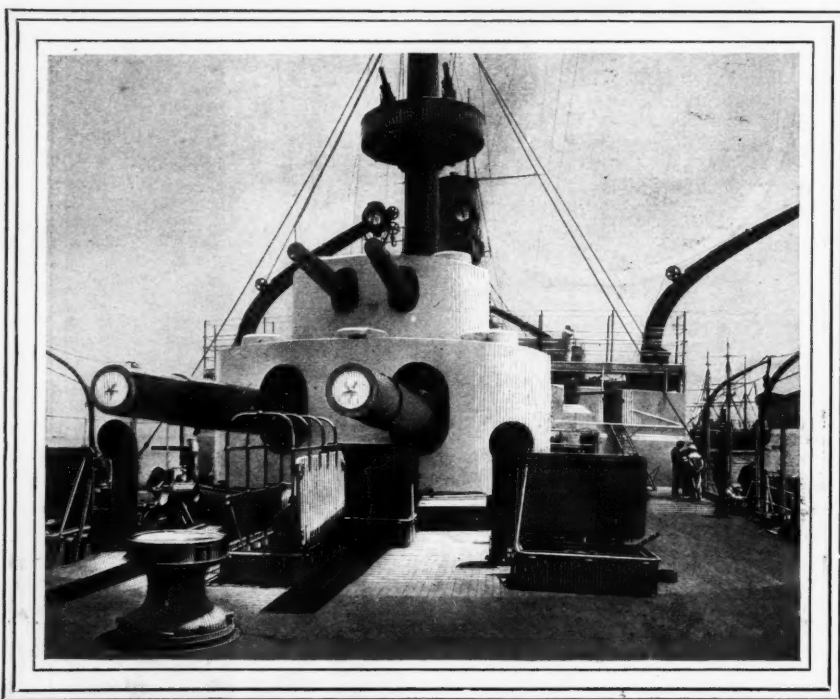
A BROADSIDE VIEW OF THE KENTUCKY, LYING IN NEW YORK HARBOR, WITH A PORTRAIT OF HER COMMANDER, CAPTAIN COLBY M. CHESTER. THIS VIEW SHOWS HER THIRTEEN INCH GUNS FORWARD AND AFT, HER EIGHT INCH GUNS ABOVE THEM, AND HER BROADSIDE OF SEVEN FIVE INCH RAPID FIRE GUNS.

This and all the illustrations of this article are from photographs by Hart, Brooklyn.

creased use of electricity in place of steam. Other battleships, and all manner of big steamships, are chock full of steam engines, separate ones for different purposes. There are special engines to turn the turrets, to hoist the anchor, to raise the ammunition, and so

where it belongs, in the boiler room. This is a great economy of space, and the discomfort it saves the officers and crew is not to be easily measured.

All these improvements have permitted the designer to give the men behind the Kentucky's guns particularly



THE FORWARD DECK OF THE KENTUCKY, SHOWING HER SUPERIMPOSED OR TWO STORY TURRETS (THE EIGHT INCH GUNS BEING MOUNTED ABOVE THE GREAT THIRTEEN INCH GUNS) AND THE MACHINE GUNS IN THE FIGHTING TOP.

forth, some vessels having as many as thirty, all told. The Kentucky is planned on the principle of a trolley line, so far as her subsidiary engines are concerned. There is a motor which performs each particular work, and instead of a broiling steam pipe running to it, an electric wire connects it with the central engines. The steam is kept

fine quarters. Ordinarily, the crew of a battleship is crowded together like a box of sardines. The Kentucky has a gymnasium fitted with all manner of apparatus, with room enough for the men to spar in and for others to look on, a library, a piano, and other luxuries that make the jackies of our newest ship feel that they are the aristocrats of the navy.

COMPENSATION.

AGAINST the setting sun the wood looms black
But through the twining fingers of the trees
The light sifts clear, in glowing ecstasies
Of gold and color; so when life seems drear,
Sweetheart, your love breaks through the densest fear—
A golden gulf, to drive the darkness back.

Charlotte Becker.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE ALBANY AND HER CAPTAIN.

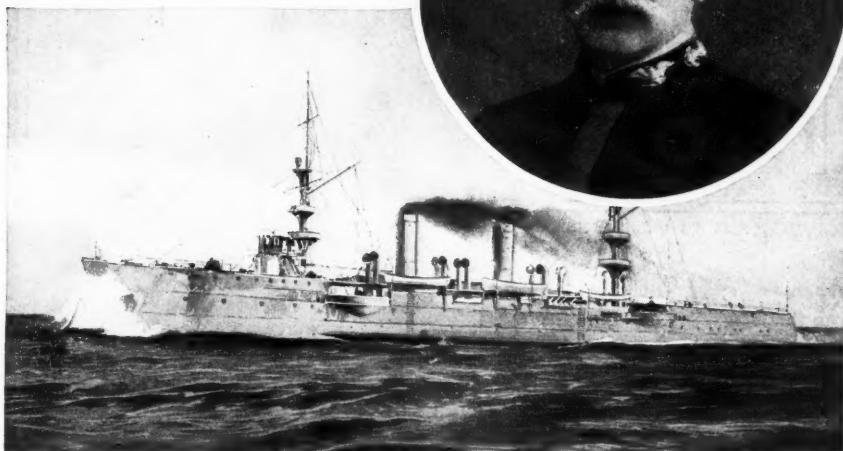
The only United States war vessel now in European waters, apart from two or three of the training ships, is the Albany, a protected cruiser that has never touched an American port. She is one of the vessels bought just before the beginning of the war with Spain, when our government endeavored to secure all the fighting craft in the market. As it turned out, there was no need of them, for the navy Uncle Sam already possessed was more than sufficient for its task.

The Albany was one of two vessels then building for Brazil in the yards of Sir W. R. Armstrong, Mitchell & Company, at Newcastle on Tyne, the other being the New Orleans, which was bought at the same time. The latter was finished and put into commission in time to take part in the operations on the Cuban coast. She missed the Santiago sea fight, but her work during the blockade was well done, and her powerful battery of six inch rapid fire rifles—the largest rapid fire guns we then possessed—won her the reputation of a hard hitter. In comfort and convenience of arrangement, however, she was not equal to our own ships. She was built for service in hot climates, and her crew nearly per-

ished in bringing her across the Atlantic from England.

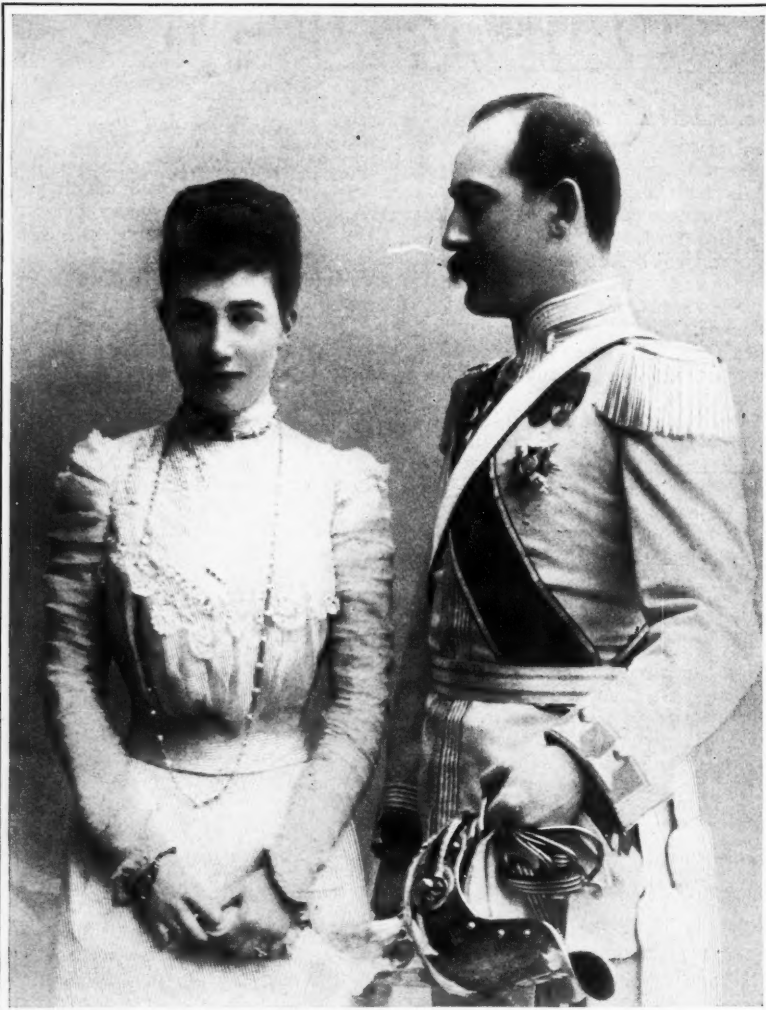
The Albany, which was not finished until the present year, and which has had the benefit of a good many modern improvements in her equipment, is a fine second class cruiser of four thousand tons, three hundred and fifty feet long, and armed with ten heavy guns. Six of these are six inch rapid firers; the others are of four and seven tenths inches caliber—the same as the "four point sevens" that saved Ladysmith. Her speed is rated at twenty knots an hour; on her trial, under forced draft, she did half a knot better.

The Albany is commanded by Captain J. E. Craig, who was hydrographer of the United States Navy for three years before he went to England to take command of the new cruiser. She is now showing our flag in the Mediterranean—a region



THE CRUISER ALBANY, BOUGHT BY THE UNITED STATES FROM BRAZIL DURING THE WAR WITH SPAIN, BUT ONLY RECENTLY COMPLETED AND PLACED IN COMMISSION. SHE IS NOW IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, UNDER COMMAND OF CAPTAIN J. E. CRAIG, WHOSE PORTRAIT APPEARS ABOVE.

From a photograph by Bacon, Newcastle on Tyne.



PRINCE MAX, HEIR TO THE THRONE OF BADEN, AND PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE OF BRUNSWICK AND LÜNEBURG, WHO WERE RECENTLY BETROTHED.

From a photograph by Adèle, Vienna.

where the Stars and Stripes is something of a rarity.

A ROYAL BETROTHAL.

There will be a great gathering of royalty when Prince Max, heir to the ducal throne of Baden, weds Princess Marie Louise, the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, at Gmünden, her birthplace. They are closely related to half the royal families of northern Eu-

rope, which have so intermarried that it must be difficult for them to determine their blood relationships with exactness.

Prince Max is a captain of the Prussian cuirassiers of the guard. He is the son of the late Prince William, who played a gallant part in the Franco-Prussian War, and who died three years ago. His mother is a member of the imperial house of Romanoff. He is the heir of his cousin, the hereditary Prince Frederick, who has



MRS. FREDERICK MCCORMICK-GOODHART.

no children, and he is thirty three years old. Nowadays the royal young men are permitted to enjoy bachelorhood much longer than formerly, when, as a rule, they were married about the time they reached their majority.

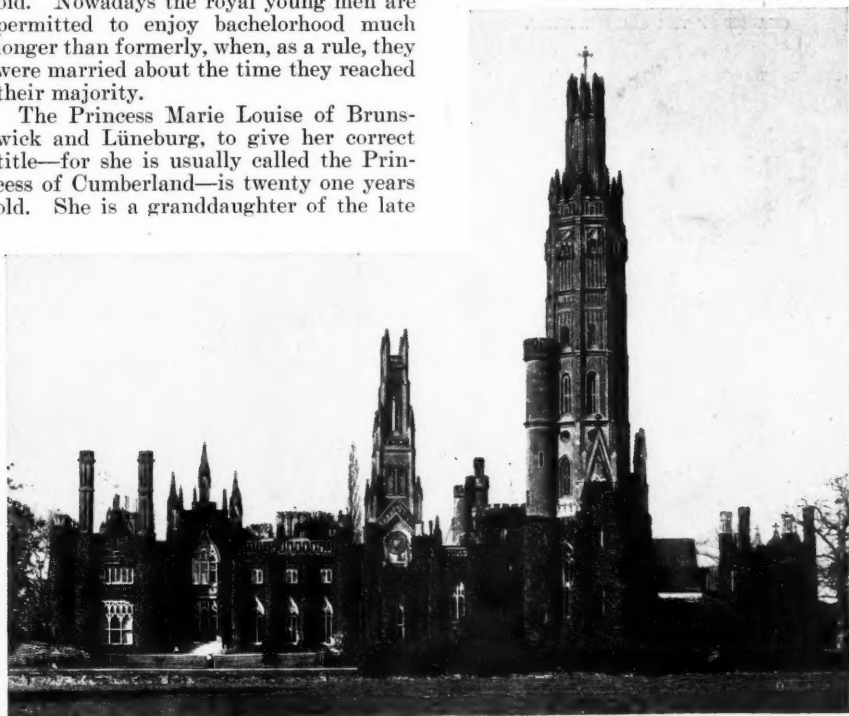
The Princess Marie Louise of Brunswick and Lüneburg, to give her correct title—for she is usually called the Princess of Cumberland—is twenty one years old. She is a granddaughter of the late

King William V of Hanover, and a niece of the Princess of Wales.

ROYAL WOMEN COLONELS.

It might be supposed that women who belong to the royal families would be content with the titles to which they were born, without aspiring to the insignia of military rank. Nevertheless, there are quite a number of queens and princesses who rejoice in the distinction of being colonels. It is a purely honorary title, of course, but it is one that seems to appeal to the feminine heart. It gives opportunity to wear the uniform—that is, a modification of it, confined largely to the coat and head gear—of the regiment they are supposed to command. They can make a brilliant showing on special occasions, when they may exert their authority and make themselves popular.

One of the most distinguished women colonels is no less a personage than the Empress Augusta Victoria of Germany, who is honorary colonel in chief of one of her husband's cavalry regiments, the Pasewalk Cuirassiers. She wears their uniform, and when she goes forth arrayed



HADLOW CASTLE, IN KENT, THE ENGLISH HOME OF MRS. GOODHART, FORMERLY MISS HENRIETTA MCCORMICK, THE DAUGHTER OF LEANDER J. MCCORMICK, OF CHICAGO.



THE HEREDITARY PRINCESS OF SAXE MEININGEN,
HONORARY COLONEL OF THE SECOND GRENADEIER
GUARDS OF THE GERMAN ARMY.



VICTORIA, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE, HONORARY
COLONEL OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN-
TEENTH GERMAN INFANTRY REGIMENT.

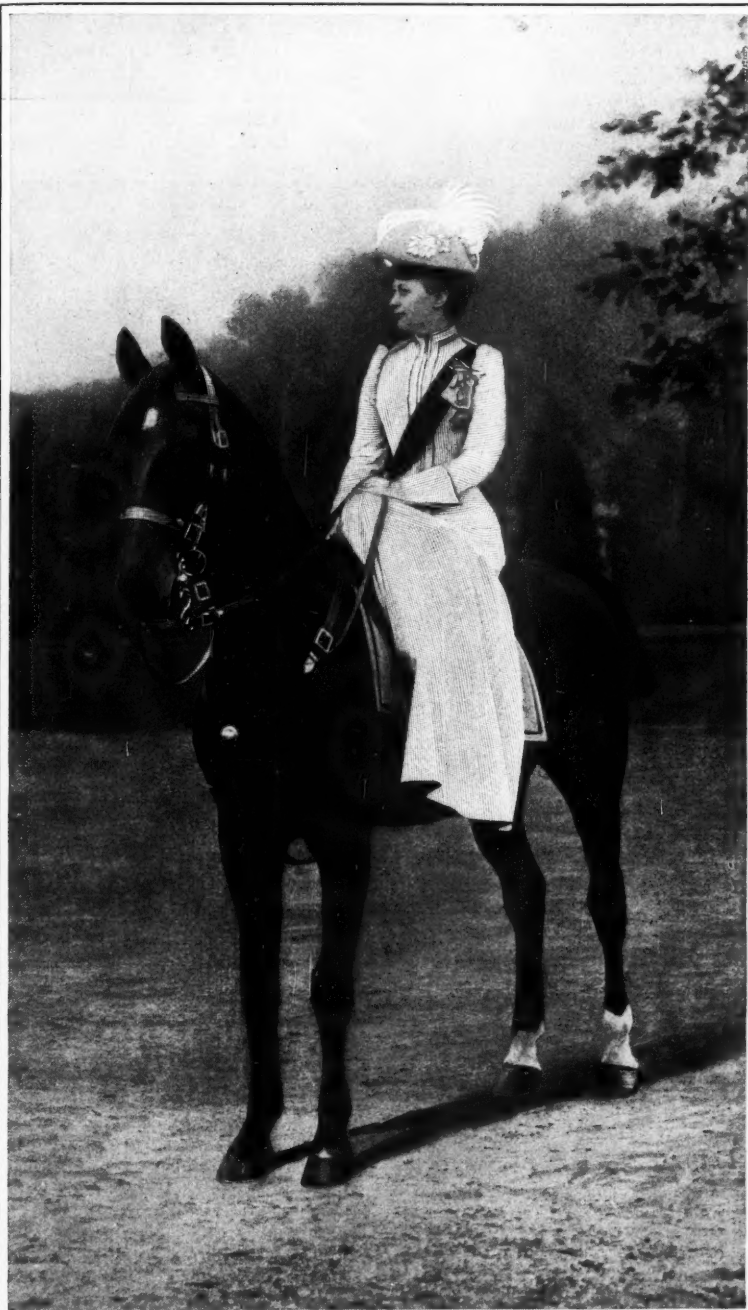


THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT, HONORARY COLONEL
OF THE TWELFTH DRAGOONS OF THE
GERMAN ARMY.



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA AS COLONEL
OF THE ROSIOR DRAGOONS, OF THE
ROUMANIAN ARMY.

FOUR ROYAL WOMEN COLONELS IN THE UNIFORM OF THEIR REGIMENTS.



THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA VICTORIA OF GERMANY, HONORARY COLONEL IN CHIEF OF THE PASEWALK
CUIRASSIERS.

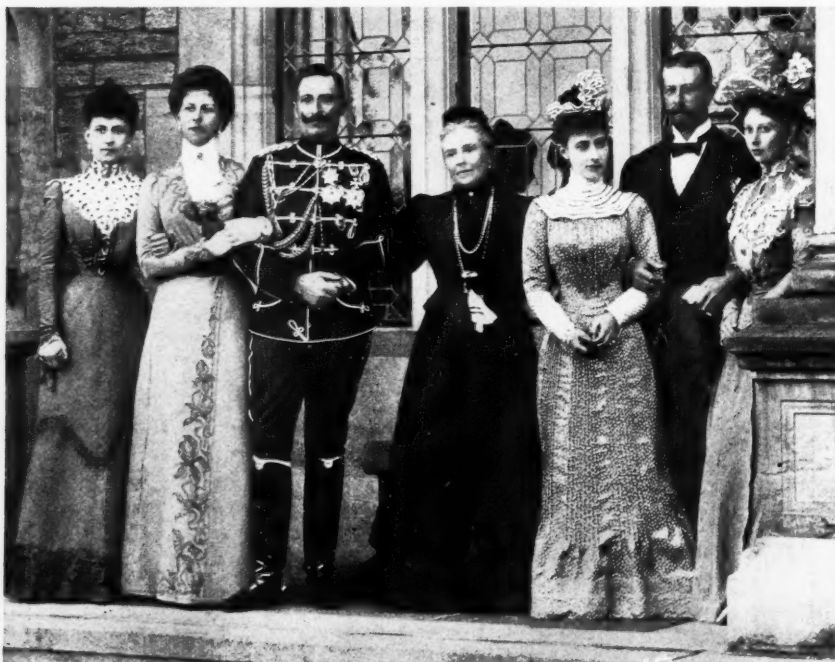
From a photograph by Ziesler, Berlin.

in it, and mounted on a black horse, she looks very warlike for a woman, and a fitting mate to the German war lord. The Empress Frederick, the Kaiser's mother, is also a colonel, having honorary command of the Kaiserin Hussars.

Of the four women colonels who are

so the crown princess may be able to see active service if she chooses.

The Duchess of Connaught is the daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, and the sister in law of the late ruler of Coburg. At his death the succession to the little German duchy was



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY AND HER SIX CHILDREN AT FRIEDRICHSHOF, HER COUNTRY HOME NEAR HOMBURG. ON THE RIGHT OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM, HER ELDEST SON, ARE THE PRINCESS ADOLPH OF SCHAUMBURG LIPPE AND THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GREECE. ON THE LEFT OF THE EMPRESS ARE THE HEREDITARY PRINCESS OF SAXE MEININGEN, PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, AND THE PRINCESS FREDERICK CHARLES OF HESSE.

From a photograph by Voigt, Homburg.

grouped on page 28, three are granddaughters of Queen Victoria. The Princess Charlotte is the daughter of the late Emperor Frederick and the wife of the hereditary Prince of Saxe Meiningen. The Crown Princess of Roumania and the Grand Duchess of Hesse are daughters of the late Duke of Edinburgh, who gave up his position in England to become Duke of Coburg, that he might rule over a little territory and have a most ceremonious court in the middle of Germany. His eldest daughter, who is thought by many—including herself, it is said—to be the prettiest princess in Europe, married the adopted son of the King of Roumania. There is talk about the Roumanians preparing to make war upon the Bulgarians,

offered to his brother, the Duke of Connaught—for the latter's son rather than for the duke himself. The lad, who is an Eton schoolboy, went to Coburg to see how he liked it; but when he found four stalwart soldiers assigned to field tennis balls for him, he became disgusted with so much state, and decided to "chuck it," as he expressed it, leaving the ducal throne to his cousin, the young Duke of Albany.

The Duke of Connaught, as every one knows, is Queen Victoria's soldier son. He is a general, a few places below Roberts in the army list, and a few above Buller. He was very anxious to go to South Africa, but his mother would not trust him within range of the disrespectful Mauser bullets. He is now com-



MRS. POTTER PALMER, OF CHICAGO AND NEWPORT, WOMAN COMMISSIONER FROM THE UNITED STATES TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

From her latest photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

mander in chief of the forces in Ireland, having succeeded Roberts when the latter went to deal with the Boers.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF MRS. PALMER.

Mrs. Potter Palmer compels admira-

Palmer has distinguished herself in all three.

In the minds of most people, the name of Potter Palmer is associated with the big Chicago hotel that bears his name, and which has a barber shop paved with



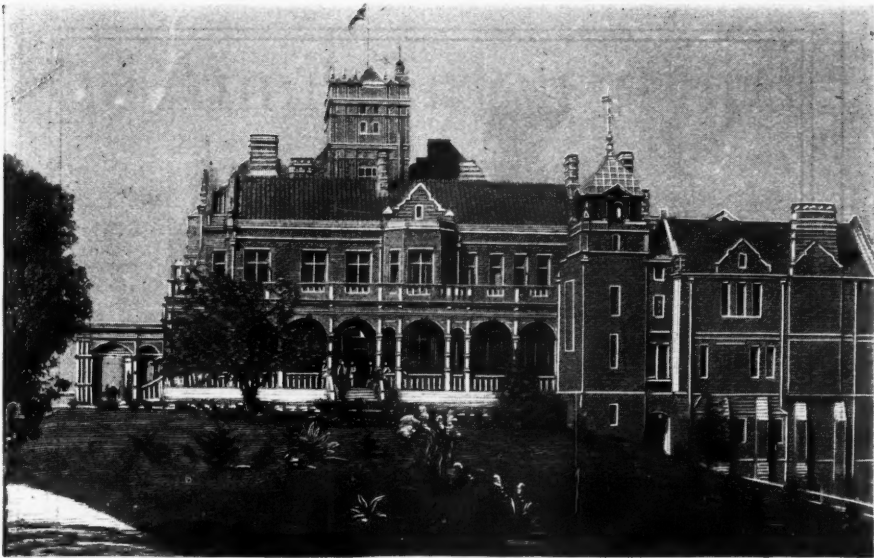
LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON, FORMERLY MISS DAISY LEITER OF CHICAGO, THE WIFE OF THE VICEROY OF INDIA, AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

From her latest photograph by Bourne & Shepherd, Simla.

tion. Other women have won high social position, some have gained business success, and a few have won honors in politics. They have felt that they have accomplished much by achieving their ambition in one line of endeavor. Mrs.

silver dollars. When Mrs. Palmer determined to force the gates of exclusive society she had as many millions as she had any use for, a French ancestry, exquisite tact, and indomitable energy.

She made the attack at Newport. The



THE VICEREGAL LODGE IN SIMLA, THE OFFICIAL SUMMER HOME OF THE VICEROY OF INDIA, OF WHICH LADY CURZON IS NOW MISTRESS.

final test is always in that exclusive summer resort. It is the court of highest appeal, and its favorable decision is final. No aspirant for social recognition ever won a Newport campaign so quickly. Those who knew of her personal success as president of the board of lady managers of the World's Fair in Chicago were prepared for this.

Having firmly established herself in Newport society, Mrs. Palmer turned her attention to her husband's business, especially to his real estate, and is said to have increased his income by a very large amount. But her activity longed for a wider sphere of action. She decided to be the woman commissioner for the United States to the Paris Exposition. Of course she carried off the prize, although powerful influences were arrayed against her, among them, it is understood, the Senators from New York. The splendor and originality of her entertainments have made a stir in Paris.

If Mrs. Palmer should determine to become President of the United States, it is painful to think what might become of the country while she was changing the constitution.

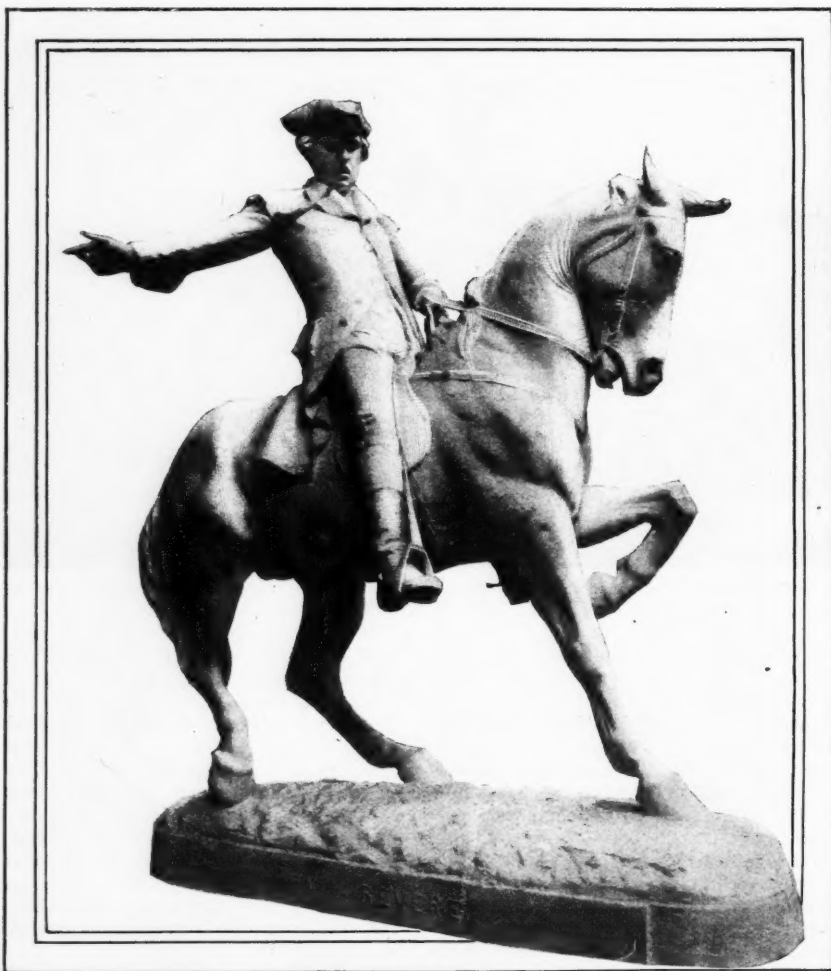
LADY CURZON'S HIGH PLACE.

Probably no American woman who has married a foreigner ever gained so high a place as Lady Curzon. She is frequently termed the "Vicereine of India," and de-

scribed as the official representative of Queen Victoria in her majesty's greatest colonial possession. This is not strictly correct; it is her husband who represents the sovereign, and a viceroy's wife has no regal rank. Nevertheless, Lady Curzon presides over a court, and her power is not to be measured lightly. She has proved herself equal to a most exacting and trying position. Court etiquette rules the viceregal establishments. It is necessary to impress native princes, and nothing does this more effectually than form and ceremony.

It is truly remarkable how American women can adapt themselves to conditions. As every one knows, Lady Curzon was Miss Leiter, the daughter of a Chicago merchant, who made many millions. Her mother's social ambitions grew with the father's increase in wealth, and the family made their first social attack in Washington. It was successful.

When Miss Leiter married George Nathaniel Curzon, the young English politician was not then a very important person; but every one knew that there was a brilliant career before him. He was elevated to the peerage when he was made Viceroy of India. Lady Curzon was a revelation to those who rather doubted her ability to live up to her position. Her tact proved equal to her beauty, which is saying much. To be sure, there is said to have been some friction when Mrs.



THE STATUE OF PAUL REVERE, MODELED BY C. B. DALLIN, AND PLACED IN COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON.

Leiter and her unmarried daughter appeared in India, for the elder lady had an exaggerated idea of what was due to a viceroy's mother in law. Then some one discovered that it was not wise to take the Chicago matron too seriously, and things went very well.

Lord and Lady Curzon live in Simla during the greater part of the year, because it is the headquarters of the Indian government except in winter. Her establishment is the center of all gaiety and social activity. The viceregal lodge dominates the town. The entrance to the grounds is nominally guarded by Sikhs, gigantic fellows resplendent in scarlet and gold. A further ascent reaches the spacious lawn, where are two native lancers

mounted on big bay chargers, whose business it is to precede the viceroy's carriage whenever it goes forth. A *sais* is always behind the carriage. All the government departmental servants are clad in long red flannel gowns girt about with yellow. The viceregal livery is distinguished by being heavily weighted with gold embroidery. This indicates even the Curzon little girls, rickshaw riding with their nurses. As each rickshaw in Simla has two men to push and two to pull, the jampanees fairly illumine the landscape.

Only the viceroy and the lieutenant governor are permitted to drive in Simla. The rest of the world goes in rickshaws, which is one way of emphasizing official position.

The Annihilation of Space.

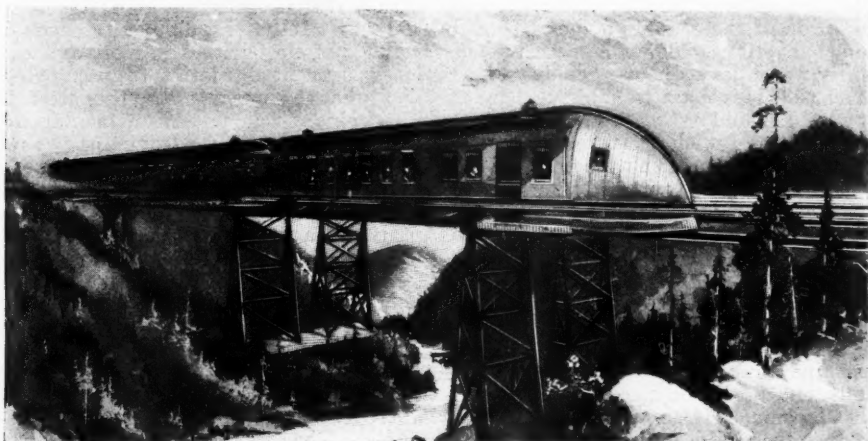
BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

WHEN PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, PITTSBURG, BOSTON, AND BUFFALO WILL BECOME SUBURBS OF NEW YORK—WHEN CHICAGO WILL BE WITHIN FIVE HOURS, AND SAN FRANCISCO WITHIN FIFTEEN.

THERE has been more or less published from time to time during the last dozen years about the single rail or bicycle idea in railroading. No one knows how many inventors have worked on this theory or how much capital has been swallowed up in experiments. But only three systems, I believe, have attracted much attention. These are the Boynton, the Brott, and the Beecher. The first of these has not been heard of for years, and little or nothing has been said or done about the Brott system since the bill introduced in Congress several years ago for a charter for a road between New York and Washington was killed. But recently a good deal has been printed in the daily press about the Beecher system, and this may reawaken a general interest in the high speed railway idea. I have been interested in it from the first, and for the reason that the present methods of travel are not sufficiently rapid. Distances in this

country are too great. Space must be annihilated.

The railroad has done a good deal in this way. It has revolutionized society and business, and has brought Chicago closer to New York than Philadelphia was when Jefferson was President. It has developed the great West, and made its citizens our neighbors. The railroad has been the greatest space annihilator of the century. But now it is too slow. Sixty miles an hour is not enough. We demand more, and it is doubtful if the present railroad can materially increase its speed with safety. We want two hundred. We want to bring Chicago within five hours of New York, and San Francisco within fifteen. We want to make Boston and Washington and Baltimore and Buffalo and Pittsburg and Philadelphia suburbs of New York; not literally suburbs, but in the sense that they can be as easily reached as the immediate suburbs are today. Two hundred



THE BROTT BICYCLE RAILWAY—THE TRAINS OF THIS SYSTEM, HEADED BY A CAR SO SHAPED AS TO DIMINISH AIR RESISTANCE, RUN UPON A SINGLE RAIL IN THE CENTER OF THE TRACK, AND ARE KEPT IN PLACE BY SMALL WHEELS RUNNING UNDER GUIDE RAILS AT EACH SIDE (SEE CROSS SECTION ON PAGE 36). A SPEED OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY TO TWO HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR IS CLAIMED.

miles an hour will do it, and two hundred miles an hour, it is claimed, is now possible, and with greater safety than the speed of the present railway.

Two hundred miles an hour, appalling as it seems, does not touch elbows with the impossible. The best steam railway locomotives of today have come within measurable distance of this pace. A speed of one hundred and thirty five miles an hour has actually been recorded. The engine which made this record is owned by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. With one hundred and thirty five miles as a basis, it isn't a very great stretch of imagination to fancy a speed of two hundred miles an hour.

But it does not follow that this high speed of the locomotive will give us faster trains, and for the reason, it is claimed, that the speed of passenger trains cannot be greatly increased with safety and economy. For example, the Empire State Express, running between New York and Buffalo, which is considered to be the fastest long distance train in the world, makes an average speed of only about fifty seven miles an hour. I don't know what the average speed of the average passenger train of the country is, but I should fancy that it would not be in excess of thirty five miles an hour—perhaps not so much. This is not a technical article; if it were, I should not write it.

The point I wish to make is that the railroading of today isn't the fastest thing in the world. As compared with the old stage coach, it is lightning; as compared with the telephone, it is the old stage coach. We are ready for something faster. The question is, can the present railroad give it to us with safety, and will it? If not, why shouldn't we look to something new? We have been watching the flying machine inventors patiently and hopefully, but there is no machine yet in sight that has much, if any, promise. It may be that the bicycle railway will solve the problem and give us both the flying machine and genuine rapid transit.

I had a talk recently about this bicycle railroad with a very able railway engineer,

and he said there is nothing in it. I am not so sure that he is right. He has spent all his life on the old theory. His point of view may be wrong.

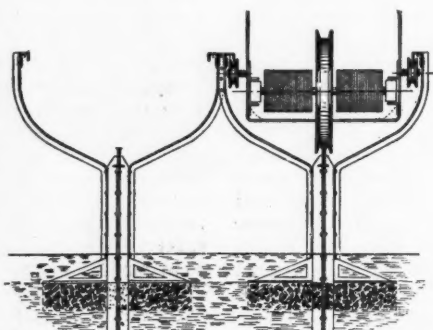
If it is a fact, as Beecher claims, that his cars cannot run off the track, no matter how fast the speed, I am not sure that I need to know much about the science of railroading to be able to see the possibilities of high speed in his idea. It must be apparent to all that the first thing to make sure of, in doubling and quadrupling the speed of the present passenger train, would be to keep it on the track and to make it impossible for it to jump the track. Starting with this as a foundation, it looks as if our clever inventors should be able to solve all the other problems in the way of the desired speed.

They may already have been solved by Boynton, Brott, and Beecher in a more or less crude way, but not more crude, perhaps, than were our early railways in comparison with the present roads.

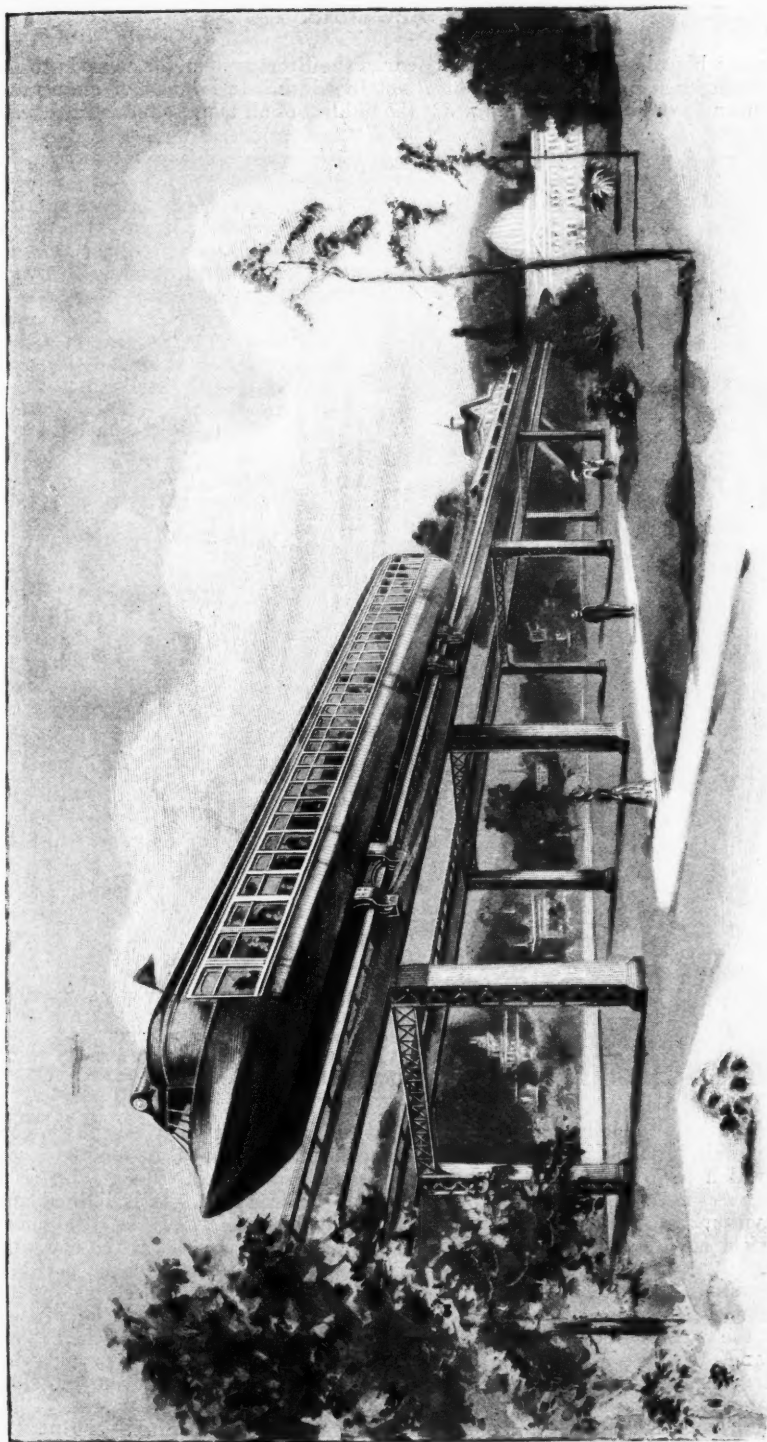
It was a dozen or more years ago that E. Moody Boynton, of Massachusetts, built an experimental road at Coney Island to set forth the merits of the bicycle idea in railroading. It attracted a good deal of attention and worked more or less successfully. He did not have the advantage of electricity as a motive power, his experiment antedating the use of electricity for this purpose. The fundamental idea in his system, it seems to me, was the impossibility of his car leaving the track. He sought to accomplish this result by an overhead guide rail. It was a clumsy and costly affair.

His idea was taken up by Colonel George S. Brott, of Washington, and Captain Lina Beecher, of New York. One of Brott's early notions was to run his train in a sort of steel trench, with guide rails half way up the side. This was finally modified, so that the guide wheels now appear near the base of the car; but they are still on the side, and operate on lateral tracks. The cars were to be practically as large as ordinary railroad coaches, and were to be made up into trains.

There are many points in common between the inventions of all the men in-



THE BROTT BICYCLE RAILWAY — CROSS SECTION
SHOWING THE SINGLE RAIL UPON WHICH RUNS
THE TRACTION WHEEL, AND THE GUIDE
WHEELS AT THE SIDE.



THE BEECHER MONORAIL PROJECTILE CAR, WITH WHICH IT IS CLAIMED THAT A SPEED OF TWO HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR CAN BE MAINTAINED. THE CARS, WHICH WILL RUN SINGLY, ARE TO BE OF ALUMINUM, AND EACH WILL CARRY FIFTY PASSENGERS. THE DRAWING SHOWS THE GUIDE WHEELS UNDERNEATH THE TRACK, WHICH MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE CAR TO LEAVE THE RAIL, NO MATTER HOW FAST IT TRAVELS.

terested in the bicycle railroad idea, but the man who seems to have worked out the problem on the most promising lines ; car of the Brott system, his car is but four feet in width. It is built of aluminum, the lightest of all metals, and is lined with



THE FIRST BICYCLE RAILWAY—IT WAS INVENTED BY E. MOODY BOYNTON, WHO BUILT AN EXPERIMENTAL ROAD NEAR CONEY ISLAND. THE CARS WERE THREE FEET WIDE, AND RAN ON A SINGLE TRACK, WITH A GUIDE RAIL OVERHEAD.

is Captain Beecher. His system, known as the "monorail," has had several practical tests, which seem to sustain all his claims.

Like Boynton and Brott, he has made positive safety so far as pertains to the car leaving the track the fundamental idea in his system.

Starting with this as a basis, he has worked out the various problems in a most ingenious and attractive manner. He has the advantage of being a practical electrician and railroad man. His cars are to be run by electricity. He has met the question of air resistance, and reduced it to a minimum. Instead of having the wide

asbestos, to make it positively fire proof. The car can be stopped, he asserts, when running at full speed, within a distance of four hundred feet. It is lighted and heated by electricity. It is little more than a projectile, pointed at the end, and is as smooth on its surface as polished steel. It contains twelve sections of four seats each, and also an observation section in the rear end, with two seats, which gives it a carrying capacity of fifty people. Entrance to these sections is from the side. Each passenger has a window seat.

The Empire State Express—engine and four coaches—weighs about four hundred and forty tons and has a maximum ca-

capacity of two hundred and forty passengers, or nearly two tons to a passenger.

Beecher's car, with motor and all equipments, weighs only about ten tons, or say two hundred and fifty pounds, at most, to a passenger. The economy in motive power must be apparent when this weight is compared with the two tons per passenger of the Empire State Express.

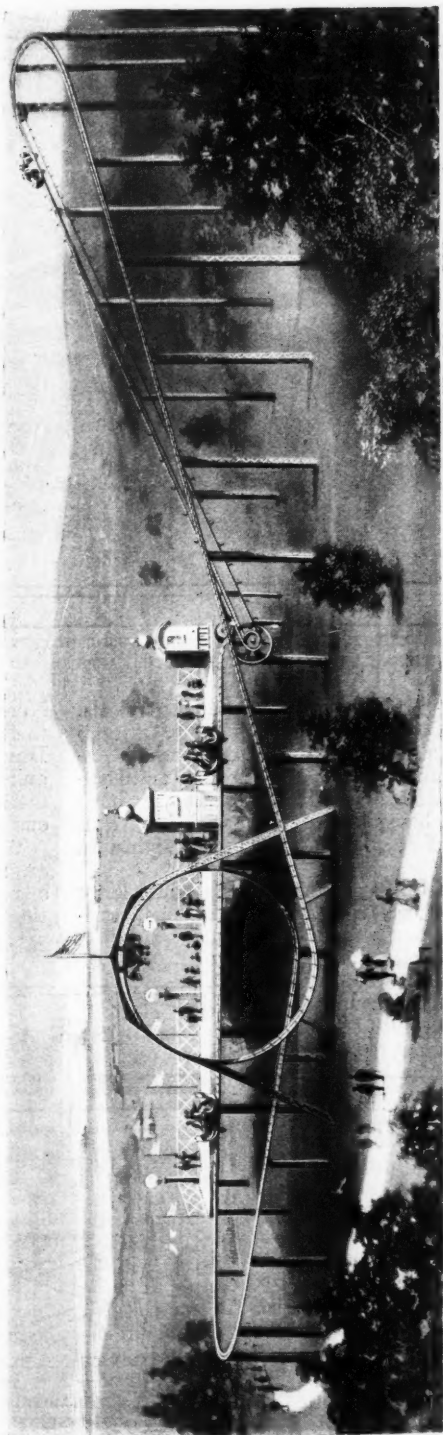
Beecher argues in favor of running single cars to reduce the air pressure further. Herein his system differs from the Brott. He thinks that a car should leave New York for Boston or Chicago or Philadelphia or any other point every few minutes, or as often as the traffic would demand. But these are details and have little to do with the merit of his single rail system.

He claims that if the track were tipped up on one side to an angle of forty five degrees, or even turned upside down, his car would still cling to the rail, and this remarkable statement seems to be pretty well sustained by what he calls the Centrifugal Cycle Railway, which he has recently installed at Coney Island, and of which we give an illustration on this page.

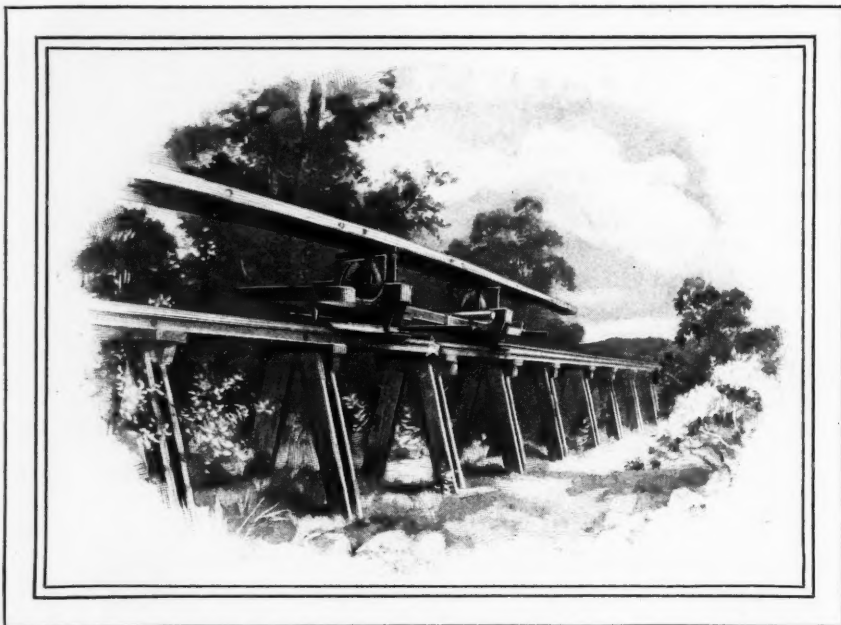
It will be seen that in this engraving one car is suspended upside down in the air. The railroad is, of course, a mere amusement device, somewhat similar to the switchbacks and roller coasters, but it serves to show that the car would cling to the track no matter what might happen.

Captain Beecher has spent ten years of hard work on his railway system, and has absolute confidence in a maximum speed of two hundred miles an hour.

Two hundred miles an hour would mean the annihilation of space in very truth. It would be in keeping with our American way of doing things. It would give us mails to compete with the telegraph. It would convert the smaller cities and the rural sections into places of residence. The big cities would become the workshops of the nation and the centers of trade. Wide sections of the country would be consolidated



THIS AMUSEMENT DEVICE AT CONEY ISLAND, CALLED THE "CENTRIFUGAL CYCLE RAILWAY," AND BUILT ON THE BEECHER RAILWAY SYSTEM, SHOWS THE SEVEREST POSSIBLE TESTS TO WHICH A CAR CAN BE PUT AND STILL NOT LEAVE THE TRACK. THIS CAR "RUNS" UP AND DOWN GRADES, TURNS SHARP CURVES, AND FINALLY DESCRIBES A COMPLETE CIRCLE IN THE AIR, CARRYING MEANWHILE A LOAD OF PASSENGERS.



THE FIRST EXPERIMENTAL TRACK AND TRUCK BUILT BY CAPTAIN LINA BEECHER. THE GUIDE WHEELS WERE THEN AT THE SIDE, BUT WERE AFTERWARDS PLACED UNDERNEATH FOR GREATER SECURITY.

about a few great commercial capitals. New York would be one of these, Chicago another, and San Francisco another; Atlanta might perhaps be a fourth, and Denver a fifth. Two hundred miles an hour would bring Philadelphia within half an hour of New York, and Boston within an hour.

The Chicago business man could leave home at six in the morning and be transacting business in New York at eleven. He could put in a day's work here, and, jumping upon a car at five, could be back in Chicago at ten. Boston and Washington and Baltimore and Philadelphia and Pittsburg and Buffalo could attend the opera in New York, and get home in time for a good night's sleep. Women in any of those cities could leave home in the morning after breakfast, do a day's shopping on Broadway, and be back again at their own table for luncheon.

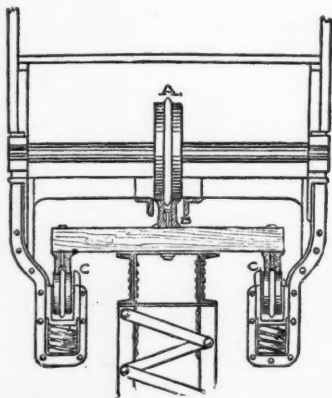
Two hundred miles an hour means that the

New Yorker could travel from the Battery to Harlem River in about three minutes. During the busy hours it takes well nigh an hour on the elevated roads to cover this distance. Of course it is largely the numerous stops that account for so long a time.

With a speed of two hundred miles an hour, the flying machine will be a realization. The wildest dreams of the inventor will have come true.

The flying machine of his fancy had no such speed, and no such possibilities for commercial and social use. The flying machine would be superior to the bicycle railway only in respect to crossing the ocean or the great lakes. In all other respects the railway would surpass all the possibilities of actual aerial navigation.

Two hundred miles an hour would revolutionize the business and social world. Old lines would be turned upside down and all present systems relegated to history. Let it come!



CROSS SECTION OF THE BEECHER MONORAIL SYSTEM — A IS THE TRACTION WHEEL, B IS THE SINGLE RAIL. C, C ARE THE GUIDE WHEELS WHICH RUN ON RAILS BENEATH THE TRACK.

A THEOLOGICAL TIPSTER.

BY EDWIN LEFÈVRE.

THE ORIGINAL AND INGENIOUS SCHEME BY WHICH SILAS SHAW HELPED TO ENLIGHTEN BOTH THE POOR HEATHENS OF BOLIVIA AND THE GOOD CHRISTIANS OF WALL STREET.

AT first Wall Street thought that Silas Shaw's "religiousness" was an affectation. What purpose the old man desired to serve by the calculated notoriety of his church affiliations no one could tell, though many ingenious theories were advanced, some going so far as to hint at repentance.

As a matter of fact, Shaw really had in his tape wound and ticker dented old heart a soft spot for things ecclesiastical, and next to being a power in the Street, he loved to be regarded as one of the pillars of his church. Indeed, his generosity was so notorious among the church people that the Rev. Dr. Ramsdell, pastor of the Steenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, felt no hesitation in applying to him for assistance. It was not Shaw's church, but in Dr. Ramsdell's charge there were one or two bankers well known in Wall Street and several members of the New York Stock Exchange. He called at Mr. Shaw's office one morning.

"Good morning, Brother Shaw," said the clergyman. "I trust you are well."

"Tolerable, tolerable, thank 'e kindly," replied the sturdy old gambler. "What brings you down to this sinful section? Doing some missionary work, eh? I wish you'd begin among those d—er—dandy young bears."

"Ah, yes," said Dr. Ramsdell eagerly. "Missionary work is my errand." And he told Silas Shaw all about the plan for carrying the light into darkest Bolivia by building a Methodist chapel in Oruro. The reverend doctor hoped—nay, he knew, in view of Brother Shaw's well known devotion to the glorious work of redeeming their benighted brethren—that he could count upon him; and the subscription list—

"My dear sir," interrupted Shaw, "I never sign subscription lists. When I give, I give; and I don't want everybody to know how much I've given."

"You need not sign your name. I'll put you down as X. Y. Z.," Dr. Ramsdell said.

"No, no; don't put me down at all."

The good doctor looked downcast.

"Cheer up, doctor. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll buy some Erie for you. Yes, sirree; that's the thing to do. What do you say to that?"

"Ahem—are you sure it will prove a—ahem—a desirable investment? You see, I do not—ah—know much about Wall Street."

"Neither do I. And the older I grow, the less I know."

The reverend doctor ventured a tentative smile of semi incredulity.

"That's right, doctor. But we'll make something for you. The blooming, I mean, benighted Bohemians—"

"Ahem! Bolivians, Brother Shaw."

"I meant Bolivians. They must have a chance for their souls. John"—to a clerk—"buy five hundred shares of Erie at the market."

"Yes, sir," said John, disappearing into the telephone booth. To buy "at the market" meant to buy at the prevailing or market price.

"Brother Shaw, I am extremely grateful to you. This matter is very close to my heart, I assure you. And—ah—when shall I know if the—ah—investment turns out profitably?"

"Oh, have no fears on that score. We shall make the stock market contribute to your missionary fund. All you'll have to do is to look on the financial page on your paper every evening."

"I fear, Brother Shaw," said Dr. Ramsdell deprecatingly, "that I may find the figures beyond my understanding."

"Not at all. See here," and he took up his newspaper and turned to the stock tables. "You see, here is Erie. Yesterday, on transactions of 18,230 shares, Erie sold as high as 64 3-4 and as low as 63 1-4, the closing sale being at 64 1-2. The number means dollars per share. Haven't you got a report on that five hundred Erie yet, John?"

"Yes, sir," said John. "Sixty five and one eighth."

"You see, doctor, the stock is still going up. Well, every day when you look in the table you will see at what price Erie stock is selling. If it is more than sixty five and an eighth, why, that will show you are making money. Every point up—that is, every unit—will mean that your missionary fund is five hundred dollars richer."

"And, Brother Shaw—ahem!—if it should be—ah—less?"

"What's the use of thinking such things, doctor? All you have to remember is that I am going to make some money for you; and that I paid sixty five and an eighth for the stock I bought. You understand, of course, that it is well not to give such matters undue publicity."

"Of course, of course," assented the doctor, who did not understand at all. "I thank you very much, Brother Shaw. I most sincerely hope my—ah—your—I should say—ah—our investment may result in—ah—favorably for our Bolivian missionary fund. Thank you again."

"Don't mention it, doctor. And don't you worry. We'll come out O. K. You'll hear from me in a week or two. Good morning."

The reverend doctor went across the street to the office of one of his parishioners, Walter H. Cranston, a stock broker.

Mr. Cranston was bemoaning the appalling lack of business, and making up his mind about certain Delphic advice he contemplated giving his timid customers in order to make them "trade," which would mean commissions, when Dr. Ramsdell's card was brought.

"Confound him, why does he bother a man in business hours?" he thought. But he said, "Show him in, William."

"Good morning, Brother Cranston."

"Why, good morning, Dr. Ramsdell. To what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?"

"I've called to see you about our missionary fund. We desire to build a chapel in Bolivia, where the light is needed, Brother Cranston, as much as in darkest Africa, I assure you. And it is so much nearer home."

"Doctor, I really—" began Cranston, with an injured air.

"I want your valuable autograph to head the subscription list," said the clergyman. "Don't refuse me."

"Why don't you try some well known person?" said Cranston with pleasing modesty.

"To tell you the truth, Brother Cranston, I did try Silas Shaw." And he added hastily, "Not but that you are sufficiently well known for my purpose."

"What did the old ras—the old man say?"

"He said he never signed subscription lists, but he did something for me."

Cranston's eyes brightened. "What was that?" he said.

"Well," replied the clergyman hesitatingly, "he—er—told me he would make the stock market contribute to the fund."

"Indeed!" Cranston showed a lively interest.

"Yes. I suppose, since you are in the same business, there is no harm in telling you that he bought some stock for me. Five hundred shares, it was. Do you think, Brother Cranston, that—er—that will mean much? You see, I have the fund very close to my heart."

"It depends," said Cranston, very carelessly, "upon what stock he bought for you."

"It was Erie Railroad stock."

"Of course, Dr. Ramsdell, your profits will depend also upon the price you paid." This also in a tone of utter indifference.

"It was Brother Shaw who paid. The price was sixty five and an eighth."

"Aha!" said Cranston. "So the old man is bullish on Erie, is he?"

"I do not know what you mean, but I know he told me I should read the paper every day and see how much the price went up; and that I would surely hear from him."

"I sincerely hope you will, doctor. Let me see, will a hundred dollars do? Very well, I'll make out a check for you. Here it is. And now, doctor, will you excuse me? We are very busy indeed. Good morning. Call again any time you happen to be down this way;" and he almost pushed the good man out of the office in his eagerness to be rid of him.

No sooner had the door closed on the Rev. Dr. Ramsdell than Cranston rushed to the telephone and put in an order to buy a thousand shares of Erie at the best possible price. By doing this before he notified his friends he proved that he himself firmly believed in Erie; also, he bought his stock ahead of theirs, and thereby, in all likelihood, bought it cheaper. He then rushed into the customers' room, and yelled: "Hi, there! Everybody get aboard Erie! Silas Shaw is bullish as Old Nick on it. I get this absolutely straight. I've thought all along the old rascal was picking it up. It's his movement and no mistake. There ought to be at least ten points in it, if you buy now!"

The firm of Cranston & Melville bought in all that day, for themselves and their

customers, thirty two hundred shares of Erie, doing as much as any one else to advance the price to sixty six.

All that week the Rev. Dr. Ramsdell was busy collecting subscriptions for the Bolivian missionary fund. He was a good soul, and an enthusiast on the subject of that particular subscription list; so he told his parishioners how Brother Cranston had given a hundred dollars, and Brother Baker, another Wall Street man, two hundred, and Brother Shaw had promised—he told this with an amused smile, as if at the incongruity and the novelty of it—to make the stock market contribute to the fund. And as he had told some, he felt that he should not discriminate against others; so he told to all, impartially, the details of the transaction.

The Bolivian missionary fund grew even beyond the good man's optimistic expectations. But behold, a strange, a very strange thing happened. Erie stock, according to the doctor's daily perusal of the dry financial pages, had been fluctuating between sixty five and sixty six. On the following Tuesday, to his intense surprise, the stock table recorded, "Highest, 65 3-4; lowest, 62; last, 62 5-8." On Wednesday the table read, "Highest 62 1-2; lowest, 58; last, 58." On Thursday, there was a ray of hope—the stock sold as high as 60, and closed at 59 1-2. But on Friday there was a bad break, and Erie touched 54 1-8, just 11 1-8 points below what the Bolivian missionary fund's stock had cost. And on Saturday the stock declined to 50, closing at 51 1-4.

That Sunday the Rev. Dr. Ramsdell preached to the gloomiest congregation in Gotham. Wherever he turned his gaze he met reproachful looks—accusing eyes, full of bitterness or of anger or of sadness. An exception was Mr. Silas Shaw, who had come, as he sometimes did, to hear his friend Dr. Ramsdell preach. His eyes beamed benignantly on the pastor throughout the long sermon. He looked

as if he felt, Dr. Ramsdell thought, inexplicably contented. He had forgotten his promise—the promise from which benighted Bolivia expected so much?

The two men met after the service. Dr. Ramsdell's manner was constrained; Mr. Shaw's affable.

"Good morning, doctor," said the grizzled old operator. "I've carried a small piece of paper in my pocket for some days, in the hope of meeting you. Here it is;" and he handed the clergyman a check for five thousand dollars.

"Why—er—I—er—didn't the stock—er—go down?"

"Sure!"

"How is it, then, that——"

"Oh, that's all right. It came out just as I expected. That's why you get the check."

"But—ahem! Didn't you buy five hundred shares for me?"

"Yes; but after you left I sold ten thousand shares between sixty five and sixty six. Your congregation, doctor, developed a remarkable and, I may say, unanimous desire to purchase Erie." He chuckled gleefully. "It was to them that I sold the stock."

"But my impression was that you said the stock would go up."

"Oh, no. I never said that. I merely told you we'd come out O. K. And I guess we have." He laughed joyously. "It's all right, doctor; those pesky Bolivians will be enlightened, you bet."

"But," said the doctor, with a very red face, fingering the check, "I don't know whether to accept it or not."

"Oh, you're not robbing me," the old stock gambler gaily assured him. "I made out quite well; quite well, thank you."

"I—I—mean——" stammered the clergyman, "I don't know whether it is right to——"

Shaw frowned. "Put that check in your pocket," he said sharply. "You earned it."

THE LAVA SHOWER.

THERE fell a lava shower long years ago,
And cities sank beneath its black embrace;
And eons passed, and men began to sow
And reap above Pompeii's resting place.

Thus oft, when from the heart's volcanic core
There fall the sifting ashes of despair,
We mark the smiling haunt of dreams no more,
Love's groves white domed with memory's temples fair.

John Myers O'Hara.

The Glorious Sport of Polo.

BY RICHARD NEWTON, JR.

THE MOST EXCITING AND SPECTACULAR OF ALL GAMES, AND, WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF YACHTING, THE MOST COSTLY — ITS ANCIENT ORIGIN, ITS MODERN SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENT, AND ITS PRESENT POPULARITY IN AMERICA.

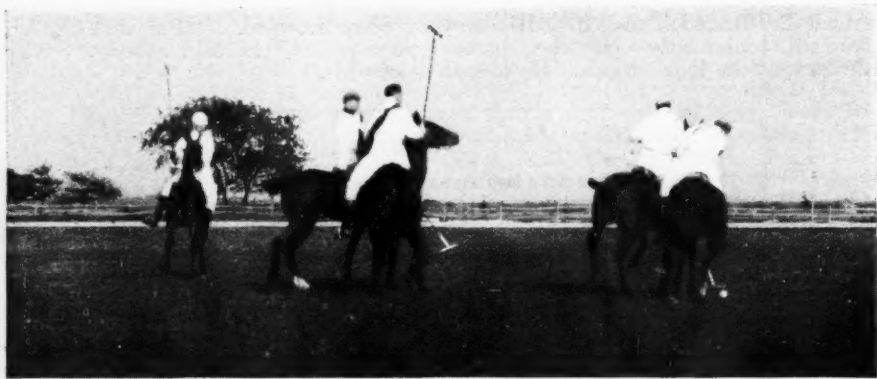
EACH sport has the special advantage of some valuable training. Fishing teaches patience and self control; shooting demands a steady hand and a quick eye; hunting or riding to hounds requires not only a capital seat, but judgment at all times, as well as plenty of pluck; and so on through the long list of sports. But none tends to blend all the best qualities together more than polo. It develops pluck, endurance, the best of seats, and the ability to ride like the proverbial Indian, as well as calmness, a good temper, and submission to discipline; for no player, however brilliant, can make up in his individual work for a lack of perfect understanding with his team. It is, without doubt, the most spectacular of games.

And if to the true horseman comparisons are sometimes convincing, your polo player will always think he has the advantage over the hunting man, for polo, or the practise of it, can begin with the early spring, as soon as the ground is firm and good. The games open in May, and a series of brilliant tournaments all over the country lasts into October. Even then

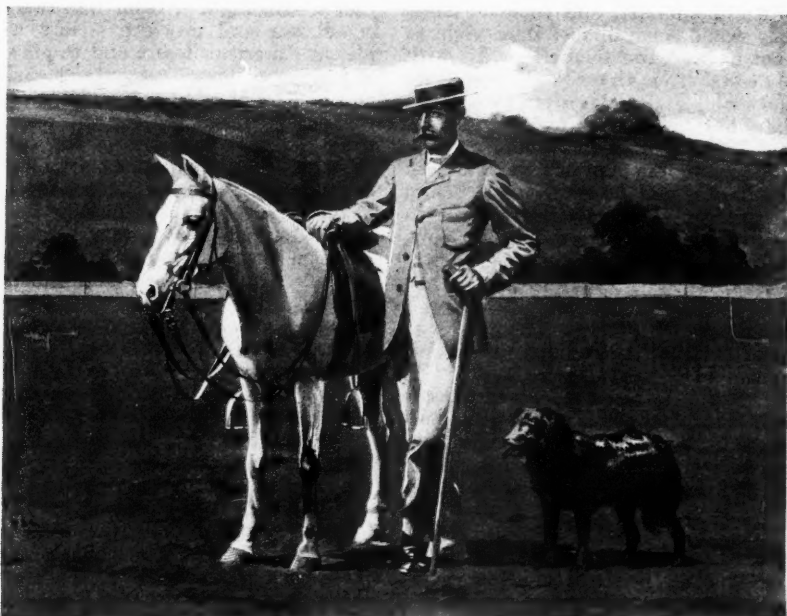
the playing can go on indefinitely until cold weather puts a stop to it; while the hunting man has to wait until the crops are all harvested and the cool weather comes.

THE ANTIQUITY OF POLO.

Our own name of polo is from the Tibetan word "*pulu*" ("willow"), the ball being made from the hardest part of the willow tree. Although we think of the game as English, along with fox hunting, it was first suggested to the British officers in India by the Maniporees; and still further back the mention of *chaugán* (four on a side), the Persian name for a game played on horseback with mallets and a ball, occurs in writings that date from before the Christian era. In the British Museum a very vivid portrayal of the game can be seen on parchment; the king sits on his dais, flanked by his musicians, and the players are shown, on gaily trapped horses, swinging their mallets, while the goal posts are seen at the side. And a very striking similarity to our modern game occurs in the fact that the



A CRITICAL MOMENT IN A POLO GAME—PLAYERS OF THE OPPOSING TEAMS BLOCKING ONE ANOTHER.



JAMES GORDON BENNETT AS A POLO PLAYER. MR. BENNETT INTRODUCED THE GAME IN AMERICA ABOUT TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO.

attendants carry extra sticks, even as is necessary now.

The game can be traced in Japan, where it was introduced from China in the sixth century. There are accounts which show that the Emperor Manuel Comnenus enjoyed the sport with his Byzantine princes and nobles of the court. Sir Anthony Shirley quaintly and graphically describes, in his book of adventure, written in the sixteenth century, a game like modern polo played before the King of Persia.

Polo has flourished in England since 1860, when it was introduced by officers returning from India, and the game quickly secured a firm hold, due largely to the keen rivalry between regiments. Clubs have sprung up all over England and Ireland, with their chief center at the famous Hurlingham grounds. From the mere knocking of the ball about in a more or less indiscriminate manner, the sport gradually developed, during the seventies, into a highly scientific form. More and more attention was paid, not only to the better breeding of ponies, but to their careful training. At Hurlingham and Ranelagh, rows of stables holding nearly a hundred ponies were built. Royalty patronized polo, and on Saturday afternoons huge crowds came to look on.

Since the early days, great changes

have taken place in the method of play; teams which often consisted of eight on a side have been reduced to four, the slow game has been superseded by one played at racing pace, hard hitting has taken the place of dribbling, and skill both in hitting and in team work has so increased that, as I have said, it is now a most scientific game.

So much for polo in England and wherever Englishmen find themselves. In India, in Africa, and at all their military stations, there the game is played, necessarily adapted to the kind of ponies obtainable.

Some of the very best of the early English ponies were imported from Algiers, and, later, being bred to English stock, produced most excellent animals. It is said that three or four ponies whose names are bywords to polo men in England were originally captured on a raid upon some Arab chieftain's stables, together with as many women from his harem. The women were sold into slavery, and the ponies exported; but in such high estimation did the African ruler hold the latter, that he sent word that if the horses were returned the women might be kept, and all would be forgiven and forgotten!

In India, the Muniporees are most skil-

ful with the mallet, and some of their strokes would seem almost impossible to one not having seen them; they hit with nearly equal strength on the left side and on the right, and make marvelous fancy strokes, but, according to our idea of "hands," the eastern has none, and his way of turning his pony is by a rude jerk of the bridle, and he is ever "at" him with his whip. Major General Sherer, in writing of the Muniporees and their play, says that in 1865 he took his team up to play them, and the Englishmen who had been so proud of their Calcutta victories were nowhere with them. The game was fast and furious; the Indians were clever and clean in their strokes as well as scientific. Recognizing no respect of persons in their rules, they considered it quite lawful to ride "at" one, and through anything, to reach the ball, sending adversaries and ponies spinning over like tops.

POLO IN AMERICA,

Polo was introduced into America by James Gordon Bennett, of New York, some time during the seventies, I think, when it at once achieved popularity and flourished in the old days of Jerome Park. By 1886 the game had become so popular

that a Hurlingham team was invited to come over and measure strides with a picked American team, and to play a series of match games, we giving a challenge cup to be competed for. The invitation was accepted, but the visiting team winning the first two games, the rest fell through. The Americans played a plucky game, but, lacking the perfect team work of the Englishmen, and the superior speed of the English ponies, they were beaten. The match was played at Newport, before a brilliant assemblage and on perfect grounds. The team lined up as follows:

AMERICA—Thomas Hitchcock (captain), W. H. Thorn, A. Belmont, Foxhall Keene.

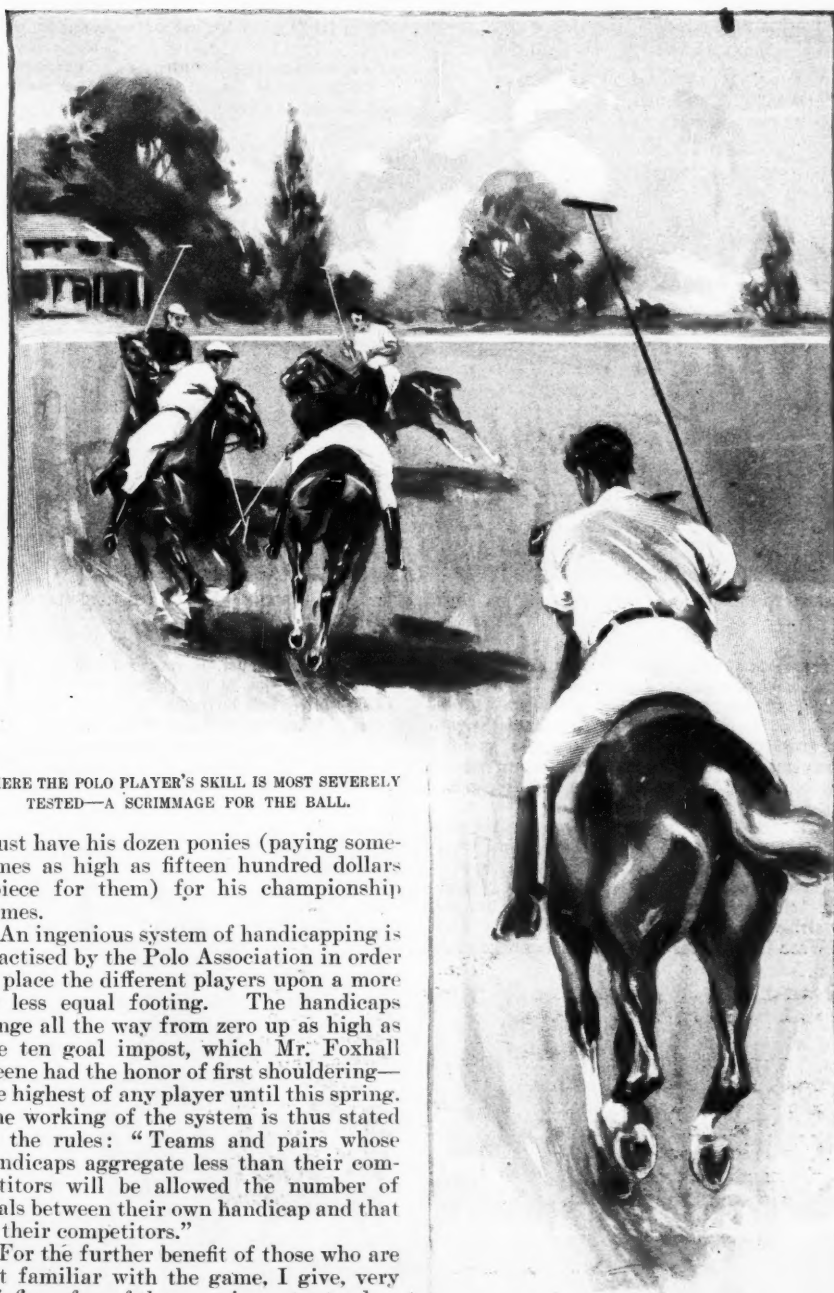
HURLINGHAM—John Watson (captain), Hon. R. Lumley (7th Hussars), Captain Thomas Hone (7th Hussars), Captain Malcolm Little (9th Lancers).

Since those days, the game has gone steadily ahead, clubs springing up all over the country. In the East, and as far West as St. Louis, it is governed by the Polo Association, an organization composed of the different clubs, a score or more, with more than three hundred members—and there are probably as many more not in the association. Each club is represented by a delegate at the annual meeting and dinner. Mr. H. L. Herbert is chairman

of the association, and has acted in this capacity since it was formed in 1890, filling it as no other man could. In fact, no game is quite perfect without his presence, and as a referee his opinion is never questioned. He is an excellent player himself, and may generally be found, at six in the morning, on his own polo field, knocking the ball about with some fellow enthusiasts, preparatory to a day spent in active business in town. He has done more than any other man for the encouragement of polo, proving clearly that any man of moderate means may keep a couple of inexpensive ponies and have plenty of fun, as well as the polo "crack" who



A PHILADELPHIA POLO PLAYER—A. E. KENNEDY, OF THE DEVONS.



WHERE THE POLO PLAYER'S SKILL IS MOST SEVERELY TESTED—A SCRIMMAGE FOR THE BALL.

must have his dozen ponies (paying sometimes as high as fifteen hundred dollars apiece for them) for his championship games.

An ingenious system of handicapping is practised by the Polo Association in order to place the different players upon a more or less equal footing. The handicaps range all the way from zero up as high as the ten goal impost, which Mr. Foxhall Keene had the honor of first shouldering—the highest of any player until this spring. The working of the system is thus stated in the rules: "Teams and pairs whose handicaps aggregate less than their competitors will be allowed the number of goals between their own handicap and that of their competitors."

For the further benefit of those who are not familiar with the game, I give, very briefly, a few of the most important rules:

The grounds to be about 750 feet long by 500 feet wide, with a ten inch guard from end to end on the sides only. (Boards painted white.)

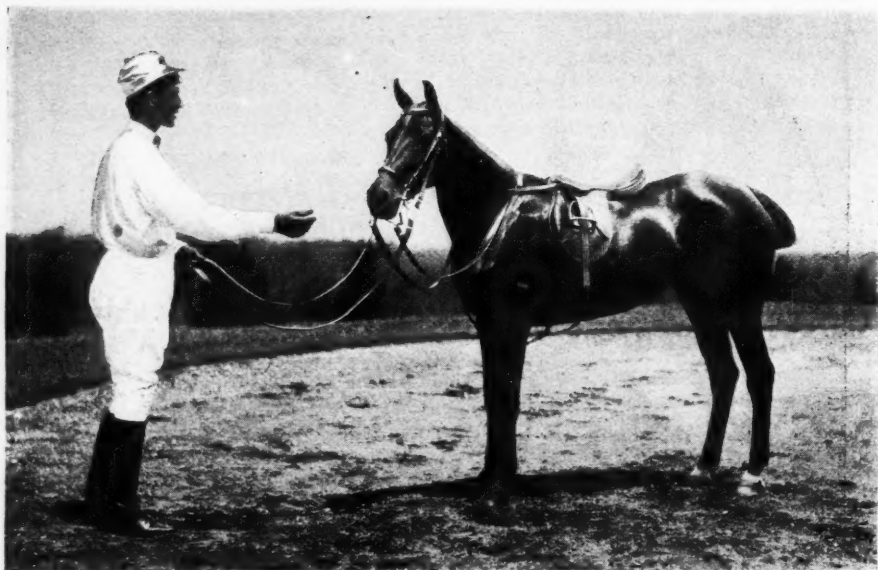
The height of ponies shall not exceed fourteen and a half hands. (A hand, in horse parlance, is four inches.)

5 M

The ball to be of wood, with no other covering than white paint, $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches in diameter, and not to exceed five ounces in weight.

The goal posts to be 24 feet apart, and light enough to break if collided with.

Match games between teams of four shall be in



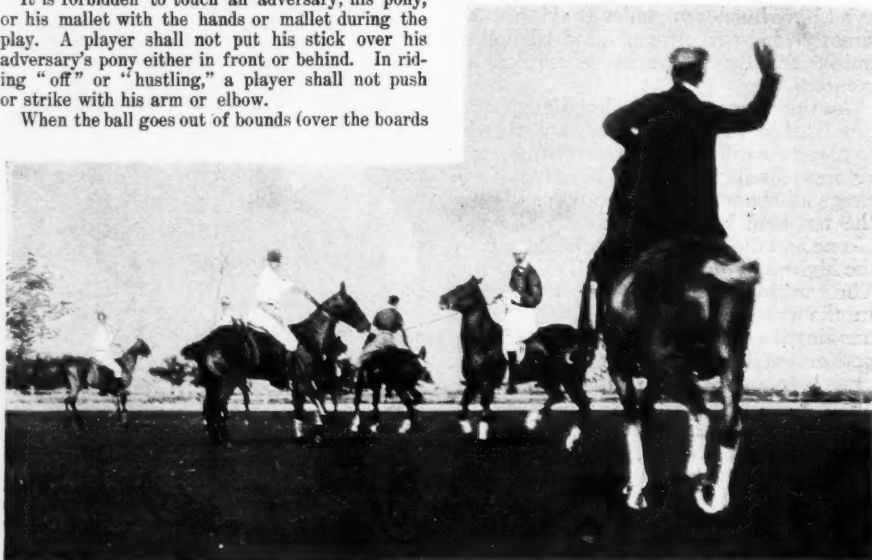
HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY AND ONE OF HIS POLO PONIES. MR. WHITNEY IS ALWAYS MOUNTED ON THE VERY FINEST OF HORSEFLESH.

four periods of fifteen minutes each, actual play (or three periods of twenty minutes). Time between goals and delays not counted: two minutes after a goal has been made, and seven minutes between the periods for rest, unless otherwise specified. The game to begin when the ball is thrown between the contestants, who shall be in line facing each other in the middle of the field.

It is forbidden to touch an adversary, his pony, or his mallet with the hands or mallet during the play. A player shall not put his stick over his adversary's pony either in front or behind. In riding "off" or "hustling," a player shall not push or strike with his arm or elbow.

When the ball goes out of bounds (over the boards

at the sides) it must be thrown from the place at which it went out, by the referee, between the two sides, which shall be drawn up in line facing each other. When the ball goes out at the ends, and not through the goal posts, the side defending the goal is entitled to a knockout from a point at which it crossed the line. No opponent shall come within



H. L. HERBERT, CHAIRMAN OF THE POLO ASSOCIATION, STARTING A GAME BY THROWING THE BALL INTO THE FIELD.

fifty feet of a player having the knockout, until the ball has been hit.

Foul riding is careless and dangerous horsemanship, and lack of consideration for the safety of others. A player in possession of the ball (he who hit it last) has the right of way, and must not be crossed except at a safe distance.

The Polo Association colors are white and dark blue, and at championship and match games a large flag waves in the breeze with "Polo Association" in conspicuous white letters on the field of blue. Each club has its own colors, in which its teams always play; sky blue for the Meadowbrooks, dark blue for the Rockaways, yellow and black for the Lakewoods, and so on.

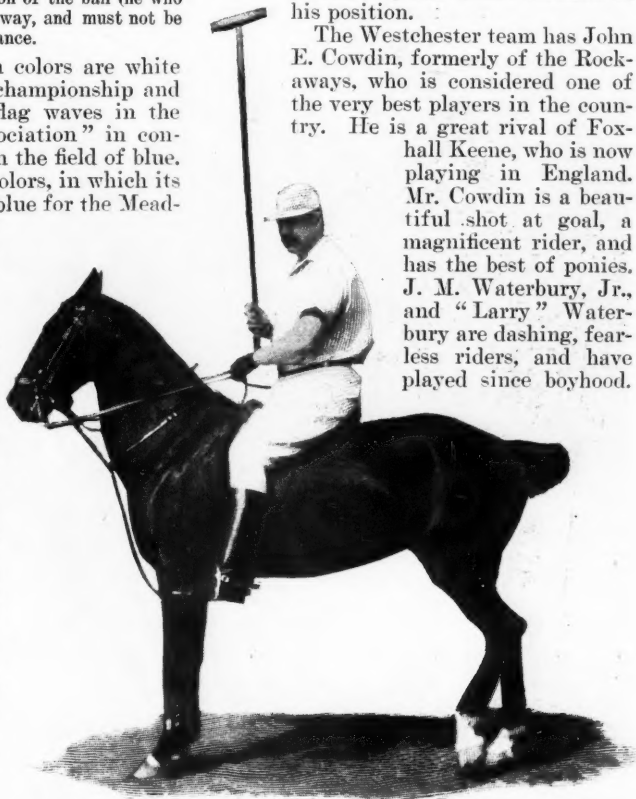
The casual observer may remark that most games are semi private, being played on club grounds where he does not wish to intrude. Then he need only have journeyed to Prospect Park, Brooklyn, in June last. There a brilliant series of championship games was played, with five of the picked teams of America entering the lists. The prize, the Astor gold challenge cup, was won by the Dedhams, from Massachusetts. This was the fifth year that this battle royal for the same cup has been fought out at the same place, where from fifteen to twenty thousand persons saw each struggle, and had opportunity to study the individual work of the players.

THE LEADING AMERICAN PLAYERS.

W. C. Eustis was No. 1, or forward, of the famous Meadowbrook team. He is a great rider off and a fine horseman. ("Riding off" is crowding his nearest opponent away from the ball, and giving his own nearest team man a clear chance at it.) George P. Eustis was No. 2. When at his best he plays a remarkable game, having a powerful stroke, using a telling "back hander" to great effect, and riding off superbly. Harry Payne Whitney, as No. 3, is a very cool and steady player, who is often brilliant, and is always mounted on the finest horseflesh that money can buy. Benjamin Nicoll plays "back," guarding the goal posts. He is a

superbly built man, and rides at more weight than any man in the association. He is a safe hitter and a dangerous man to ride off, and is not excelled in his position.

The Westchester team has John E. Cowdin, formerly of the Rockaways, who is considered one of the very best players in the country. He is a great rival of Foxhall Keene, who is now playing in England. Mr. Cowdin is a beautiful shot at goal, a magnificent rider, and has the best of ponies. J. M. Waterbury, Jr., and "Larry" Waterbury are dashing, fearless riders, and have played since boyhood.



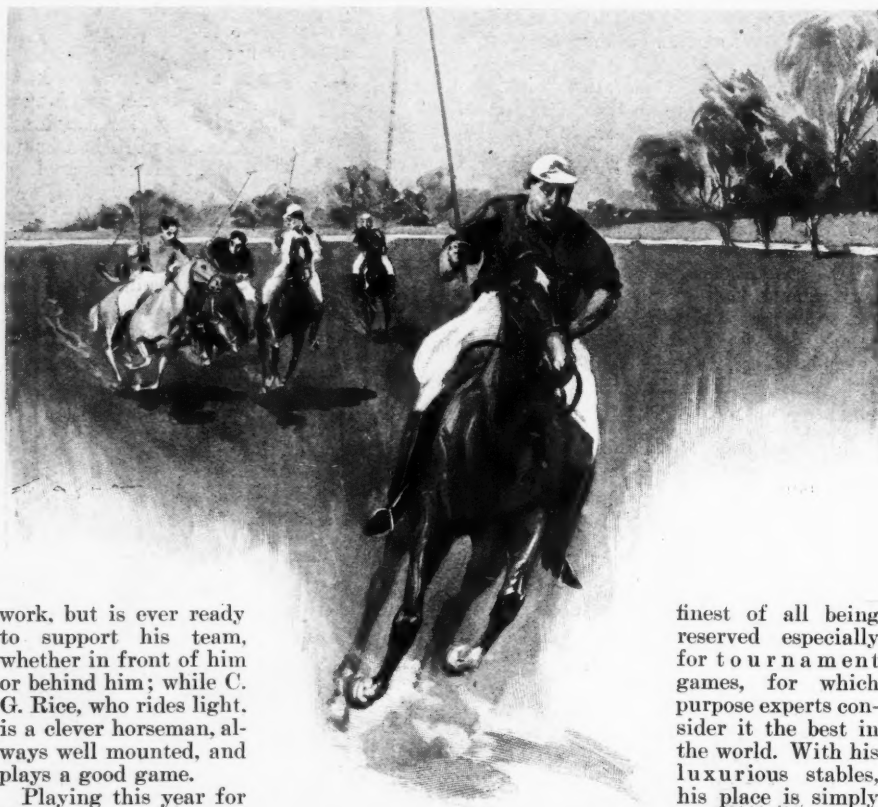
BENJAMIN NICOLL, THE FAMOUS BACK OF THE MEADOWBROOK TEAM, AND THE HEAVIEST PLAYER IN THE POLO ASSOCIATION.

The Philadelphia men on the Devon team are thoroughly drilled in team work. Every member has played the same position for two years—a great advantage. C. Randolph Snowden, playing "first," is a powerful hitter, and often makes sensational long drives to goal when he gets the ball. George W. Kendrick is a sure hitter and an all round good player, and makes an admirable captain for his team. Messrs. McFadden, the "back," and C. E. Wheeler, who complete the Devon quartet, are also strong players.

The Myopias, from Boston, won the Astor cup in 1895—the first year it was played for; but in June last their colors were lowered by their rivals, the Dedhams. Rudolph L. Agassiz, the captain of the Myopias, makes a powerful "back," and in defending his goal he has a "back hander" that no other American player

can equal. R. G. Shaw, No. 2, is as nimble and agile as a cat, making the quickest of turns and brilliant runs the length of the field. H. H. Holmes is an invaluable man in team play, and not only does his own

series of brilliant games for cups, entering two teams himself from his own club, the Lakewoods. At Georgian Court, his superb country place in New Jersey, he has no fewer than four polo fields; the



"THEY CAN'T HEAD HIM!"—A PLAYER BREAKING AWAY WITH THE BALL AND MAKING A DASH FOR THE GOAL.

work, but is ever ready to support his team, whether in front of him or behind him; while C. G. Rice, who rides light, is a clever horseman, always well mounted, and plays a good game.

Playing this year for the first time in the championship games, the Dedhams gained their great victory in the most exciting finish ever seen on a polo field. Perfect team work and fast ponies at the finish won from the Westchester team, which played, perhaps, more brilliant individual polo that day.

Besides H. L. Herbert, of whom I have spoken, another polo player who is doing much for the game in this country is William A. Hazard, secretary and treasurer of the Polo Association. Not content with his own laurels won on the field, Mr. Hazard last year offered some "junior cups," to be played for by boys, which met with great success at Rockaway.

One of the most enthusiastic polo men is George J. Gould, himself a player of great dash and vim and a hard rider. This year he set the ball rolling in April, with a

finest of all being reserved especially for tournament games, for which purpose experts consider it the best in the world. With his luxurious stables, his place is simply perfect in every appointment, and already has become one of the great centers for polo.

Here, during the winter, when most ponies are resting, the game is still kept up on the sandy soil of a "dirt" field that does not readily freeze.

The latest club formed is one from Squadron A of New York, owing to the enthusiasm and zeal of Mr. Harry Earle.

THE STORY OF A POLO GAME.

There is no place in America where polo can be seen to better advantage than at Cedarhurst, on Long Island, about an hour's ride from New York. The polo fields, directly in front of the broad, cool piazzas of the beautiful Rockaway Hunt Club, are almost as smooth as a billiard table, and as green as the finest English

lawn. Beyond the field are the low lying meadows; there stretches the long line of sand dunes, with here and there a thin streak of blue water from the bay, and farther out the ocean, with a delicious salt breeze blowing towards us.

On the porches one meets every one in the Cedarhurst and Meadowbrook colonies, as well as many from town. At the side of the club house, and by the rail, is a line of handsome traps, and several coaches and brakes, with a gay company, making their own private grand stand. And still along the road they keep coming, driving as far as from the beautiful North Shore on this perfect afternoon; for are not the famous Meadowbrook old and

Firsts to play their strongest rivals, the



TO THE FIELD AGAIN—POLO PLAYERS MOUNTING AFTER AN INTERMISSION BETWEEN THE PERIODS OF THE GAME.

Rockaway picked team, for championship honors?

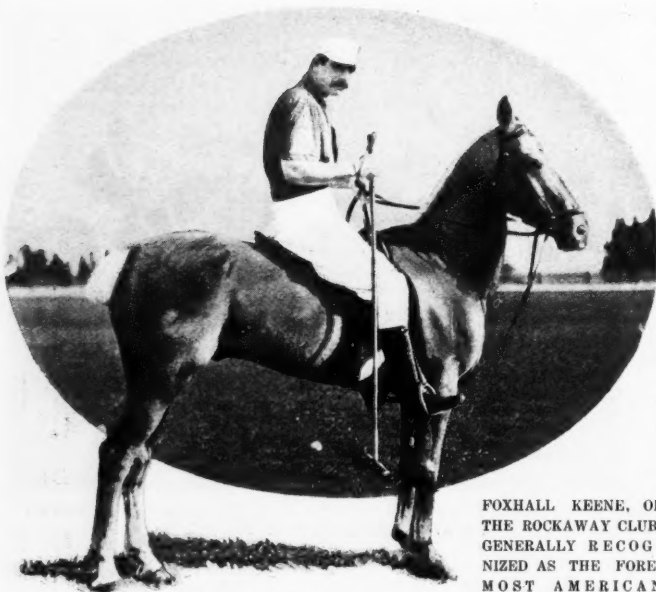
Already the players are appearing in their immaculate white breeches and polo boots, the light blue silk of the Meadow-

brooks showing in contrast to the dark blues of the Rockaways. The men are picking each his mallet from his particular bundle, while others are taking a final look over their special "strings" of ponies. There they all are, the cunning little fellows, several dozens of them, being led slowly around with their large "sweaters" almost covering them, yet showing always four dainty legs and an abbreviated tail. Perhaps, even with their clothes on, you may recognize many famous ponies; yet to the casual observer, they seem as quiet and sleepy a lot of little animals as you could well imagine.

The men are mounting and appearing on the field, and already Mr. Herbert, the umpire, is on his pony, each pocket stretched



GEORGE W. KENDRICK, CAPTAIN OF THE DEVON TEAM.



FOXHALL KEENE, OF
THE ROCKAWAY CLUB,
GENERALLY RECOGNIZED AS THE FORE-
MOST AMERICAN
POLO PLAYER.

with an extra polo ball. You can fairly judge of the beauty of these polo ponies, as sleek as well trained grooms can make them, and as breedy and sporty looking as so many game cocks. Just a slight canter, perhaps, and they are ready. Younger players might be tempted to knock a ball about to limber them up; not so these giants of the game, who are in perfect training, and each in full confidence of his powers.

The teams line up in their right positions, some of the ponies being very restless, while others, knowing the game by heart, are only waiting to hear the first click of the ball to be off. The time keepers signal Mr. Herbert to throw the ball into the middle, and play has begun in the first of three periods of twenty minutes each. A few seconds in which the ball is dribbled, and then an oblique shot sends it over towards the goal of the dark blues. The quick, rhythmic ring of the ponies' feet is heard on the springy turf as a pretty race is seen. Here the ball comes again, as a powerful back hander places it once more on Meadowbrook territory. Back they all tear again, the No. 1 of the Meadowbrooks "riding off" his man, with his team behind—each knowing where his position should be, and acting in perfect unity of team work. As the ball is about to roll between the flags, the "back," with one dexterous back hander, sends it out of danger, to one of his own side. Fast and

furious in pairs they tear up and down until "Foxy" Keene secures the ball, and in one of his marvelous bursts of speed he gets away with it with a long drive. Ride as they may, they cannot head him, and amid a perfect thunder of applause, he drives a beautiful goal for the Rockaways. Five minutes of the period are yet to be played, and so they are at it again, each side doing its utmost in defensive as well as offensive work, until the whistle of the time keepers calls "time."

Back they all come, the ponies covered with lather and hanging their heads, to where quick grooms are scraping them out and sponging their noses, while the players are having a cooling drink in the few minutes before play is called again.

Once more the ball is placed in play, with fresh ponies. Men are riding harder now. The ball is passed from one player to another, the ponies turning and twisting with cat-like activity, often following the ball themselves at racing speed, almost flying, until the Meadowbrooks have nearly forced their opponents to a "safety knockout," so hard are they pressed. Thus one fourth of a goal would have been scored against them. But with the drive in from the end line, another big scrimmage takes place, and finally "Tommy" Hitchcock gets the ball, with the field after him. What a sensation it must be as he stands in his "leathers" and puts in blow after blow, each as true as can be! Could anything be more thrilling? See the tremendous energy displayed by the ponies in riding out or crowding their opponents away from the ball—crowding with all the power within them, until Hitchcock, never headed, drives a goal, amidst tremendous cheering. But time is called a minute later, and very willing are man and beast for a breathing spell.

Now comes the last period. Each man has looked over his ponies and has picked



WATCHING A POLO MATCH—"COACHES AND BRAKES, WITH A GAY COMPANY, MAKING THEIR OWN PRIVATE GRAND STAND."

out some prime favorite—a particular little animal that can be most depended on for a final burst of speed in the last five minutes of a heart breaking game. For, no matter how skilful the rider, speed and gameness will tell. One little rascal pretends that he is afraid of the ball and mallet, and even of the whitewashed boards. Yet only let him know the game has begun, and instantly he is the steadiest of the lot.

The men have a grim, determined look and a "do or die" expression, for is not the score even? And with all that crowd of enthusiasts cheering them on, now is the time to see such men as Keene and

Cowdin and Hitchcock ride; while cries of, "On, Eustis, on!" and, "Ride, Whitney!" can be heard again and again from excited friends. Now they are coming, all bunched together, straight across the field towards you, like a lot of demons let loose, when a cry goes up as two ponies are seen to roll over together in a perfect cloud of earth and a whirling mixture of men's arms and ponies' legs. One pony gallops off, the other is held by his bridle, while one of the players lies white and motionless. Willing hands help carry him off the field, but he soon opens his eyes: just an ugly fall, with his wind knocked out—or if there should by ill

luck be a broken collar bone, why, it quickly knits together!

A substitute is soon in the saddle, and the game goes on with only a slight delay. Truly desperate is the riding, for there are

ning to end," is the general verdict. Well have the ponies deserved all the praise that they share with their riders!

But none too soon has the game finished; for the long, cool shadows are



WHERE EXTREMES MEET—THE MIXED BUT ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD THAT WATCHES THE CHAMPIONSHIP POLO GAMES IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

only two minutes more of time. Men and women alike are standing for the final rally, and the superb exhibition of team work and interference on both sides. Out from the mêlée, again the Meadowbrooks have the ball, and, in one long, last effort, it is sent in between the goal posts just before time is called, with victory for the light blues. "A grand game, superbly played and stubbornly fought from begin-

creeping swiftly over the fields, and already the evening light is dimming the surroundings. Those who have lingered at the tea tables are now gathering up their wraps for the drive home, and exchanging au revoirs, while very tired and meek looking little animals are being passed on the road, as they go to their different stables for a well earned supper and rest.

THE KNIGHT.

Who is it comes in courtier guise,
Arrayed in brodered bravery;
His cloak of deeply damask dyes,
His baldrick sapphire as the sea?

His love locks, like fine polished gold,
The luster of the morning show,
And where his doublet glints, behold
A love knot with a crimson bow!

Tall plumes of twilight purple stain
Upon his headdress toss and veer;
It is the knight October, fain
To woo and win the empress year!
Clinton Scollard.

Tammany Hall, the Most Perfect Political Organization in the World.*

BY HARTLEY DAVIS.

THE SECRET OF THE POWER OF THE WONDERFUL MACHINE THAT RULES THE SECOND CITY ON THE GLOBE—HOW ONE MAN IS ABLE TO CONTROL ABSOLUTELY MORE THAN A HUNDRED THOUSAND VOTES—WHERE POLITICS IS MADE A TRADE, AND MEN WORK AT IT THE YEAR ROUND.

THERE are about a hundred and eighty thousand Democratic voters in New York—that is, in the old city, now forming the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. Of these it is reckoned that a hundred and ten thousand are absolutely controlled by Tammany Hall. A hundred and ten thousand men—citizens and voters, and residents of the metropolis where American culture and intelligence

center, will cast their ballots for whatever candidate the Tammany leaders select. Should the occasion demand it, every one of these voters can be reached within a few hours, without the aid of newspapers or any publicity whatever. Their votes can be delivered under any circumstances, no matter how great the storm and stress; no matter how strongly public feeling has been arrayed against the organization.

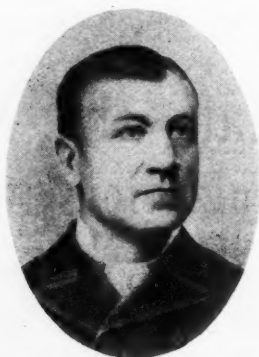


THE SMOKING ROOM OF THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB ON FIFTH AVENUE, THE SOCIAL HEADQUARTERS OF TAMMANY HALL. NOTE THE STUFFED TIGER IN THE JUNGLE IN UPPER LEFT HAND CORNER.

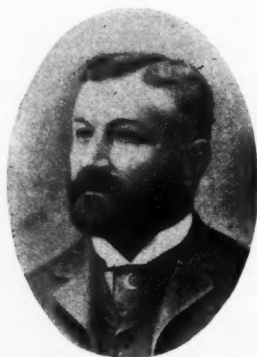
*The first of a series of articles on the great secular organizations of the world. The next paper in the series will be an illustrated article on "The British Foreign Office."



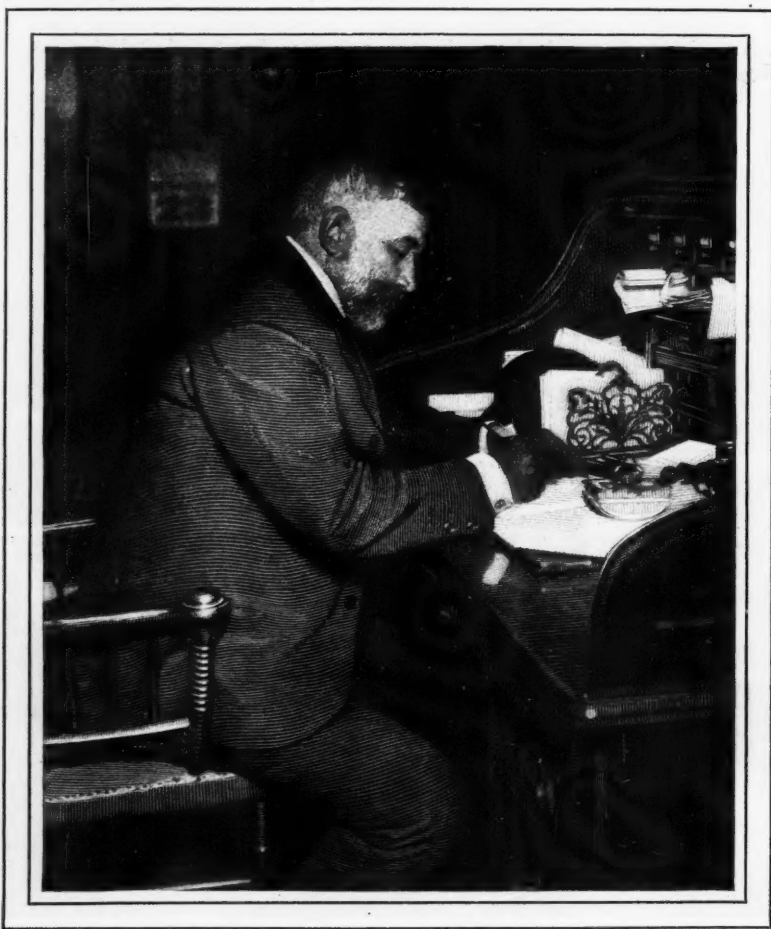
AT EIGHTEEN, WHEN HE FIRST
ENTERED POLITICS.



AT THIRTY, WHEN HE BECAME A
DISTRICT LEADER.



AT FORTY FIVE, WHEN HE BECAME
LEADER OF TAMMANY HALL.

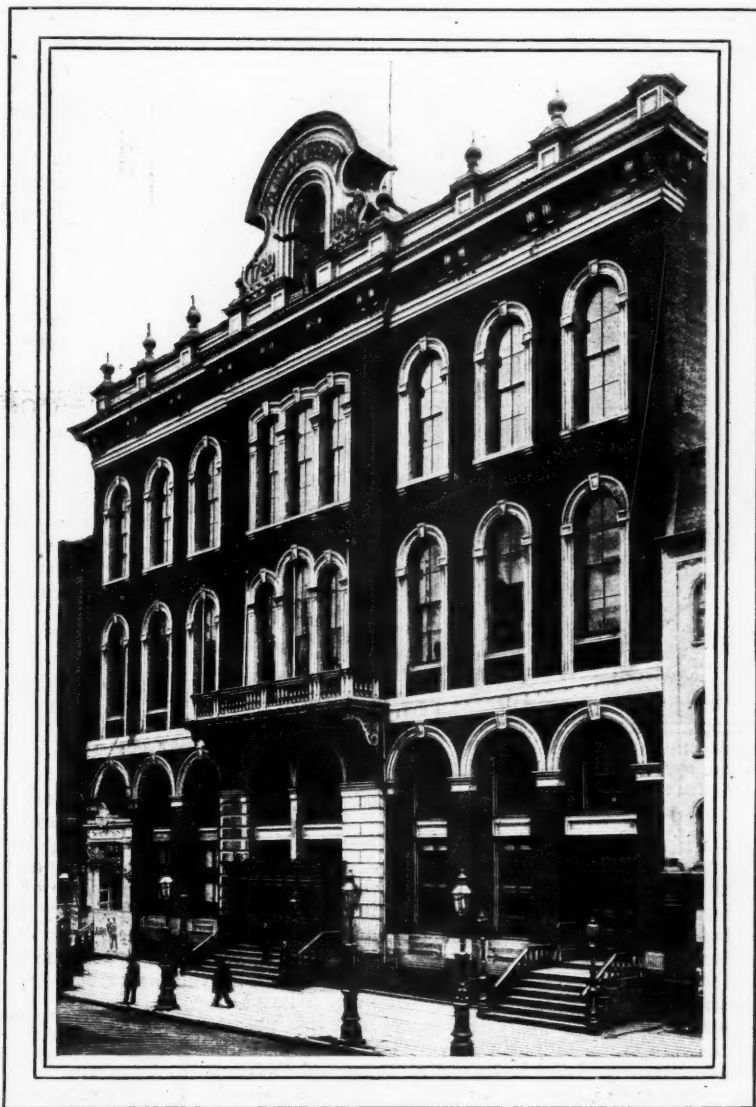


MR. CROKER AS HE IS TODAY. HE IS SHOWN SEATED AT HIS DESK IN TAMMANY HALL,
WHERE HE DIRECTS THE CAMPAIGNS.

THE FOUR AGES OF RICHARD CROKER, THE LEADER OF TAMMANY HALL.

This is true of no other political power in the world. No other can hold its voters in so firm a grip. Tammany Hall is the

ple not directly concerned in New York politics. It is a convention to speak of the machine in politics. As such, the



THE "WIGWAM" IN FOURTEENTH STREET—TAMMANY HALL, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE POLITICAL ORGANIZATION OF THAT NAME.

most perfect political organization that has ever existed, and the most successful in gaining its ends.

It is not within the province of this article to consider Tammany Hall from an ethical viewpoint, but to show the secret of its power—which is known to few peo-

Tammany organization is not even approached by any other. A machine works according to certain fixed laws, which cannot be changed without tearing the mechanism apart; but Tammany Hall can be as mobile as water, without losing any of its effectiveness.

Tammany is controlled by one man, a private citizen, whose only office is that of chairman of the financial committee.

Carroll, the deputy leader, who rules when Mr. Croker is out of the city, and attends to details when the chief is at home. Then

come the most important men in the organization, the thirty five district leaders, and under them the one thousand and thirteen election district captains.

In the eye of the law the Tammany organization—or the Democratic-Republican Organization of the City and County of New York, to give it its official title—is made up of the Tammany general committee, as it is popularly known, which is composed of about fourteen thousand members, elected from the several districts.



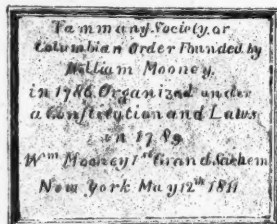
THE OLD DESK IN TAMMANY HALL. THREE LEADERS HAVE MADE IT A SORT OF THRONE, BUT IT IS GENERALLY CALLED JOHN KELLY'S DESK, FOR MR. CROKER'S PREDECESSOR USED IT LONGER THAN ANY ONE ELSE.

He appoints himself to this post, and a moment's thought will show why he takes it. He has reached his present position by sheer force of character and fighting ability. He exemplifies the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest."

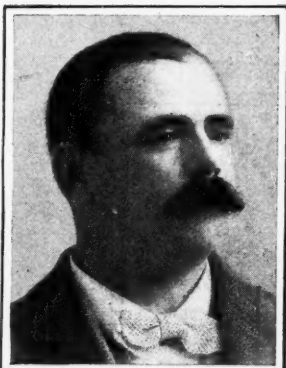
Richard Croker can vote a hundred and ten thousand ballots with as much certainty as his own. He can nominate any man he chooses to any position in the city government, though perhaps he would be able to do so but once in opposition to all the other leaders. But the overthrow of Mr. Croker would not mean the overturning of Tammany Hall. Even the loss of its control of the municipality would not destroy the organization, as was proven when Mayor Strong was in office for three years. Those were the darkest days that Tammany has ever known, but the hundred and ten thousand votes were held solidly together.

Next to Mr. Croker in power is John F.

Carroll, the deputy leader, who rules when Mr. Croker is out of the city, and attends to details when the chief is at home. Then come the most important men in the organization, the thirty five district leaders, and under them the one thousand and thirteen election district captains. In the eye of the law the Tammany organization—or the Democratic-Republican Organization of the City and County of New York, to give it its official title—is made up of the Tammany general committee, as it is popularly known, which is composed of about fourteen thousand members, elected from the several districts. New York County is politically divided into thirty five Assembly districts, these divisions taking the place of wards in other cities. Each Assembly district has a representation of from two hundred to eight hundred members in the general committee, and these members are regularly elected in the primaries. The manner of holding the primaries is fixed by a State law applying to both parties. In each Assembly district, one member of the general committee is elected to serve on the executive committee. This man is



THE CORNER STONE OF THE FIRST TAMMANY HALL, WHICH WAS AT PARK ROW AND FRANKFORT STREET, WHERE THE SUN BUILDING NOW STANDS.



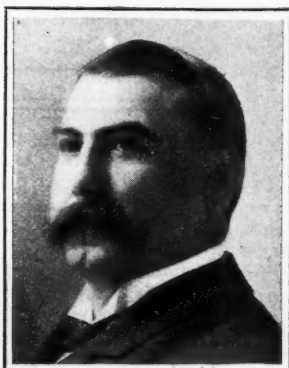
FRANCIS J. LANTRY, TWENTY
SECOND DISTRICT, COM-
MISSIONER OF CORRECTIONS.

*From a photograph by Durstewitz,
New York.*



CHARLES F. MURPHY, EIGHTEENTH
DISTRICT, COMMISSIONER
OF DOCKS.

*From a photograph by Notman,
New York.*



PATRICK DIVER, SECOND DISTRICT,
FORMERLY POLICE
JUSTICE.

*From a photograph by Fredericks,
New York.*



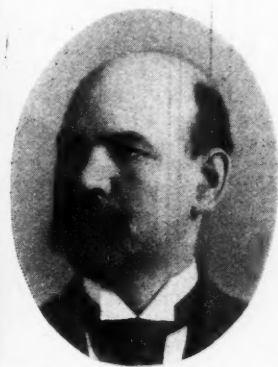
WILLIAM DALTON, ELEVENTH DIS-
TRICT, COMMISSIONER OF
WATER SUPPLY.

*From a photograph by Weiss,
New York.*



LOUIS F. HAMFEN, THIRTY FIFTH
DISTRICT, PRESIDENT OF THE
BOROUGH OF THE BRONX.

From an engraving.



JAMES J. MARTIN, TWENTY SEVENTH
DISTRICT, FORMERLY POLICE
COMMISSIONER.

*From a photograph by Notman,
New York.*



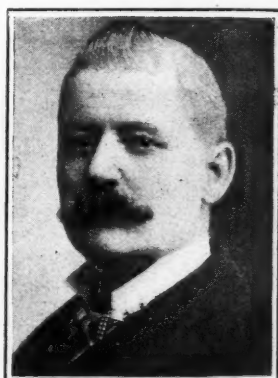
MARTIN ENGEL, EIGHTH DISTRICT,
KNOWN AS "DE ATE,"
COUNCILMAN.

*From a photograph by Chabiss,
New York.*



PATRICK KEENAN, SIXTEENTH
DISTRICT, CITY CHAMBER-
LAIN.

*From a photograph by Fredericks,
New York.*



GEORGE W. PLUNKETT, FIFTEENTH
DISTRICT, STATE
SENATOR.

*From a photograph by Schonberg,
New York.*

DISTRICT LEADERS OF TAMMANY HALL.



ROBERT A. VAN WYCK, THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY, ELECTED TO THAT OFFICE BY TAMMANY HALL.

From a photograph by Kurtz, New York.



JOHN B. SEXTON, NINETEENTH DISTRICT, POLICE COMMISSIONER.

From a photograph.



JOHN C. SHEEHAN, FORMERLY MR. CROKER'S DEPUTY, NOW HIS BITTER ENEMY.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.



THOMAS J. DUNN, TWENTY SIXTH DISTRICT, FORMER SHERIFF OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Sareny, New York.



TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, STATE SENATOR, FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS "DRY DOLLAR" SULLIVAN, THE MOST POWERFUL DISTRICT LEADER IN TAMMANY HALL, WHOSE DISTRICT, THE SIXTH, IS THE LARGEST IN POPULATION AND THE MOST PERFECTLY ORGANIZED. IT IS THE HEART OF THE EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK.

the district leader, by virtue of this election. In theory, the executive committee—in which are included a few others, like the committee on municipal affairs and the finance committee—governs Tammany Hall; but as a matter of fact, all the power rests in one man.

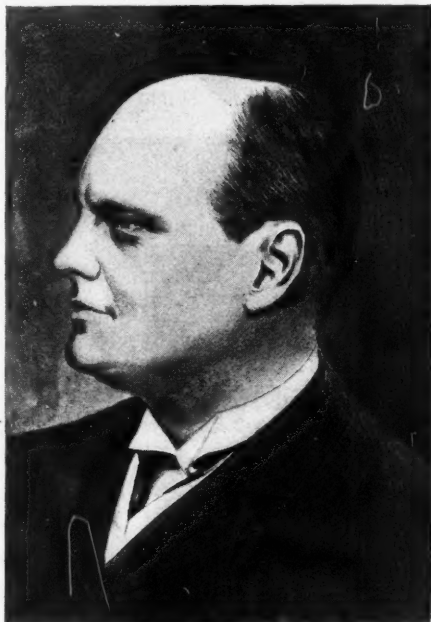
It may be well to explain that the Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, and Tammany Hall, as the political organization is commonly known, are entirely distinct. The Society of Tammany has given its name to the political organization. Many Republicans belong to it, for it is supposed to be purely a social body. Frederick S. Gibbs, a member of the Republican national committee, is one of them. The Tammany Society owns the wigwag, as the headquarters on Fourteenth Street are called, and for this reason the leader of the machine is careful to have a majority on the board of sachems. Furthermore, the *wiskinkie*, or treasurer, of the Tammany Society, is the collector of the Tammany Hall campaign fund.

It is from the Tammany Society that the name "Tiger" comes. There is a tradition that Chief Tammany once deliv-

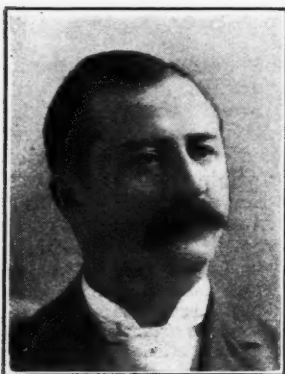
ered a remarkable speech, in which he in turn addressed fifteen Indian tribes, giving to each an animal as a symbol. The eagle was formerly the sign of the first tribe, which was New York, but that of the second tribe, originally Delaware, was adopted for the Empire State. There is a delicious irony in reading nowadays what Chief Tammany is alleged to have said:

"CHILDREN OF THE SECOND TRIBE!—The tiger affords a useful lesson for you. The exceeding agility of this creature, the extraordinary quickness of his sight, and, above all, his discriminating powers in the dark, teach you to be stirring and active in your respective callings; to look sharp to every engagement you enter into, and to let neither misty gaze nor stormy night make you lose sight of the worthy object of your pursuit."

As a matter of fact, Tammany Hall is not a political party. It is an association of men who make a business of politics. They devote three hundred and sixty five days in the year to it. They are governed by no ethical considerations. They are not burning with a patriotic desire to save city or country. The Tammany politician is in politics for what there is in it, wherein he is like most politicians. He frankly admits this, wherein he differs from most of them.



JOHN F. CARROLL, DEPUTY LEADER OF TAMMANY, WHO RULES THE ORGANIZATION WHEN MR. CROKER IS OUT OF THE CITY. MR. CARROLL RESIGNED A LIFE POSITION WORTH \$15,000 A YEAR TO BECOME MR. CROKER'S UNDERSTUDY.



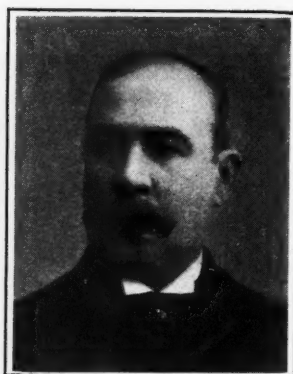
P. J. SCULLY, TWELFTH DISTRICT,
CITY CLERK.

*From a photograph by Notman,
New York.*



GEORGE F. SCANNELL, TWENTY
FIFTH DISTRICT, CLERK SURG.

*From a photograph by Falk,
New York.*



BERNARD F. MARTIN, FIFTH DIS-
TRICT, STATE SENATOR.

*From a photograph by Velten,
New York.*



ISAAC H. HOPPER, THIRTY FIRST
DISTRICT, NEVER HELD OFFICE.

*From a photograph by Edsall,
New York.*



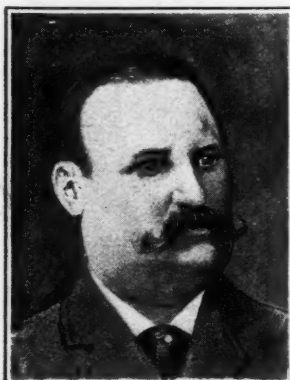
JULIUS H. HARBURGER, TENTH DIS-
TRICT, STATE SENATOR.

*From a photograph by White,
New York.*



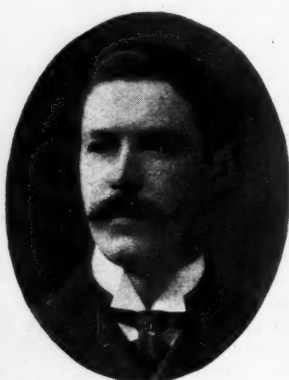
MATTHEW F. DONOHUE, TWENTY
FIRST DISTRICT, DEP. SEWER COM.

*From a photograph by Rockwood,
New York.*



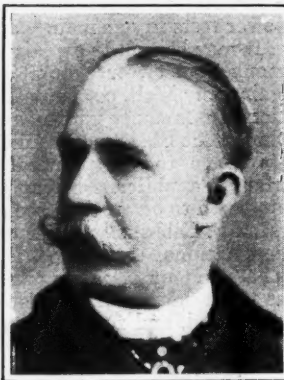
AUGUST MOEBUS, THIRTY FOURTH
DISTRICT, PARK COMMISSIONER.

Drawn from a photograph.



JOHN T. OAKLEY, FOURTEENTH DIS-
TRICT, COUNCILMAN.

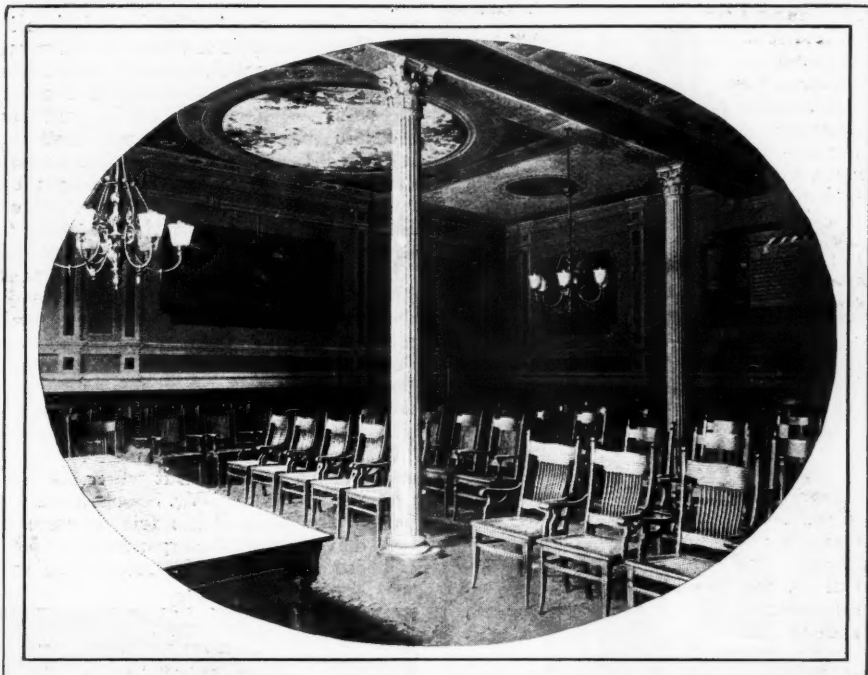
*From a photograph by Pach,
New York.*



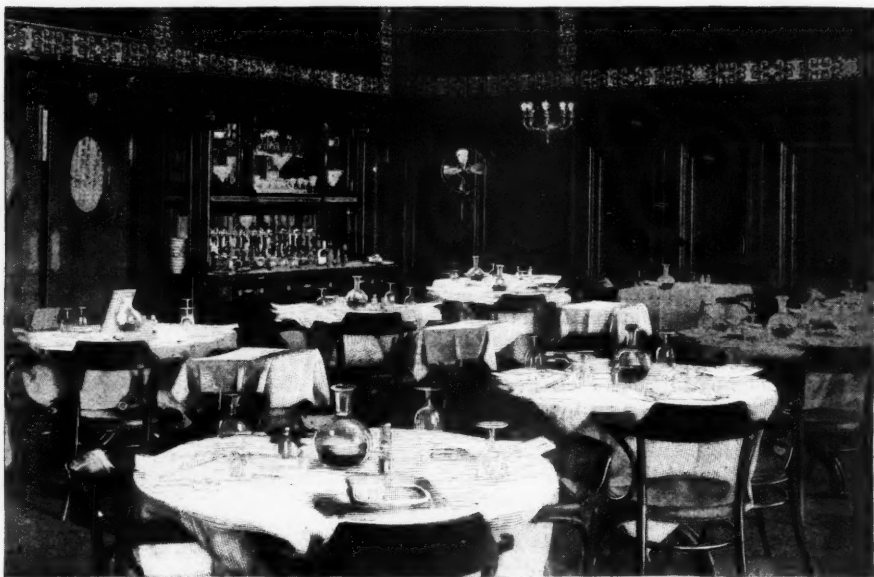
JAMES W. BOYLE, SEVENTH DIS-
TRICT, BRIDGE COMMISSIONER.

*From a photograph by Notman,
New York.*

DISTRICT LEADERS OF TAMMANY HALL.



THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ROOM IN TAMMANY HALL, WHERE ALL MUNICIPAL CANDIDATES ARE SELECTED. JUST BEFORE A CONVENTION THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE DECIDES ON THE TICKET, WHICH MR. CROKER HAS PREVIOUSLY SELECTED. THE COMMITTEE AND THE CONVENTION MERELY RATIFY.



THE DININGROOM OF THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB. THE CLUB WAS A MORIBUND INSTITUTION UNTIL MR. CROKER TOOK AN INTEREST IN IT; NOW IT IS ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST PROSPEROUS IN NEW YORK.



THE P. DIVVER CLUB HOUSE IN MADISON STREET, A TAMMANY POLITICAL CLUB IN THE HEART OF A CROWDED TENEMENT QUARTER.

The Tammany system is the growth of a hundred years. There are no theorists within its ranks. In it "practical politics" is seen at its worst and at its best.

A student of political economy might attribute Tammany's power to the absolute autonomy of the component bodies, and their close organic relation to the whole. A member of the organization would explain it by saying that "Tammany takes care of its own." Both would be right. Tammany is a curious mixture of the patriarchal and the republican systems.

An illustration of the rule that the organization as a whole must not interfere in district matters was recently furnished by the fight in the Ninth District, where John C. Sheehan was chief. Mr. Sheehan had been put in charge of the whole machine by Mr. Croker, after the reform

wave of 1894 swept everything before it. Mr. Croker announced that he purposed retiring from politics, named Mr. Sheehan as his successor, and went to Europe. He returned, however, and he and Mr. Sheehan quarreled. In order to have any influence in municipal politics, it was necessary for Mr. Sheehan to retain his place as district leader. On the surface, Mr. Croker took no part in the effort to depose his rebellious foilower, but his friends made a bitter fight. They were defeated in the first round, with the result that they were placed outside the organization. Among them was Thomas F. Smith, Mr. Croker's private secretary, and also secretary of the executive committee. It was necessary to change the constitution to permit Mr. Smith to perform the duties of the latter office under the name of "reading clerk." But when the next primaries were held, Mr. Sheehan was defeated, and he and his friends were in turn driven out of the organization.

These things may be interesting and



EXTERIOR OF THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB ON FIFTH AVENUE, WHERE MR. CROKER MAKES HIS HOME, AND WHICH IS THE GATHERING PLACE OF TAMMANY LEADERS IN THE EVENING.

necessary in order to understand the workings of Tammany Hall, but they do not disclose the secret of its power. There is but one place where this can be studied—in the election district. The primary purpose of the whole machine is to get votes. Its force rests simply and wholly on votes. The captain of the election district is the man who actually gets them.

Richard Croker was once a captain of an election district; so was John F. Carroll. Of the thirty five district leaders, all but two began their political careers in this way. Nine men out of ten who have gained any prominence in the organization served their apprenticeship as district captains. Until a few years ago, the captain was the unit of power. He fought his way to his position because he was the best man, but now this distinction more properly belongs to the district leader, who selects the district captain, instead of accepting him. The leader is thus surer of his subordinate.

It is commonly said that Tammany Hall is powerful because it controls the city government. Manifestly it could not control the government if it did not control votes. The patronage it possesses is enormous. It is impossible to give exact figures, but the best estimates place it at about thirty five millions of dollars yearly. The income of the big men in Tammany Hall is not measured by their salaries. The men who receive the best places are those most valuable to the organization—that is to say, those who control votes, who can "deliver the goods," according to the usual expression.

Of the thirty five district leaders of Tammany Hall, twenty nine hold public office. Their salaries are from four to eight thousand dollars a year—except the Assemblymen, who draw only fifteen hundred, besides mileage. Of the remaining six, all but one have held office pretty continuously, and their retirement to private life is probably only temporary. These district leaders get their offices for three reasons—they must be rewarded for the work they have done; they must be able to devote a large part of their time to their districts; and lastly, they must be in a position where they can distribute patronage among their followers. To the leader who thinks that gaining a coveted office entitles him to rest at ease, punishment comes quickly and vigorously.

Tammany Hall knows the name of every householder and every tenement dweller on Manhattan Island. If he be well to do, a person of influence, Tammany Hall knows his interests. It is a

part of the business that every district leader should find out the vulnerable points of a man in his territory. Methods are adapted to conditions, and in what Tammany calls the "silk stocking districts" there is no house to house canvass, no personal solicitation. A man's business often offers opportunity for the organization to gain its ends. Possibly he can be won over by the social aspirations of his wife, for this mighty machine has influence in the most fashionable circles. Absolutely nothing is neglected that may gain results. If Tammany Hall is seriously bent upon having a man on its side, he is likely either to succumb or to suffer in a hundred ways. But, as a rule, comparatively little attention is paid to the silk stocking districts. The vote there cannot be classed as controllable, and it is the vote which the commander in chief of the machine can hold in the hollow of his hand that Tammany seeks. The tenement is its stronghold.

One blunder that has been made by all the active opponents of the Tammany system is their belief that the organization is corrupt from beginning to end, and without a single redeeming feature. No system wholly evil and iniquitous could endure for a hundred years. As a matter of fact, Tammany Hall does more for the daily personal comfort, happiness, and well being of the average tenement dweller than all the charitable and philanthropic institutions in New York.

This is a sweeping statement, which may be vigorously combated. It is not true that Tammany is uplifting the people of the metropolis. It is not true that it is making them better men and women. But it is true that in relieving distress, in providing for daily wants, in furthering ambitions, in helping men out of their troubles, and in assisting them to get on in the world, Tammany does a wonderful work. Of course the taxpayers foot the bills in the end—and not always in the form of taxes, either.

No man knows so much about the life of the tenements as the Tammany captain of an election district. He is the smallest boss of them all, and yet a powerful one in his way. He must know every man, woman, and child in his district. He must be popular. He must have courage, and capacity for work. Some captains—more of them than might be supposed—serve for pure love of the position; but about half of the thousand and thirteen have places in the city government, which pay on an average about twelve hundred dollars a year.

The captain is the adviser, the confidant, the helper, of the people in his district. When anything of importance comes up, as it does half a dozen times a day, he consults the district leader, who in turn may have to go to headquarters for instructions. It will be seen that in Tammany Hall, as in all really great organizations, every man in the whole army of workers is under the eye of the commander in chief.

If a small boy is arrested for playing ball or committing some other juvenile offense, his father or mother seeks the captain. If the father or any member of the family falls into the hands of the police, the captain is the first man called upon. The captain gets bail, hunts up witnesses, seeks out the complainant, and tries to smooth things over. Both the captain and the district leader are on call day and night. In the days when Tammany Hall absolutely controlled the police courts, a good Tammany man was punished lightly for minor offenses.

If the leader sees that there is need for a lawyer to protect "his people," either in a criminal or civil action, there are plenty of legal lights in the organization ready to serve without pay. The captain arranges to have the sick cared for in hospitals, and in case a member of a family is so unfortunate as to be sent to Blackwell's Island, the captain gets visitors' passes. Any one can get them, but the captain is willing to save his people trouble. If there is a daughter who graduates from the Normal School, it is the leader's business to make her a teacher.

The amount of money that Tammany Hall spends in charity every year is enormous. As an organization, it usually appropriates a large sum in times of great distress; but the district leaders are paying out money all the time. Not a dollar is thrown away blindly. If a family whose male members have always been known as good Tammany voters is dispossessed—perhaps by reason of its head's enforced absence on "the island"—the district leader, acting upon the report of the captain, is almost certain to appear and pay the rent out of his own pocket. It is said, and it is no doubt true, that Senator Timothy D. Sullivan gives away twenty five thousand dollars a year in charity in his district. His patronage amounts to seven or eight times as much.

If there is a widow with a large family whose struggles to provide for her children command the respect of the other dwellers in the neighborhood, the captain is almost sure to seek her out. A place

will be found for her as a scrub woman or caretaker in a public building. The result is that every woman on the block is ready to swear by the captain, the district leader, and Tammany Hall. Not only do actions like these gain immediate votes, but the widow's sons will be voters some day, and Tammany has an eye to the future.

It is a part of the duties of the captain, perhaps his most onerous duty, to provide employment for those under his care. When a man applies to the district leader for a place where he can draw wages from the city, the latter consults the captain of the district.

"Is Blank any good to you?" is the stereotyped inquiry.

Not only must Blank vote the Tammany ticket in primaries and in regular elections, but he must be ready to do a little missionary work in order to be "any good" to the captain. If the captain's report is favorable, the man is likely to get a job.

The district leader seldom writes notes or gives directions. He goes in person and sees that his wishes are carried out. I have seen Senator Sullivan start from the Bowery at six o'clock in the morning with a gang of men he was taking to some public works in the upper part of the city, ten miles away, to make sure that the men got the employment he promised them.

Public works provide employment for thousands, but the leaders are not limited to these. All work in the nature of building, track laying, and the like, can be carried on only by securing a permit of one form or another. If a contractor is not willing to give work to certain men, he is likely to find all manner of stumbling blocks in his way. Until the Metropolitan Traction Company secured control of all the surface railways in New York, nearly all street car men were hired at the suggestion of Tammany leaders. So it will be seen that the resources of the machine are almost endless.

Not only must the local leader provide for the material wants of those in his district, but he must look after their pleasures as well. He must attend every wedding and funeral—for in a tenement district a funeral comes under the head of pleasures. He must give big balls, summer night festivals, chowders, excursions, and other social functions so dear to the tenement heart.

And what does the leader ask in return for all this solicitude on his part? Nothing but votes once a year, and occasionally attendance at a meeting when Tammany

Hall wants to make a showing. Without any advertising, a Tammany leader can fill the biggest hall in New York on two hours' notice, and the audience will applaud at the proper points. Is it any wonder that the organization absolutely controls a hundred and ten thousand votes?

It is not possible within the limits of this article to explain many interesting phases of Tammany's system—how carefully voters are instructed when any change in the election law is made, how thoroughly it protects its voters on election day, and how the votes are brought out. A single illustration may serve to show the thoroughness of its work.

In a certain district, far down town, a man owns a business in which he employs eight men, who live in the block where they work. The employer had a dispute with the district leader over the curtailing of his sidewalk privileges, and his influence over his men was sufficient to place them in opposition to Tammany. For a year the captain of the election district and the district leader tried to reach him in every possible way. It transpired that he was engaged to be married to a young woman who lived far up town. The young woman's father worked for a merchant of large interests which were more or less at the mercy of the dock department. The merchant began to find that for some unknown reason obstacles were placed in his way. Being a man of experience, he asked what was wanted of him. He was told. The upshot of it all was that the eight men came back into Tammany Hall.

This is not an exaggeration, but a plain statement of fact. Other instances could be cited, which no one unfamiliar with the inside workings of the machine could be made to believe.

There is one phase of the Tammany system which has not been touched upon—the club feature. It is an important one. Mr. Croker has made the Democratic Club the real headquarters of Tammany. The power of this man is shown in a little measure by the fact that he has made a moribund club one of the most prosperous and important in the city. But the Democratic Club has done the organization great evil, because it emphasizes a growing tendency towards aristocracy that is inimical to the spirit of the organization. Let a district leader once get the reputation of having a "swelled head," and that is the end of him. Three or four of the district leaders do not believe in clubs at all, holding that men loaf in them when they should be working for votes.

Some of the club houses are very hand-

some affairs. Especially is this true in the "silk stocking" districts. There is but one fine club house far down town, the P. Divver Club, in Madison Street, which is run on the most democratic principles. Timothy D. Sullivan's club, known as the Metamora—most of them have Indian names—occupies three floors on the Bowery. Sullivan's district is the most perfectly organized and the strongest in New York. If he were offered a hundred thousand dollar club house he would probably refuse it, because it would hurt him. The Pequod Club, over which John C. Sheehan presides, has fine quarters, and this fact was used against him in the district fight. When the Seymour Club was started by the opposition, it was promised that the doors would be always open, and that every one would be welcome to every room.

The typical Tammany club is characterized by great simplicity. There are many chairs, a few tables, and a platform. It is a place where men can drink and smoke, and dress as they please.

Many changes have taken place in Tammany Hall. Today it has apparently reached the summit of its power. A political organization, like everything else, cannot stand still. Many inimical influences are at work, and disintegration has already begun; but many years, probably, will pass before it falls apart. There are internal dissensions, there are rumors and charges of acts so reprehensible that sooner or later the public conscience must be aroused.

Thus far the two most serious blows at its power have been dealt by the secret ballot and the civil service law. The secret ballot destroyed the "saloon boss," and there was no more evil or more effective feature in the organization. For five years he has ceased to be a factor, and there is scarcely a single one left in New York. No longer can a man sit in a corner grogery giving out ballots on election day and sending men to the polls to see that they are voted. No longer must the laborer go to the saloon to get a ticket which will give him permission to get work.

The civil service law is a deadlier blow than most people think. It cuts two ways. Not only does it take hundreds of desirable places away from the control of the politicians, but it makes drones out of men who were active and valuable Tammany workers. They know that the law makes their places secure, and they become independent.

In an election district which borders the North River there was a captain who

practically controlled every vote in it. The man could not read or write. A place on the city's pay roll was found for him, and he managed to educate himself sufficiently to excuse his appointment to a clerkship worth fifteen hundred dollars a year. Not long ago he announced that he was going to move to Staten Island.

"But how about your district?" he was asked.

"I'm going to give it up. I've worked

hard enough. My clerkship has been put under the civil service law, and they can't touch me. I'm protected."

His leader was very bitter about it. The man was valuable, but his defection could not be punished. There is no civil service examination so easy that he could pass it, but he was in the place before the law went into effect, and if he was efficient then, he is efficient now. He can snap his fingers at his leader and all Tammany Hall.

The Bucket Shop in Speculation.

BY PATTON THOMAS.

A PURE GAMBLING GAME, BECAUSE ITS ONLY PROFITS ARE THE LOSSES OF ITS CLIENTS—MASQUERADING AS A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS, IT INDUCES MEN, WOMEN, AND YOUTHS TO GAMBLE IN ORDER TO WIN THEIR MONEY.

THE difference between a bucket shop and a legitimate brokerage business lies in the fact that the bucket shop's profits are the losses of its customers, while the broker depends upon his commissions. It is to the broker's interest to have his clients make money. It is to the interest of the bucket shop to have those who patronize it lose; indeed, its very existence depends upon their doing so.

A legitimate broker actually buys or sells for his customers. Suppose a man gave an order to buy one hundred shares of St. Paul at, say, one hundred and twelve. The broker would demand a margin of ten per cent, in the language of speculators. Really, this margin is a sort of payment on account. The market value of the hundred shares of St. Paul would be eleven thousand two hundred dollars. The customer pays a thousand dollars down. The broker buys a hundred shares on the Stock Exchange. The stock certificates are actually delivered to him, and he pays for them in cash. Theoretically, the broker loans his customer ten thousand two hundred dollars, charging him interest at something more than the current call rate. The broker may have to hypothecate the stock himself, but the fact remains that if at any time the customer wishes to have the actual stock delivered to him at the price at which he purchased it, he can have it by paying the cash.

The bucket shop, on the contrary, simply bets its patrons that stocks, grain, cotton, provisions, or any other speculative commodity will go up or down. There is never any actual sale or purchase. The

shop does not buy the goods, and could not deliver them if the customer demanded it.

It is an axiom in Wall Street that "the public is always wrong," and it is upon this that the bucket shop has its foundation. Sometimes, however, the public guesses rightly. That means heavy loss for the bucket shop. Nine times out of ten it will simply close its doors. Its patrons lose both their original investment and the profits of their dealing.

THE VARIOUS GRADES OF BUCKET SHOPS.

The bucket shops represent about the meanest form of gambling. There are as many kinds of these places as there are of gambling houses. Some are conducted fairly, while others are utterly dishonest. In New York City the police raid bucket shops just as they do ordinary gambling dens. In the eyes of the law they are on the same plane. In its effect upon the community, the bucket shop is more harmful than the regular gambling house, for the reason that it has an outward appearance of respectability. Men and women can go to it who would not dream of entering a room where faro or roulette is played.

One office building in the Wall Street district of New York is given over to bucket shops. It rejoices in the fitting name of "Hell's Kitchen." All transactions are governed by the tape. Bets as low as a dollar are accepted, though most wagers range from two to ten dollars.

These places are frequented by messenger and office boys, broken down speculators, the beginnings and endings of Wall

Street. No youth is too young to "speculate" in a bucket shop. Every encouragement is given to any one who has cash, no matter how little.

On the other hand, there are bucket shops which do an enormous business. They have ample capital to draw on, and ordinarily they can pull through when the market goes against them. The rule is that a continued bull movement breaks the bucket shops. The general public is almost optimistic. It usually buys even in the face of a declining market. When there is a steady advance, its winnings mount up rapidly, and these must come out of the bucket shop, if it pays.

Those in control of the shops are clever men. They do not croak about the bull movement being unwarranted. In fact, they talk about heavier advances, and urge their customers to plunge harder. Their object is to make their clients "pyramid" their purchases—that is, buy more stock with the profits credited to them. Then a reverse of two or three points is likely to wipe them out.

Cases are not rare where bucket shops, in the face of a rising market, have urged customers to buy with the intention of "suspending" when demands for settlement are made on them. During the tremendous bull movement a year ago, bucket shops were bowled over like ninepins. In some instances customers were given an I. O. U.—a credit slip with which they could trade if the concerns started up again. Nearly all of them did resume business, but different men were in charge. In several cases those who had been the proprietors before the smash came reappeared as employees.

Bucket shops that have money enough at their command have no need to be dishonest, and some of them are conducted fairly—just as an ordinary gambling house can be conducted fairly. But the percentage against the speculator is enormous. In the first place, as has been said, three quarters of the customers guess wrongly as a rule. Then the bucket shop charges the regular commission, and inasmuch as its patrons are much given to "scalping"—that is, making quick trades—the profits from commissions alone are considerable, larger, in fact, than those of many legitimate brokers. Some of these high class bucket shops count upon a net profit of half a million dollars a year under ordinary conditions. When there is a long continued movement—which makes it too easy for their customers to guess right—they can protect themselves by going into the market and actually

buying the stock. There are very few bucket shops of this kind. Of the hundreds in New York, it is said that not more than two or three are solid.

THE BOGUS "BANKER AND BROKER."

Still more dangerous and evil are the men who call themselves "bankers and brokers," but who really conduct bucket shops under the guise of a legitimate brokerage business. The New York Stock Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in trying to drive out business of this character. Occasionally one of the sharpers is sent to jail, but only when some outrageous thievery is brought home to him. Not so very long ago an alleged "banker and broker" in New York, who apparently did an enormous business, who had gorgeously fitted up offices down town, and many branches, including one patronized almost exclusively by women, disappeared with something like a million dollars confided to his care by persons who expected to make large profits.

The amount of money spent by these "bankers and brokers" in advertising and in getting customers is enormous. The most successful of legitimate brokerage firms could not afford so large an outlay. They use daily newspapers. They have attractive printing matter, including pamphlets most skilfully worded to deceive, for they show with apparent conclusiveness that any person following the advice of the particular firm is bound to make money.

These advertisements are about as reasonable as the circulars sent forth by green goods men. It seems never to occur to those who are misled by them that if the brokers possessed the "inside information" that they claim it would be absurd for them to want customers. If all they said was true, these wise persons could pile up a fortune of millions in short order, without getting any one else's money to handle. It is just the same with men who try to sell alleged counterfeit money. If the "green goods" were what is claimed, the absurdity of selling them for a tenth of their face value ought to appeal to the victim who is persuaded to purchase them—but it doesn't.

The broker who "buckets" the orders placed with him—that is, who makes no actual purchase or sale—does not content himself with advertisements and circulars. He sends out solicitors who cover a great deal of territory. The bucket shop must have new customers, a constant stream of new customers, for its victims

are usually persons who invest small amounts, though these are frequently the savings of years. At the lowest estimate, three fourths of them lose; probably nine tenths would be nearer the truth. And when the savings of one of these "investors" are swallowed up, his resources are exhausted, and the bucket shop must find a new victim.

THE VICTIMS OF THE BUCKET SHOPS.

The penurious, the grasping, and the ignorant have always provided profits for the bucket shop that masquerades as a legitimate brokerage business. Other clients are found among custodians of trust funds, and widows or orphans with a little money, but not enough to furnish much of an income. This last phase of the game is one of its most abominable features, for deliberate plans are laid to ensnare the victims. The traveling solicitors work all manner of schemes to "get business," which really means getting hold of other people's money, no matter from what source it comes. Their first effort is to get track of men who are already speculating. When the solicitor reaches a strange town, he usually makes it his business to place himself on friendly terms with the managers of the telegraph offices. All he wants is a list of the persons in that place who are "playing the market," and the house through which they are trading. The solicitor is willing to pay reasonably well for this list. The telegraph employees can give it to him without any risk, and with the feeling that no one is being wronged.

It is then easy for the canvasser to approach his victims, who may be trading with a reputable and responsible firm. He can offer to split the commissions, and promise all manner of things that would lose a reputable broker his seat in the Stock Exchange.

The devices and subterfuges employed to draw money into bucket shops are as varied as the ingenuity of their managers. The whole principle is dishonest, for it should be remembered always that a bucket shop cannot prosper unless its patrons lose money. The customer will be paid the profits shown by his slips only so long as others are losing. The bucket shop's ideal is to win every dollar intrusted to its care.

THE DISCRETIONARY POOL FRAUD.

A direct outgrowth of the bucket shop is the discretionary pool, the baldest, boldest, and most outrageous swindle that ever masqueraded in the habiliments of plausi-

bility. Compared with it, highway robbery and burglary are respectable. If a stranger should ask a man whom he met on the street to give him fifty or a hundred or a thousand dollars, simply on the assertion that he was going to return twice the amount, and the avaricious one should hand over the money, he would be looked upon as a blithering idiot; yet this is exactly what the victim does who is drawn into the discretionary pool. Ninety nine times out of a hundred it is simply a swindle. The alleged operator has not the slightest intention of making an investment, or of even speculating with the money intrusted to him. Occasionally he will forward a sum that he calls "dividends" or "profits"—possibly a part of the victim's own money—merely for the purpose of attracting a larger sum, or to influence others into contributing. The discretionary pool swindler sometimes works in connection with a brokerage concern of some reputation, which certifies to the fact that he is a large operator and a very shrewd one.

His victims are carried along until the last possible cent is wrung from them. Then they receive a plausible explanation for the failure of the pool, emphasis being laid on the large personal loss of the operator.

When the swindler is of the class of Miller—the New York youth who promised his victims ten per cent a week on the money they placed with him, and who actually paid his customers for several months, by virtue of the endless chain principle—it is possible for the law to reach him. Miller was a young clerk, not over shrewd or experienced, whose office was part of a small house in Brooklyn, yet more than a million and a half of dollars poured in upon him before he was arrested.

The Wall Street discretionary pool operator is a far abler man. He arranges things so that he has absolute control over the money confided to him. It is perfectly understood that it is placed in his care to speculate with, and he can do exactly as he likes with it. If he chooses to put it in his pocket, as he usually does, and say that he lost it in stocks or wheat or pork, there is no redress. Very frequently the victim doesn't even realize that he has been swindled.

There is one advantage in gambling in a bucket shop—a loser can appeal to the law and get his money back, if he is that kind of a man. Usually the bucket shop will settle voluntarily; if it does not, the courts can compel it to do so.

Pro Patria.*

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

ALFRED HILLIARD, who tells the story, is an English captain of hussars, who, after an ugly fall received while fox hunting, has come to France to recuperate. At Pau he meets Colonel Lepeletier, with whose daughter Agnes he speedily falls in love. When duty takes the colonel to Calais, the young Englishman goes also, and is here joined by his chum Harry Fordham, an English parson. At Calais, Hilliard encounters Robert Jeffery, an old schoolfellow, who is masquerading as a Frenchman under the name Sadi Martel, and is employed as an engineer on some mysterious government works near by. Shortly afterwards, while Hilliard is visiting the colonel's house, the old Frenchman, who is aware of his affection for his daughter, warns him that Agnes can never be his, and beseeches him, for reasons which he cannot divulge, to leave Calais. Hilliard takes his departure, and when he returns to his lodgings he finds Jeffery there, who in conversation makes mysterious references to a scheme he has for revenging himself on certain Englishmen whom he regards as his enemies. The following day, while riding on his automobile towards Boulogne, Hilliard is caught in a sudden shower, and Jeffery, seeing his predicament, offers him shelter in the government works. Once inside, the engineer offers to show him what they are working on. He takes him into a long tunnel which Hilliard knows is pointed in the direction of England, and which already projects well under the channel. When far in, Jeffery, who is somewhat under the influence of liquor, offers Hilliard a drink of whisky from a flask he has with him, saying tauntingly that he is likely to get very little to drink where he is going to. Convinced of the man's treachery, Hilliard strikes him senseless and then seeks a way to escape. This he succeeds in doing by way of a great chimney, which he climbs up with the aid of a rope. But the alarm has been sounded, and, once outside, he has several narrow escapes from capture. He finally strikes the Paris road, where he encounters Agnes Lepeletier in her carriage. To her he tells his story, and she aids him to return to Calais, making it plain that his safety means much to her. After she leaves him, she sends Harry Fordham to his assistance, and the parson gets him on board a French fishing boat, ostensibly for a fishing trip, and then bribes the owner to set sail for Dover. But the wind dies down, and before they can reach their destination a tug appears which they have reason to believe is in pursuit of them. Apparently the only way by which Captain Hilliard can reach the English coast is by swimming, and this he resolves to do.

XIII (Continued).

MY fur coat lay on the deck now, and my boots were quickly beside it. The French crew watched me with an amazed silence which was eloquent of their thoughts. Already the smoke from the tug's funnel drifted from the hither sea and began to shut out the view of the smack and the boat. There was no time to lose. I stood up in my vest and drawers, and rolling my lighter clothes in a bundle, I tied them round my neck. Even then I could remember my sovereign purse and the case which held my money. I should have need of them ashore.

"I must get to Dover, Harry."

"God bless you, old fellow; but it's worth trying."

"You will see Agnes tomorrow?"

"Of course I shall."

"Tell her that I remember my promise."

"Monsieur, monsieur, the tug is moving again."

Old Bordenave spoke. I did not look behind me, and without another word to

them, dived into the sea. There was only one idea in my mind. At any cost, I must reach Dover harbor, the shores of my own country.

I had plunged well away from the stern of the smack, and was so sheltered by it that I accounted myself safe, at least for the moment, from any observation by those upon the tug. The sea struck cold as ice upon the head, but the first vigorous strokes sent the warming blood through my veins; and, turning upon my side, I began to work strongly for the Admiralty pier. I remember well that I consoled myself from the first with the assurance that the pier was not a mile away, and that I had swum a mile many a time in the great lake at Cottesbrook. From the smack's deck I could distinguish the very porters waiting by the morning train for the packet boat from Calais. Those fellows would be astonished when a half naked man came up to their carriages, I said. And I should find myself ashore with a pair of soaked flannels and a flannel coat weighing any number of wet pounds; but it would be upon the shore

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of England, and tomorrow my work would begin.

Subtly and calmly my mind was busy already with the great uncertainty. I could think of twenty things then, but of those behind me I would not think. All that Harry had said was said by me again and again. If I had been the victim of imagination, very well, my escapade could hurt no one. If, on the other hand, I had learned a truth so great that I feared to speak of it even to my oldest friend, why, then I was a thousand times justified of that which I did. The very doubt helped my resolution. I was not a mile from England, and in England I had a great work to do.

Never did man swim in the sea for a stake so terrible or for a shore so dear. The sea was calm, a great lake rolling lazily in the sun of morning. From the smack's deck I had seen the houses of Dover as in some mighty scene of a play, but now from the level of the water they appeared a great way off, as though a hand had rolled them back for my despair, and set a greater gulf between the swimmer and the shore. I knew that my deceptive vision tricked me, and took no thought of it, but only of that which lay behind me, and of the tug, which I began to remember when the first energy of flight had passed. Had I been observed by the Frenchman, or did old Bordenave's boat still shield me? Once, as I turned upon my back to breathe, I beheld the still sea behind me, the smack hove to, and beyond it the squat steamer with smoke pouring from its twin funnels, and crests of foam at its bows.

Doubt was possible no longer. The tug was making for the *Hirondelle*, and in ten minutes a boat from it would follow me.

I rested but an instant, and then was upon my side again. It is one thing to swim at leisure, for the love of it, knowing that you may turn to the shore or the depths at your will; it is another matter to swim for your liberty if not for your life. I had set out from the ship thinking that I had a child's task before me, but the half of a mile taught me the lesson, and for a little while a despair, almost as of death, settled upon me. Seas which had been gentle as the touch of flowers upon the lips now began to buffet me with stinging slaps. I sank lower in the water, and came up again with difficulty. The sky, gray and cold of morning, seemed far above me. I could no longer distinguish Dover, for the salt stung and burned my eyes, and all about me was the gray green swell, pitiless, infinite, torturing. It was

ordained that I must die there—die when my voice could be heard in England, and her white cliffs might almost cover me with their shadows!

And yet I thought less of death than of the tug, steaming there in my wake, one mile—two, it might be—from the place where I lay. How far was she behind me now? God, how my strength seemed to fail me! I must rest, must breathe; they might take me if they willed. It would be a relief, I said, to sink down, down, and to sleep in the eternal silence of the depths.

Some one hallooed across the sea, and I thought that I recognized the voice of Harry, and that he warned me of the tug's approach. Once I heard a siren blasted, and then the whistle of an engine, curiously near to me. I had been swimming the breast stroke when the voice came floating over the waters, but now I sank down until my head was but a little way above the waves, and so looked backward at the ship and the men. Bordenave's boat still lay there, perhaps three quarters of a mile from me, and the tug was near by it, apparently hailing it and sending out a boat again.

But that which brought all my courage back as upon a beam of light was the spectacle of Dover herself, so near to me, so clear in the vigor of the day, that I had but to swim a hundred strokes to make its harbor, I thought.

What tide there was appeared to help me to the great buttress of the pier. I perceived it all so plainly in that pleasing mellow glow of dawn—the lapping waves, the men upon the jetty, the white houses beyond, the waiting train with a shimmer of steam above the engine's funnel. There was but a little river of gray green water between us, and so gentle a river that it seemed to sport and play as a human thing waking to greet the rising sun. I said when I beheld it that nothing could stand now between me and my victory; and, roused at the siren's call as by a clarion note, I struck out for the shore again with a measure of strength which amazed me.

Three hundred yards to go, perhaps; three hundred yards for liberty and a prize of liberty beyond my words. God knows, my heart beat as every stroke carried me a little way to that giant pier, where the very stones rewarded my exhausted eyes. None would pursue me now, I said, or, pursuing, must answer English voices and an English law. Odd, indeed, it was that no one observed the swimmer from the shore; but who would

have looked for him in such a place and at such an hour? Alone I swam, alone I passed through those phases of hope and fear, of joy and despair, which such a scene could not fail to create for me. None followed, I said. Oh, pitiful confidence for saying it! I heard the steamer's paddles beating the water again, and knew that she pursued me. She was coming on, then, into the very mouth of the harbor!

For one unforgettable moment I ceased to swim, and listened to the sounds. Let those who have been in the water remember the throb of a steamer's paddle as it smites the seas and tumbles them backward in eddies of rushing foam. What a sound it is! Mysterious as the rolling thunder from the depths, a ceaseless sound making the waters tremble and the swell ripple even at the foot of the distant shores. And now I had the echo of it throbbing in my ears; the waves seemed to tremble as at some foreign power; I could feel by instinct that a ship was behind me, that it raced up towards me, that I might even be drawn down by its swell as in a whirlpool. The knowledge was torture—torture beyond all power of writing. I had dared so much to win so little. It would be a humiliation surpassing words to be taken here, when but two hundred yards lay between me and my liberty; and yet taken I should be unless a miracle saved me. Every moment carried the steamer nearer; every stroke of mine was answered by a louder, more thunderous echo of her paddles. She was a hundred, fifty yards away, I thought. Those upon her deck were hailing me now. Many voices at once cried out that warning. I could not believe my ears. They were English voices.

Dazed to the point of semi unconsciousness, worn out as much by excitement as by fatigue, I sank lower in the sea and waited for the end. The beat of the steamer's paddles had ceased by this time, and in their place I could hear the splash of oars and a steady word of command. Again, I say, it was an English voice that spoke—the mockery of it, an English voice upon the Calais tug! But I had no longer the strength or the will to resist the speaker. He lifted me as a child from the sea to his boat; and as a child, I lay half senseless while they rowed me to the steamer.

To the steamer, indeed, to a big ship where many crowded about me, and strange faces peered into mine, and a man with a gold laced cap brought me a glass of brandy, and others rolled me in blan-

kets to carry me to the cabin below. With wonder struck eyes, I looked at the officer and at those who helped him. The trim jerseys, the name upon their caps, above all (and my hand well may tremble to set that down), the English faces! Great God, I asked, where was I, what did it mean, whose ship was this?

Laugh with me, you who read! I had been picked up by the morning boat from Calais, and before another hour was struck by the harbor clock, I walked, a free man, in the streets of Dover.

XIV.

I HAVE heard it said by one who has studied the whole art of living and still accounts himself a pupil, that of all the hours to be named for self content and the simpler satisfactions of life, the breakfast hour in a country house is to be surpassed by none.

An institution admittedly—for such tradition made it long ago—it is, in its way, as sacred as the *Times* or *Punch*, or any other hallowed necessity of the English day. Nor do I know any other hour in the twenty four which seems to teach so quickly the mere joy of existence, both intimate to us and universal in the greater world of nature. There is no rose that smells so sweet as the first rose we pluck when the gong is calling "breakfast." There is no sunshine, no air, so invigorating as the light and the breeze to which we open our windows when morning wakes us. The very leaves drip then with the dewy drafts of life; the air shimmers in the radiating freshness of the day. A thousand notes of nature's music are attuned in the woods and gardens of the house. The perfume of the blossoms rises up as the breath of living flowers. There is laughter in the very voices which wake the thickets from their sleep.

At Cottesbrook, my home, I am ever early to be abroad and about the purlieus of the house, for Nature has a thousand charms of these busy hours for me; and in retreat with her it is good to look out upon the press of life we have left, the gaslit arena of the heated city, the confines of intrigue and pettiness—even, it may be, at the follies from which we rest and the follies from which we flee. In the woods and the gardens, with our horses in the stables, among our roses of the terrace, we find a solitude which no other path may reach, no other scene make so welcome. For every bud we touch is a subject of our dominion, every living thing that comes out to greet us gladly owns our sover-

eighty. The very stones are full of stories, the stories, perchance, of those who walked as we are walking in the shadow of their homes, of those who lived and wrought that all this might be ours, whose voices are still, yet speak to us from every battlement and every tower—the voice of the fathers whose spirits watch and wait for the sons they have left. And to these shall we answer in the judgment, to these who said, "Serve as we have served, in honor and fidelity."

The morning hour was my hour indeed at Cottesbrook, and come winter, come summer, the habit of it knew no change. Early from my bed, a gallop across the park sent the blood singing through the veins as though a man were new born in energy and health. There were dogs to leap to my shoulder, horses to whinny when they heard my step, roses of spring or roses of autumn ready to my hand; above all, my mother's greeting, that dulcet, musical voice whose note shall never be forgotten, or rest uncalled for in my memory.

Whatever the number of our guests, friends or strangers, young or old, the day was rare when I did not find myself alone for a moment looking upon that beloved face or listening to those unforgettable words before the less intimate life of day began, and all the superficialities must turn us to others. Ever, I remember, she would cross the lawn to me with my letters in her hand, the love of childhood in her anxious eyes, and the sunshine upon her silvered hair for glory of her motherhood. No need to tell her if I were well or ailing. She read me as an open book, whose page had been blotted by many a tear, whose lines were sacred because the hand of him she loved had written them. And I, in my place, could find but one word of morning for her—"Mother!" She asked no other.

Many of these golden hours—some of sorrow, but more, aye, many more, of joy—I recall as this picture of my home comes back to me; and for a little while I forget why I speak of it, and why time may mist it for my eyes. Twenty summers could I name where no word or deed had come between those players of the garden to mute the lips of one and to light anxieties in the eyes of the other. Yet such a day was known, and to it this record now must turn.

I had been six weeks out of France, six weary weeks of doubt and waiting, of idle conjecture and childish resolution. Every morning my mother would cross the lawn to me, my letters in her trembling hand;

and every day her unspoken question was unanswered. I was unwell? No. There was some anxiety about Harry? Not in the least; the Abbé Fordham was still in Switzerland. It could not be that money troubled me? "Oh, my dear mother, are we not rich enough?" Then, I needed a change—my accident must not be forgotten. I promised not to forget it. I might even join Harry in Switzerland, I said—and, content with that, we would go into the house together, my mother and I, hand in hand.

I would join Harry in Switzerland! God knows how glad I had been if that were possible; but a hand of instinct held me to my country as to a duty which none other might fulfil.

Six weeks had I been in England, and six times had those chosen friends who heard me laughed at the story which I came to tell. At the War Office in Pall Mall, at the commanding officer's house in Dover, with my oldest friend in the privacy of clubs, the same incredulity met me. I had been frightened at Escalles, men said, and had conjured up the phantom for myself. Engineers shook their heads and protested that such a scheme could only be possible with the consent of our authorities at Dover. Generals argued at length that the Intelligence Department would know of such a plot four and twenty hours after it was hatched. More practical people asked, "Well, why not go to Dover and see if there is any evidence that such a thing is possible?" I admitted to them that I had been and had seen nothing, and they would hear no more. Behind my back I knew that they pointed the finger and said, "The man is mad." Nor to this hour can I tell you why my own conviction remained unshaken, nor how it was that I said, "I believe; time will justify me." Before the world I am justified today; but the world will never know what the justification cost me. I ask nothing of it, but am content if there be one to say that I have done my duty.

In silence, I carried my secret then as some precious possession which others might not share. Harry, it is true, wrote to me every week, a long letter of jest and hope and consolation; but not a word of Agnes since he had quitted Calais, exactly a month ago. I remember well the morning when my mother carried to me the note in which he told me finally that his mission was fruitless, and that time alone could consummate my wishes.

"Frankly," he said, "I cannot understand Lepeletier. He has changed beyond

recognition. There seems to have been a latent hostility to England and Englishmen which has been aroused now in his old age, and burns with an ardor which is astounding. I have risen to Ciceronian heights, my dear Alfred, but in vain. He will neither see you nor hear of you. There is in his head the perverse notion that you have played with his honor and have tarnished it. Laughter, argument, reason—he will have none of them, neither from myself nor from a better advocate whose name is spelled with an A, and whose fidelity to a certain young officer of hussars is beyond reproach. *Durate, mon camarade.* What says the scoundrel Boethius? '*Major lex amor est sibi.*' Time alone is our friend. We will pass Time until he shall please to hold out his hand and to tuck away that old scythe where it cannot cut us. I am going to Switzerland today. But in a month I pass through Calais again—'and then!' as the villain says in the melodrama. So keep up your heart, old fellow, and forget all about your great secret, for I am as sure of the wrong headedness of it as I am of the sunshine."

I read the letter through and put it away in my case as some deed of my destiny, which, perchance, I might look upon with clearer eyes when time had worn it as a parchment, and all the faded story were but a forgotten history. To my mother I said nothing, save that Harry was well and in Switzerland, and that he sent me poor news of my friends in Calais. If she guessed what lay behind, if a woman's intuition made no secret of that which I would tell to none, my love for Agnes Lepeletier, she judged in her wisdom not to speak of it, but by other means to divert the brooding trouble of my thoughts.

During the month that followed upon the letter, Cottesbrook opened its darkened rooms and waked its halls and galleries to fresh young voices and all the busy idleness of summer. Brother officers, buoyant with a hope of South Africa; friends of Meg, my boisterous little sister; relations whose chief merit was their chatter, any one who, to use my mother's words, "was bright," came to Northamptonshire in that month of July and helped the picnic there. Tennis parties, the solemn pursuit of the golf ball, *al fresco* delights of the woods, masks, comedies—the cure was terrifying in its magnitude.

And it left me with my malady untamed. The forced inaction, the very attempt at self assurance, the burden of the doubt, became nigh intolerable. There

were days when I could say that I would return to Calais, and demand an interview of Lepeletier; other days when all the story which Agnes and I had told seemed far off, as a vision of my youth, distant and soon to be absorbed in a newer activity of life. And then in an hour the truth stood out again as in a forbidding image I might not pass. For Harry wrote that he was coming home again, and that he had news for me. The sun never shone so bright on Cottesbrook as it shone that day.

My mother carried the letter through the gardens, and finding me in an arbor by the orangery, she sat a moment to watch me read it and to wait again, as often she had waited vainly, for the untold story of my pages. From the distant house there came the echo of girlish laughter and the deeper notes of men's voices. We sat in a glade of the old trees, and beyond them could look out upon the golden corn lands of my home, and all those ripe green pastures, those sleeping woods, that my father's feet had trod. I know not what it was of the hour or the scene that touched some responsive chord of my heart, and seemed to release my tongue and to nerve my voice so that there, as a child who sought the gentler hand, I told my mother of Agnes, and spoke of all that I had lost and nevermore might win. Alone there, she and I, with the distant voices in our ears, and the beauty of our home all set about us as in a shimmer of the golden day, she heard me and answered, mother to son, in gladness of her knowledge. And from that hour she carried my burden with me, in the strong arms of her love, so that I forgot almost that I had ever worn it so heavily or made complaint of it.

"You will bring her to Cottesbrook? You will bring her soon, Alfred?"

"If that may be, mother."

"It shall be—I will pray for it. She will be worthy of my boy. And I shall see her. She is very beautiful, Alfred?"

"There is none so beautiful except my mother."

"Ah, you say so, my dearest—but she will come to Cottesbrook, I shall see her soon—this week, this month. She will love me, Alfred, as I shall love my dear son's wife."

"She will love you as I, mother."

"I ask nothing more of God than that I may see her soon."

There is no gladness such as this, the unselfish gladness for a son's sake; and if we two sat long there in the arbor on that sunny morning, make sure that something of my mother's hope and joy had been

shared by me to lift the looming curtain of my future, and to give me courage of it.

All, indeed, I might not tell her, but who could be sure that tomorrow the right would not be mine—the right even to return to Calais and to laugh at my phantoms and to say to Agnes, “My mother is waiting for you at Cottesbrook”? For Harry was coming home and had news for me. He would be at the station that very afternoon. I should see him, hear him, know the best and the worst. There was no lighter hearted man in all Northamptonshire that day than he who drove to meet the “Abbé Fordham” upon the road to Harborough.

For Harry had been in Calais town, and but yesterday had seen Agnes Lepeletier, I said. Thrice happy man who knew so little of his happiness!

XV.

I MADE out from Harry's letter that he would pass the night in London, and come on to Market Harborough by the dismal afternoon train from Kettering, which never but once was punctual, they say, and then at the cost of a station master's reason. Impatience sent my horses at a canter to a rendezvous so well desired. It was as though Harry could bridge in a moment the intolerable weeks of waiting I had spent at Cottesbrook. With him, I might go back to that unforgotten day when I leaped from the deck of the *Hirondelle*, and the packet boat brought me to Dover pier. A thousand things I must hear from Harry's lips, must ask him a thousand questions. Do you wonder that I paced the deserted platform as a prisoner awaiting liberty? Would that cursed train never be signaled? Should I never hear the message that Agnes had sent? It was a delay intolerable, not to be suffered, beyond the malignity even of a railway company.

He came at last, boisterous, bronzed, the laughing, active Harry of old; and for an instant we exchanged a hand grip as of men who meet gladly in some good crisis of their lives, but will not speak of it yet a while. For my part, the excitement of that moment sent me here and there, now after his trunks, now gathering up his rugs, now hurrying the grooms, as one all impatient to drag him from the press, and to have him with me in the carriage, where no trunk hunters might hear us, nor gaping rustics listen. Yesterday he had seen Agnes, and here at Market Harborough he could begin to speak of other subjects! Well, it was the old Harry after all.

I captured my prize and took him with me to the mail phaeton, and so to the dusty, deserted highroad by which you come to Cottesbrook. He wore a round felt hat now, and had tucked his old Scotch cap in the pocket of his cape; his face was so scarred and bronzed by the suns of Switzerland that he might have come from Africa. But the old Harry spoke, the old Harry who seemed to change the very scene about us, to lift the clouds from it and bring the light again.

“There's no going home tonight, Harry—you dine and sleep at the Abbey. That's decided.”

He leaned back in the phaeton and clasped his hands.

“Behold,” he said, “the parson of Cottesbrook, who is asked to the loaves and fishes, and who disgraces the cloth by unnatural hesitation!”

“But Meg wishes it. She won't forgive me—”

His face softened, as it always did, at the mention of my sister's name.

“Who am I, to say ‘no’ to your sister Meg, Sir Alfred?”

“Agreed. We've a full house, and a supply of bores to people Pretoria. Do you remember old Arthur Grosvenor, the little general who was recently in command at Canterbury?”

“The man with whiskers and a story of his mother's aunt who was carried to a harem at Teheran? Say not that he still lives?”

“He does. We've been treated to the excellent lady three times since Sunday. What is to be done to a man with one story?”

“Tell him another.”

“He doesn't listen.”

“Then, present him with a standard work on harems and pay his passage to Teheran.”

“A good notion—but I shall have something else to think of now. Why don't you gratify my curiosity? You know what I am thinking of.”

I did not look at him, but my hand faltered on the reins while I waited for his answer, and the horses swerved badly.

“I know what you are thinking of, old chap, but I have nothing to tell.”

“Nothing to tell—no?”

“At least, it's told in a word. Lepelletier has closed his house at Calais and gone away.”

“Gone away? Where's he gone to?”

“Ah, read me the riddle aright. The story in Calais is that he has gone to Chalons. I followed and found it was a lie. He has never been in Chalons. Ver-

bum sap. They don't wish us to know where he is."

I was silent for a little while. The dusty road appeared suddenly to be enveloped by the twilight. The friend at my side had nothing more to say.

"And Agnes," I exclaimed presently—"she is with her father?"

"The liars of Calais say so. I imagine that they tell the truth, because it serves as well as the other thing. Obviously, the man who cannot find the father cannot find the daughter. They sent me to Chalons on a fool's errand and were indignant because I would not go to Dijon on a second. The empty house, moreover, has no secrets. There is only a dog in it."

I laughed in spite of my chagrin; but he began to question me as though to turn my thoughts.

"Has Agnes written to you since your return?"

"Not a line."

"Her father?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"So! A silent man and a mystery. Well, you cannot argue with a fellow who says nothing. Did you write to him?"

"A letter as long as a sermon."

"Frank, of course?"

"Brutally frank. I said that I had seen things at Escalles which he could explain with a word. He has not condescended to explain them."

"Not being in Calais, he might well avoid the question. You have forgiven my incredulity, I hope?"

"I never blamed it. I am incredulous myself—a man who does not wish to believe what his eyes showed him. If any one listened to me, I should be the most astonished man in Europe."

"But you have found listeners. You said in one letter that you had seen the War Office people."

"Quite true. I told them the whole story without a jot or tittle of ornament or addition. They were polite but impossible. The man who showed me out said, 'There goes a lunatic' as plainly as you can say a thing without words. Kent, at Dover, the colonel in command, laughed like a clown. He insisted on walking to Folkestone with me to cure the delusion. We saw nothing, of course."

"You wouldn't. I tramped those seven miles yesterday, and was rewarded with two tunnels, a coast guard station, old Watkins' rubbish heap, and a pair of chalky boots."

"Do you mean to say that you are really sufficiently interested to walk seven miles?"

I turned to look at him as I asked the question, and the expression on his face astonished me. It had become in an instant the face of a man who wrestled with some mental trouble. His eyes were wide open and strangely serious. One of his hands gripped my forearm in an iron grip. All the fascination of my own fear had found another victim.

"Interested, Alfred—great God, how many nights have I dreamed of it all since we parted! Your weebegone self by the Jardin Richelieu, those minutes in the hotel, the morning on the smack! Do you know that I nearly fell in a faint when the steamer picked you up? We shall never see a race like that again, my son. The Frenchmen would have taken you in another hundred yards. I began to breathe when I saw the others haul you up. And I think that I began to believe in the same moment."

"Why so?"

"Common sense. If there had been nothing to see at Escalles, why did the heathen rage furiously because you had seen it? You were evidently a prize worth catching. I put two and two together and made it four—three Frenchmen in a boat and an Englishman in the water. When I returned to Calais the police were impertinent enough to search my luggage, and Lepeletier was distant. Mlle. Agnes, I believe, went to Paris next day. I never saw her again."

"So you went on to Switzerland?"

"Exactly—to dream of things I haven't the courage to speak of. Oh, my dear chap, just think of it! If the hundredth chance were true, and those fellows, those burrowing animals, were this very hour creeping, creeping under the sea to Dover, while England says nothing but 'holidays,' and you and I are driving along a dusty road to Cottesbrook! I say, if it were true! Do you know, my son, that I wake in the night as cold as a dead man because you have taught me how to dream?"

"As we must teach each other how to wake, Harry."

"A thousand times agreed. Show me how to break your own bonds and I will begin to live again. Frankly, I cannot burst them. No amount of argument convinces me that the people of Calais would have done as they did just to punish a man who had seen a coal shaft. What the truth is, God knows—"

"And will help us to discover."

For a little while he sat in silence, as though, in truth, he saw again the vision that I had seen a hundred times since I

came home to Cottesbrook and sought to forget in my mother's house.

What hand of destiny should show us the road, I asked? Readily might we suffer scorn and incredulity and even shame, if thereby the thousandth chance were not forgotten.

"Whatever the truth is, I will know it," I said presently, "even if I spend a half of my fortune. Yesterday I resigned my commission in the Eighteenth. I shall spend next month at Dover—for the mere satisfaction of being there."

He did not protest, but heard me with new interest.

"You will need a chaplain, of course."

"If that chaplain is the vicar of my parish."

"Well, there are my people——"

"And there is Meg, Harry."

In truth, I heard my sister's girlish laugh as we turned into the Abbey drive, but that, and the question I had put to Harry, were forgotten an instant later, when, in the very thickets about the lawn of the house, I beheld a man's face staring up at me so savagely from a bush upon my right hand that I reined the horses back upon their haunches, and sat for a spell unable to say a word to any one.

"That fellow there, in the copse—who is he? Where did he come from?"

One of the grooms sprang to the ground and rushed into the copse, trampling the bushes and breaking the boughs. When he came back he shook his head doubtfully.

"There's no one in there, sir. I've been right through."

"But I saw the man for myself."

"Shall I look again, sir?"

"Let the men come out and search the grounds, every yard of them. There was some one lurking about there when I spoke. He must be found."

I let the horses go and drove on to the house. Harry asked no questions. I did not tell him until he came into my bedroom, late that night, that the face I had seen in the thicket was the face of one of the engineers who passed me in the tunnel at Escalles.

XVI.

My mother was full of anxieties when she came down to breakfast next morning, for the grooms had been gossiping to the maids, and the maids to the men; and so the story of a stranger was sent the rounds until it came to the breakfast table. It was a fine subject for little General Grosvenor, and a terror to certain young ladies,

who expressed a wholesome fear of an early death if the unknown man should be daring enough to walk off with the spoons.

But I, in the intimate hour of morning, had already quieted my mother's fears, poohpoohing my own fancies, and declaring that if any one lurked yesterday in the grounds, he was but a tramp from Harborough, and today would be in the casual ward at Kettering. She accepted the story reluctantly, but elsewhere it was a feast for the guests, who had divers remedies for burglars, and were agreed upon the daring courses they would shape if a man, indeed, were to come within the doors of Cottesbrook. To me so much, to them so little, the apparition meant. I seemed to be the unwilling spectator in a jest house; a man full of serious thoughts, who, nevertheless, must listen to the boastful quips of idlers and all the meaningless chatter of a common day. But I knew that one there with me shared the burden, and my courage had grown since Harry came home.

He was late at the table, and his freckled, healthy face lacked something of its coloring, of that honest pink and white which bore witness to the *mens sana*, and was as natural to him as the blush of a rose. It was good to see my sister Meg's pretentious indifference when Harry said "good morning" to her, for she did not so much as raise her eyes to look at him; and yet I knew that there was no man in all England she would so soon have welcomed to her side, none I myself would have seen there with greater thankfulness. Whatever else of content that life may give us, surely an honest man's love for the sister we have guarded is of gifts most blessed. Here was a love story of childhood's birth; it would go on, I said, as some kindly stream through the fair country of home and children to the distant sea of the eternal rest, and, as I believed, of the eternal happiness.

How different from my own case! What future could I foresee, if it were not the enduring longing for the days I had lived in France? Whereto was the stream of my life carrying me, if not to days of darkness and of the mind's distress? Six months ago they had spoken of me as a man fortunate beyond my fellows. I could laugh ironically at such an estimate now. There is no mistress so perverse as Destiny, none so merciless as we find her in the hours of her hostility.

Harry had exchanged a quick glance with me as we sat at table, and taking up his letters, which a groom had carried

from the rectory, he asked me to ride over with him after breakfast. Meg looked up reproachfully at the request, and was betrayed into her avowal.

"Don't say there's a funeral, Mr. Fordham. All Cambridge men tell that old story. Alf was as bad as the rest; I really thought at last we ought to bury some one for the sake of being honest. How many times did your aunt die, Alf, when you were at Trinity?"

"Six or seven, Meg. I was like the man in the book, and used to keep my grandmother for Derby Day. She always died on the eve of the great race."

"A common loss in my regiment," said the little general, fixing his eye glass and looking ridiculously fierce. "There is nothing new under the sun, sir, in religion, in law, in medicine, or in the arts of mendacity. Here has man been trying for a thousand years to fudge up a decent excuse for a dereliction of duty, and he's got no farther than the death of his aunt. Astounding! Lamentable! Now, when my poor sister was persuaded, at the age of forty nine, to marry a rascally Persian in Teheran, they had the impertinence to tell me she was dead. Dead, sir—a woman who comes of a family which lives to ninety, and has married at sixty four."

Meg whispered to me that the Persian was properly punished, but Harry went on to chaff the general.

"It is astonishing," he exclaimed, "how little kindness the world shows to aunts. An aunt is always a jocular subject. If a man fozzles at golf, he does not say, 'Oh, my cousin, my brother, or my grandfather!' He says, 'Oh, my aunt!' Possibly, general, the Persian is equally deficient in the materteral instinct. He did not take your aunt seriously——"

"Oh," said Meg, "but he took her to his harem, didn't he, general? Wasn't that serious enough?"

The general refused to laugh.

"She married a Persian, sir, a yellow fellow who wore black trousers and a fez. When he is tired of her, he will take three more wives. They are always hanging over her head—I have told her so."

"Poor thing! Is she not very much shocked?"

"She is properly punished, young lady. The west does not touch the east and come away with clean fingers. Remember that—never marry a Persian. You may be an aunt some day, and will be more kind to the species."

"Horrible thought!" cried Meg. "To be an aunt and to be buried to make a Cambridge holiday!"

My mother interposed with her more serious word.

"Must you really go today, vicar," she said. "Cannot the parish wait a little while?"

Harry turned to me as though in explanation.

"Master Alfred rides with me," he answered quickly. "A man who has left his business for five weeks always protests ruin if you suggest that he should leave it for six. Here is my curate indiscreet enough to go and get engaged. If I do not go back and release him, he will be giving out strange texts: 'By the waters of Cottesbrook we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Jane.' I must really try the vicarage bed tonight, Lady Hilliard——"

"And miss the burglar," interposed Meg audaciously. "Now, really, do you think there was a man?"

"Bosh!" said the little general contemptuously. "An umbrella's the thing for him, sir! I went through the Ashantee War with a duck suit and a gingham umbrella—and there wasn't a black who stood up to me. Don't talk to me of pistols——"

"No one mentioned them, I think," said Harry.

"But you were going to, sir——"

"I beg your pardon, nothing of the sort."

"But you had them in your mind, sir."

"Not at all. If I met a burglar, I should recite the verses of a minor poet to him—in a major key. Silver and gold have I none—and he would pass the plate. In that aspect, we are men of the same persuasion. I imagine his objection to buttons would not be less than my own."

The little general, who was never so happy as in the first words of a heated argument, resented Harry's refusal to oblige him with a measure of temper, and fell upon a dish of strawberries ravenously. It was always a "go as you please" at Cottesbrook, especially at breakfast time; and the rest of us—fearing, perhaps, that there would be a resurrection of the indispensable aunt—strolled off to the stables and the gardens; Meg to cut a rose for Harry's coat, my mother to the house-keeper's room, I to the horse boxes where my hunters stood.

Impatience to be away and off with Harry prevailed above any interest I could affect for every day affairs. I admitted to myself, as a natural thing, that the old order of the life at home was unstable and changing. It could not be otherwise. No association, however potent, might recall

that spirit of a boyhood which was lost to me when Agnes Lepeletier met me on the Calais road. I was as one who realized in a single hour the emptiness of life, who spanned the years, and, looking for the first time onward to the eternal goal, could see the end and say, "The way is short." A mood, perchance a passing malady of the mind, which time and change would cure. But while I suffered it, I thought that it must endure to the end of my days.

It was ever Harry's task to recall me from these gloomy paths, and to share with me those bountiful spirits which neither doubt nor difficulty could abate. And he did not fail me upon that sunny morning when we mounted our cobs and cantered away across the fields, over hedges and ditches as they came, to the vicarage in the hollow, and the warm welcome which awaited us there. Meg, it is true, argued at great length with him before we set out, upon so private a matter that they must needs go into the orangery to discuss it; but as soon as we were by the gates, he fell to talk of the affair of yesterday and of the anxieties it had left to him. To me, the opportunity of saying that which for many weeks I had thought in silence was as a tonic for the mind. The half of my responsibilities, and more, seemed, as at Calais, shifted to shoulders which could bear them better than my own. I knew that a strong man counseled me, a strong man and a brave man, and one to whom duty was the first and the last aim of life.

"Harry," I said, when at last we were alone, "don't you think it odd that there is no news of the man we saw last night?"

"Odd? Why so? Did you suppose he would wait to ask after the family? Blessed simplicity! He is in France by this time. While your fellows were beating the bushes, I could hear him crying, '*A bas les Anglais!*' on the other side of the hedge. Remember—he was not twenty paces from the highroad. And I pay you the compliment of supposing that you have forgotten the fable of the wolf. He was a flesh and blood man, you say. I am ready to believe you."

"Flattering but unnecessary. I am as sure of it as of this old cob. There was a man in the copse, and I have seen him before—at Escalles, when I left Jeffery on the line. It remains to ask what he is doing at Cottesbrook, and who sent him."

"Supererogatory questions, my son. There are twenty reasons. For my part, commend me to the less hysterical—but keep a staff in my hand. Really, I think

you would do well to be careful, old fellow. All this tells me at least that you have seen something at Calais which France does not wish us to understand. I think it is your duty to take care that a man in a bush does not make understanding impossible. Here is a case where you must return good for evil, and see you lay it on well. I don't think, if I were you, that I would be out on the road much after dark. It isn't good for the respiratory organs. What is more, when you go to Dover, don't proclaim it from the housetops. You might even suggest—a *suggestio falsi* from which I here absolve you—that your destination was Calais. A crumpled horn is not a bad weapon to fight a bull with. If like cures like, then lies are a hundred times justified in this case. In short, I think very seriously of the whole business."

I knew that he did, had known it at Calais, and yesterday at Cottesbrook. It was a relief to be able to speak freely and with none of those rigmaroles which, perforce, I had been compelled to employ when explaining myself to others. View it as we might, hallucination or truth, the greatest plot one nation ever contrived against another or the mere vision of a dreamer, this fact stood impregnable—that two men upon a dusty midland road believed that day in the work they were called to do for England, and resolved to do it with all the intellect that God had given them.

"I am glad you think seriously of it, Harry," I said, when we had gone a little way silently. "After all, if I was telling but a fairy tale, why do the people at Calais trouble to send a man to spy me out here? Is not the very fact a new link in the chain of conviction? Would they trouble their heads if I had seen a common fort or a coal shaft? What the man wants, Heaven knows, unless it is to be sure that I am still at Cottesbrook and not at Dover. For, mind you, I don't suppose for a minute that this is a question of tomorrow or the day after. If a tube be pushed under the channel, they may rest content to leave it half a mile from Dover, and to wait their own time for the final stroke which shall bring them out upon our shores. Looking at the thing from a layman's point of view, I don't understand, even now, where their chance of opening up such a tunnel lies. They cannot suppose that we are going to allow Frenchmen to begin to dig a hole on the Dover foreshore. The thing is not to be considered. If there is a clever way of doing it, I am not clever enough to under-

stand it. But I mean to let our people know what is going on, and I shall not rest until I have the truth."

"You will not rest, and you will not leave a good thick stick at home—excellent resolutions! And I agree with you entirely as to the air of Dover. A couple of months there would do no man any harm. There is golf on the Downs, decent bathing, and plenty of fair roads for a stinkpot. You'll get the East Kent foxhounds, too, later on."

"And the best of parsons to preach to me on Sundays."

Harry shook his head.

"Flying visits, my son. Look at the parish yonder. It is my kingdom. If I can bring a little joy even to one poor soul there, how can I justify myself if I lay down the scepter? But I'll come when I can, and I'll be with you always in heart. Yours is the work, old friend. We must leave the field of it to God. And the cost we must not think of; it is a debt we owe to our country. Even yet, that work may reward us beyond our hopes."

He put his horse to a canter, as if he had no wish to pursue that new phase of the subject; and I followed him in consenting silence to the village and the rectory house. For I knew that he spoke of Agnes, of his own fruitless embassy, and of the hope he had abandoned when he went to Calais town. Nevertheless, he would have said, must such a hope come into my life, or be the impulse of it. The price of loss was a price to be paid without complaint for the honor of my country, and it might be—who could say?—for her very salvation.

Nevertheless, from all the changing problems of the hour that mystery was not to be shut out. Consent as I might to the sacrifice, the face of the woman I loved looked out at me from that mirror of the past, and held me, a prisoner of the will, before her picture. In vain I said that it was ended and forgotten, that the glass of the past was shattered, that the future had nothing for me of all her store of love and content and the harvest of a life. Hope unconquered tempted me still. It might be—my right to say that remained a precious possession. I would say it though all the world forbade.

I was not born a pessimist, in truth, and no pessimist rode away from the vicarage that afternoon, when, leaving Harry at the church door, I turned my horse's head and struck upon the highroad to Harborough and my home. Desire of the future, unaltered desire born of a woman's sympathy, went with me upon my way—and,

wonder working always, brought me face to face with her I would have gone a thousand miles to see.

Agnes, herself, was driving in a carriage to the Abbey gates.

XVII.

OUR greatest surprises are not always of the unexpected things, but rather of those we have looked for but have not dared to believe in. So often had I, in the idle pleasure of imagination, depicted that very scene, my own home and the little French girl driving to its gates, that now when the dream came true, and imagination was justified of the day, I could have laughed aloud for the very irony of the circumstances. Twenty possibilities of the mystery I would have promised at the hazard; but Agnes, herself, in the shadow of the Abbey; Agnes, herself, going to my mother as I had wished it, aye, countless nights since they hunted me from Calais town, what book would have dared such a turn of fortune as that? No tale that I could think of surpassed the wonders of that day. She was there at the gates of my house! She had come from France to see me—the very last messenger I would have looked for in a hundred years!

I saw her first at the junction of the roads, by the spinney which is the outer rampart of the Abbey; and coming upon the carriage suddenly and observing it carelessly, I should have passed it at a trot but for a little startled cry and the sound of a voice which quickened my heart and sent me back in the saddle as if a pit yawned at my very feet. Astonished in his turn, the flyman cried "Whoa!" to his old horse, who needed no reining; and there we sat, the three of us—two travel stained, weary passengers; the third, as astonished a man as ever sat upon a patient cob.

"Agnes—it can't be!"

She was very tired; the dust had soiled her pretty French dress and powdered the feathers of her dainty hat, but she raised a smiling face to mine and answered me bravely.

"Is it impossible, then, Captain Alfred?"

"It is astonishing to the last point of wonder. You were going to the Abbey, of course?"

She answered me as frankly.

"Yes, I was going to the Abbey, to see Lady Hilliard if I could."

"The greatest surprise!"

"Lady Hilliard if I could—if not, then to ask for you."

I was silent a moment to think of it. She had come to see my mother. Why, why, why? There must be the gravest reason.

"Well," said I, "here is a fellow who has the good or the bad fortune to spoil your plans. Will you walk up to the house with me? I will take you to my mother, Agnes."

She did not respond, but obeyed without protest when I opened the door of the fly and helped her down to the dusty road. The man went on to the stables readily. He knew the Abbey kitchens.

"Have something to eat and then go back," I said to him; and asked: "You are from Kettering, are you not?"

"I thank you, captain—from John Cobb's."

"We shall not want you again today. Go back when your horse is rested. It's a long drive, remember."

He assented at once, but his little passenger protested.

"Oh, no, no; you do not understand! My friends expect me in London tonight—I dare not disappoint them."

"Then, we shall drive you to the station ourselves. It will be something for a couple of lazy men to do. Let us talk about it as we go."

I drew the reins across my arm and opened the spinney gate. There was a bridle path there leading to the orangery and the Italian gardens. The cob followed us as we went up, like a dog, patiently, but welcoming our many halting places and the grass he found there. For my part, the surprise of it all was still almost paralyzing. I knew not what to say or think. The hour seemed to carry me back magically to Calais and the Jardin Richelieu. Agnes had come to me from the ends of the earth, I said.

"I can't believe it, can't believe that it's true!" I cried again and again, as I took her hand in mine, and set out for the house with slow steps. "There are some days so good that they find us incredulous. Today is one of them. Is it really you, Agnes, or am I dreaming it all?"

She did not withdraw her hand from mine, but told me all her story, simply and without ornament, as was her wont.

"I came to you, Alfred, because I could not trust any one else to come. When you left us in Calais, I did not believe that I should ever see you again, but a woman's pride is not strong enough to conquer a woman's fear, and so I came. My father is at Escalles now, in the works there, but I have been living in Paris with my uncle

Jules. A week ago, one of the engineers, a friend at Calais, wrote a letter which brought me to London yesterday. I came to warn you that you have enemies in England—oh, it is true, believe me, they have never forgiven you for what you saw that night! I know them so well; they think that you have become the enemy of France, and they will never rest until you are powerless to harm them. That is why I am in England today—to save my father's honor and your life. You were our guest, our friend, there is so much that we owe to you! Is it not terrible to think that one day may change lives unalterably—eternally, perhaps, for who can say? I have lost all that I lived for since those old days in Calais; I believe sometimes that I have lost even my faith."

I heard her without surprise, for I had guessed much of this; and now, drawing her closer to me, I answered her gratefully:

"You will never lose your faith, little one. You are too good for that. If man, who is a beast, allows much to a woman's heart, be sure that Providence allows more. Let us think it all over, and see if we cannot find a way. As for my friends at Calais who want to see the last of me—well, don't trouble about them at all. I shall keep my eyes open and see nothing but their backs, believe me. The really serious thing is your father's distrust. Have you ever reflected how many troubles in life come to us for the lack of two minutes' plain talk with a man who misunderstands us? We might go arm and arm with him to the end of our days if we could but say, 'It was so and so.' But the opportunity is denied us, and then, when the man dies, we say, 'There is a poor fellow who makes one enemy the less in the world.' Why should that opportunity be denied to me in your father's case? He knows that I entered the forts by mistake; he knows that Jeffery took me there to pay off an old score. Why should I not go to him and say, 'It is all a misunderstanding; you have really nothing to charge against me. Let us forget it all and begin again.' Does not common sense point that road? I'm sure that it does. I feel already that we are coming out into the light."

She listened patiently while I spoke, and then, drawing me back, she stopped to answer me, leaving a new picture of her in my mind, a picture set in a frame of silver birches and ash and laburnum, carpeted with the rich brown loam of summer, breathing an atmosphere of tremulous leaves and woodland solitude. She

cast up to me a little white face, with two dark blue eyes, and such a look of love and fear and pity that all my impulse was to take her in my arms and say, "Let us blot the page forever, let the dead past bury its dead, here in the garden of England let us live and rest as if yesterday had never been."

But I knew that she would not hear that voice of persuasion which appeals to the imagination and not to the reason. Her relentless logic had always baffled, nay, sometimes angered me—for how should such a fragile thing remain so obstinate?

"Alfred," she said slowly, "you must not go to my father—"

"Must not go!"

"I say it as you have said it. Is there no honor, no duty, left in the world? Do you owe nothing to your country?"

I was silent as one who had been struck a blow upon the mouth. A great gulf seemed to open between us as we stood. Her face, so near to mine an instant ago, was now as a face afar off. What had she said, what had she told me?

"No," she continued quietly; "you must not see my father, and I must see you no more. If honor keeps you in England, it sends me to France tomorrow. Oh, think, think what children of circumstance we are—wishing so much, hoping so much, meeting a few short months ago when we might so easily have passed each other by—that we come to this, to choose between those we love and those we serve, our affections or our countries! I try to tell myself that it is not so, but I know that the truth must be. The light that is coming into your life will be darkness for me—it is written so; a woman's tears will never wash out a page of fate, for fate has no heart. Let us accept as those who love; let us at least be true to ourselves."

"And being true, shall we say that an accident costing your country nothing, and of no concern to mine, is to merit this great penalty?"

She turned questioning eyes upon me; I am sure that she read the words in all their deeper meaning.

"Would you tempt my honor?" she asked almost in anger. "Are not my lips sealed? If there is a debt for you, is there not one for me also? You know that there

is, you know that you have no right to question me."

I flinched at the words, for every one of them was a new light, a new meaning upon her confession. The woman I loved was ignorant no longer. I did not dare to ask how far her knowledge went.

"I am wrong to ask you, Agnes," was my response. "I will never ask you again. But I would give half the years of my life not to have heard the things you tell me."

"As I would give all my life if another could bear my father's burdens."

"At least, you tell me that it is no choice of his."

"A choice and yet no choice. He was not consulted, all was not told him. I ask nothing for his sake. At Calais I did not know, or I would have asked nothing then. How can he love the English, who killed his brother in Canada? He will hate the nation always, but not the man. Once I think you made him forget—it was at Pau, when we were happy together. But happiness is a taskmaster, always asking payment of the memory. We tell ourselves so often that we were happy ten years ago. It is all of the past. Each day we live to mourn yesterday."

"We may live for tomorrow, too—you cannot forbid me to do that, Agnes. Even yet, out of the unknown we may find a friend. Will not you take that thought back to France with you?"

She was silent a little while; I saw the tears glistening in her pretty eyes, but her courage was unchanged.

"It would be madness," she said, "madness to deceive ourselves. I shall return to France tomorrow; you will forget in your home. One could be content in such a home as this, I think. England seems to me to be one great garden. You have no horizons, no distances, but you have the flowers and the trees and the hedges. It is so difficult for a stranger to believe that England is not a little country. There is nothing in the world like an English cottage. I know that France is very beautiful. I love my own land; but if I were an Englishwoman, I should say that France has not the beauty I have seen in my journey today. I have thought of nothing else all the way from London. You will be happy in England, Alfred."

(To be continued.)

AN INSCRIPTION FOR A LIBRARY.

SILENCE within my portals, for I keep
Watch o'er the mighty, who have fallen on sleep.
Bend down, O living lips, and taste the stream
Of life eternal, flowing broad and deep.

Katharine Aldrich.

In the Palace of the King.*

A LOVE STORY OF OLD MADRID.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

DON JOHN of Austria, the half brother of King Philip of Spain, loves Dolores de Mendoza, and the girl returns his love, but her father is determined to keep them apart, fearing that, should he permit them to marry, reasons of state might compel Don John to renounce his bride. Dolores refuses to obey her father when he orders her not to see or communicate with her princely lover, whereupon the fiery old don announces his determination to have her immured within the convent of Las Huelgas on the morrow. When old Mendoza goes out he locks the girl in her apartments, and with her her sister Inez, who is blind. With the assistance of her sister, Dolores escapes, leaving the old servitor under the impression that it is Inez who has gone free. Dolores purposes seeking out the Duchess Alvarez and going to court with her, where she will have an opportunity to see Don John and warn him of her plight, trusting that her father will not risk a scandal by interfering. She has gone but a little way, however, when she meets the young prince himself, who has been coming to her. Don John is in despair when she tells him of her father's determination, for he realizes that Dolores must remain in concealment for a short time, and he can think of no refuge. He finally takes the girl to his own apartments, and leaves her there while he goes to wait upon the king. After Philip and the queen have retired, Doña Ana de la Cerda, the Princess of Eboli, seeks out Mendoza and taxes him with the non appearance of his daughter at court. By skilful questioning, she manages to ascertain why Dolores was not present, and then points out to the old general wherein his plans are at fault. She finally persuades Mendoza to place his daughter in her charge, for she hopes, by thus securing the person of Dolores, to further a plot in which she is interested, whereby Don John is to be made king. But when the princess goes to the girls' room, Inez tricks her into believing that she is Dolores, and after accompanying her a short distance, escapes from her. After leaving the king, Don John returns to Dolores and tells her that his majesty purposes paying a visit to his apartments. Presently the king comes, accompanied by Mendoza. Finding that the door leading into the room in which Dolores is concealed is locked, Philip grows suspicious and sends Mendoza for the key. On his way out the old soldier encounters Inez, who is seeking Dolores, and as she is clad in Dolores' garments, he takes the blind girl for her sister. He strives to intercept her, but she escapes from him. In the mean time the king upbraids Don John for his conduct towards him.

XII (Continued).

"IT is certainly true that I have lived much in camps of late," Don John answered, "and that a camp is not a school of manners, any more than the habit of commanding others accustoms a man to courtly submission."

"Precisely. You have learned to forget that you have a superior in Spain, or in the world. You already begin to affect the manners and speech of a sovereign—you will soon claim the dignity of one, too, I have no doubt. The sooner we procure you a kingdom of your own, the better, for your highness will before long become an element of discord in ours."

"Rather than that," answered Don John, "I will live in retirement for the rest of my life."

"We may require it of your highness," replied Philip, standing still and facing his brother. "It may be necessary for our own safety that you should spend some

time at least in very close retirement—very!" He almost laughed.

"I should prefer that to the possibility of causing any disturbance in your majesty's kingdom."

Nothing could have been more gravely submissive than Don John's tone, but the king was apparently determined to rouse his anger.

"Your deeds belie your words," he retorted, beginning to walk again. "There is too much loyalty in what you say, and too much of a rebellious spirit in what you do. The two do not agree together. You mock me."

"God forbid that!" cried Don John. "I desire no praise for what I may have done, but such as my deeds have been they have produced peace and submission in your majesty's kingdom, and not rebellion—"

"And is it because you have beaten a handful of ill armed Moriscos, in the short space of two years, that the people

* Copyright, 1900, by F. Marion Crawford.—This story began in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

follow you in throngs wherever you go, shouting for you, singing your praises, bringing petitions to you by hundreds, as if you were king—as if you were more than that, a sort of god before whom every one must bow down? Am I so simple as to believe that what you have done with such leisure is enough to rouse all Spain, and to make the whole court break out into cries of wonder and applause as soon as you appear? If you publicly defy me and disobey me, do I not know that you believe yourself able to do so, and think your power equal to mine? And how could that all be brought about, save by a party that is for you, by your secret agents everywhere, high and low, forever praising you and telling men, and women, too, of your graces and your generousities and your victories, and saying that it is a pity so good and brave a prince should be but a leader of the king's armies, and then contrasting the king himself with you, the cruel king, the grasping king, the scheming king, the king who has every fault that is not found in Don John of Austria, the people's god? Is that peace and submission? Or is it the beginning of rebellion and revolution and civil war, which is to set Don John of Austria on the throne of Spain, and send King Philip to another world as soon as all is ready?"

Don John listened in amazement. It had never occurred to him any one could believe him capable of the least of the deeds Philip was attributing to him, and in spite of his resolution his anger began to rise. Then, suddenly, as if cold water had been dashed in his face, he remembered that an hour had not passed since he had held Dolores in his arms, swearing to do that of which he was now accused, and that her words only had held him back. It all seemed monstrous now. As she had said, it had been only a bad dream and he had wakened to himself again. Yet the thought of rebellion had more than crossed his mind, for in a moment it had taken possession of him and had seemed to change all his nature from good to bad. In his own eyes he was rebuked, and he did not answer at once.

"You have nothing to say!" exclaimed Philip. "Is there any reason why I should not try you for high treason?"

Don John started at the words, but his anger was gone, and he thought only of Dolores' safety in the near future.

"Your majesty is far too just to accuse an innocent man who has served you faithfully," he answered.

Philip stopped and looked at him curiously and long, trying to detect some sign

of anxiety if not of fear. He was accustomed to torture men with words well enough, before he used other means, and he himself had not believed what he had said. It had been only an experiment tried on a mere chance, and it had failed. At the root of his anger there was only jealousy and personal hatred of the brother who had every grace and charm which he himself had not.

"More kind than just, perhaps," he said, with a slight change of tone towards condescension. "I am willing to admit that I have no proofs against you, but the evidence of circumstances is not in your favor. Take care, for you are observed. You are too much before the world, too imposing a figure, to escape observation."

"My actions will bear it. I only beg that your majesty will take account of them rather than listen to such interpretation as may be put upon them by other men."

"Other men do nothing but praise you," said Philip bluntly. "Their opinion of you is not worth having. I thought I had explained that matter sufficiently. You are the idol of the people, and as if that were not enough, you are the darling of the court, besides being the women's favorite. That is too much for one man to be—take care, I say, take care! Be at more pains for my favor, and at less trouble for your popularity."

"So far as that goes," answered Don John, with some pride, "I think that if men praise me it is because I have served the king as well as I could and with success. If your majesty is not satisfied with what I have done, let me have more to do. I shall try to do even the impossible."

"That will please the ladies," retorted Philip, with a sneer. "You will be overwhelmed with correspondence—your gloves will not hold it all."

Don John did not answer, for it seemed wiser to let the king take this ground than return to his former position.

"You will have plenty of agreeable occupation in time of peace. But it is better that you should be married soon, before you become so entangled with the ladies of Madrid as to make your marriage impossible."

"Saving the last clause," said Don John boldly, "I am altogether of your majesty's opinion. But I fear no entanglements here."

"No—you do not fear them. On the contrary, you live in them as if they were your element."

"No man can say that," answered Don John.

"You contradict me again. Pray, if you have no entanglements, how comes it that you have a lady's letter in your glove?"

"I cannot tell whether it was a lady's letter or a man's."

"Have you not read it?"

"Yes."

"And you refused to show it to me on the ground that it was a woman's secret?"

"I had not read it then. It was not signed, and it might well have been written by a man."

Don John watched the king's face. It was far from improbable, he thought, that the king had caused it to be written or had written it himself, that he supposed his brother to have read it, and desired to regain possession of it as soon as possible. Philip seemed to hesitate whether to continue his cross examination or not, and he looked at the door leading into the ante-chamber, suddenly wondering why Mendoza had not returned. Then he began to speak again, but he did not wish, angry though he was, to face alone a second refusal to deliver the document to him. His dignity would have suffered too much.

"The facts of the case are these," he said, as if he were recapitulating what had gone before in his mind. "It is my desire to marry you to the widowed Queen of Scots, as you know. You are doing all you can to oppose me, and you have determined to marry the dowerless daughter of a poor soldier. I am equally determined that you shall not disgrace yourself by such an alliance."

"Disgrace!" cried Don John loudly, almost before the word had passed the king's lips, and he made half a step forward. "You are braver than I thought you if you dare use that word to me!"

Philip stepped back, growing livid, and his hand was on his rapier. Don John was unarmed, but his sword lay on the table within his reach. Seeing the king afraid, he stepped back.

"No," he said scornfully, "I was mistaken. You are a coward." He laughed as he glanced at Philip's hand, still on the hilt of his weapon and ready to draw it.

In the next room Dolores drew frightened breath, for the tones of the two men's voices had changed suddenly. Yet her heart had leaped for joy when she had heard Don John's cry of anger at the king's insulting word. But Don John was right, for Philip was a coward at heart, and though he inwardly resolved that his brother should be placed under arrest as soon as Mendoza returned, his

present instinct was not to rouse him further. He was indeed in danger, between his anger and his fear, for at any moment he might speak some bitter word, accustomed as he was to the perpetual protection of his guards, but at the next his brother's hands might be on his throat, for he had the coward's true instinct to recognize the man who was quite fearless.

"You strangely forget yourself," he said, with an appearance of dignity. "You spring forward as if you were going to grapple with me, and then you are surprised that I should be ready to defend myself."

"I barely moved a step from where I stand," answered Don John, with profound contempt. "I am unarmed, too. There lies my sword, on the table. But since you are the king as well as my brother, I make all excuses to your majesty for having been the cause of your fright."

Dolores understood what had happened, as Don John meant that she should. She knew also that her position was growing more and more desperate and untenable at every moment; yet she could not blame her lover for what he had said. Even to save her, she would not have had him cringe to the king and ask pardon for his hasty word and movement, still less could she have borne that he should not cry out in protest at a word that insulted her, though ever so lightly.

"I do not desire to insist upon our kinship," said Philip coldly. "If I chose to acknowledge it when you were a boy, it was out of respect for the memory of the emperor. It was not in the expectation of being called brother by the son of a German burgher's daughter."

Don John did not wince, for the words, being literally true and without exaggeration, could hardly be treated as an insult, though they were meant for one, and hurt him, as all reference to his real mother always did.

"Yes," he said, still scornfully; "I am the son of a German burgher's daughter, neither better nor worse. But I am your brother, for all that, and though I shall not forget that you are king and I am subject when we are before the world, yet here we are man and man, you and I, brother and brother, and there is neither king nor prince. But I shall not hurt you, so you need fear nothing. I respect the brother far too little for that, and the sovereign too much."

There was a bad yellow light in Philip's face, and instead of walking towards Don John and away from him, as he had done

hitherto, he began to pace up and down, crossing and recrossing before him, from the foot of the great canopied bed to one of the curtained windows, keeping his eyes upon his brother almost all the time.

"I warned you when I came here that your words should be remembered," he said. "And your actions shall not be forgotten, either. There are safe places, even in Madrid, where you can live in the retirement you desire so much—even in total solitude."

"If it pleases your majesty to imprison Don John of Austria, you have the power. For my part, I shall make no resistance."

"Who shall, then?" asked the king angrily. "Do you expect that there will be a general rising of the people to liberate you, or that there will be a revolution within the palace, brought on by your party, which shall force me to set you free for reasons of state? We are not in Paris, that you should expect the one, nor in Constantinople, where the other might be possible. We are in Spain, and I am master, and my will shall be done, and no one shall cry out against it. I am too gentle with you, too kind! For the half of what you have said and done, Elizabeth of England would have had your life tomorrow. Yes, I consent to give you a chance, the benefit of a doubt there is still in my thoughts about you, because justice shall not be offended and turned into an instrument of revenge. Yes, I am kind, I am clement. We shall see whether you can save yourself. You shall have the chance."

"What chance is that?" asked Don John, growing very quiet, for he saw the real danger near at hand again.

"You shall have an opportunity of proving that a subject is at liberty to insult his sovereign, and that the king is not free to speak his mind to a subject. Can you prove that?"

"I cannot."

"Then, you can be convicted of high treason," answered Philip, his evil mouth curling. "There are several methods of interrogating the accused," he continued. "I dare say you have heard of them."

"Do you expect to frighten me by talking of torture?" asked Don John, with a smile at the implied suggestion.

"Witnesses are also examined," replied the king, his voice thickening again in anticipation of the effect he was going to produce upon the man who would not fear him. "With them, even more painful methods are often employed. Witnesses may be men or women, you know, my dear brother"—he pronounced the

word with a sneer—"and among the many ladies of your acquaintance—"

"There are very few."

"It will be the easier to find the two or three, or perhaps the only one, whom it will be necessary to interrogate—in your presence, most probably, and by torture."

"I was right to call you a coward," said Don John, slowly turning pale till his face was almost as white as the white silks and satins of his doublet.

"Will you give me the letter you were reading when I came here?"

"No."

"Not to save yourself from the executioner's hands?"

"No."

"Not to save—" Philip paused, and a frightful stare of hatred fixed his eyes on his brother. "Will you give me that letter to save Dolores de Mendoza from being torn piecemeal?"

"Coward!"

By instinct Don John's hand went to the hilt of his sheathed sword this time, as he cried out in rage and sprang forward. Even then he would have remembered the promise he had given and would not have raised his hand to strike. But the first movement was enough, and Philip drew his rapier in a flash of light, fearing for his life. Without waiting for an attack, he made a furious pass at his brother's body. Don John's hand went out with the sheathed sword in a desperate attempt to parry the thrust, but the weapon was entangled in the belt that hung to it, and Philip's lunge had been strong and quick as lightning.

With a cry of anger, Don John fell straight backward, his feet seeming to slip from under him on the smooth marble pavement, and with his fall, as he threw out his hands to save himself, the sword flew high into the air, sheathed as it was, and landed far away. He lay at full length, with one arm stretched out, and for a moment the hand twitched in quick spasms. Then it was quite still.

At his feet stood Philip, his rapier in his hand, and blood on its fine point. His eyes shone yellow in the candle light, his jaw had dropped a little, and he bent forward, looking intently at the still, white face.

He had longed for that moment ever since he had entered his brother's room, though even he himself had not guessed that he wanted his brother's life. There was not a sound in the room as he looked at what he had done, and two or three drops of blood fell one by one, very slowly, upon the marble. On the dazzling white

of Don John's doublet there was a small red stain. As Philip watched it, he thought it grew wider and brighter.

Beyond the door, Dolores had fallen upon her knees, pressing her hands to her temples in an agony beyond thought or expression. Her fear had risen to terror while she listened to the last words that had been exchanged, and the king's threat had chilled her blood like ice, though she was brave. She had longed to cry out to Don John to give up her letter or the other, whichever the king wanted—she had almost tried to raise her voice, in spite of every other fear, when she had heard Don John's single word of scorn, and the quick footsteps, the drawing of the rapier from its sheath, the desperate scuffle that had not lasted five seconds, and then the dull fall which meant that one was hurt.

It could only be the king—but that was terrible enough—and yet, if the king had fallen, Don John would have come to the door the next instant. All was still in the room, but her terror made wild noises in her ears. The two men might have spoken now and she could not have heard them—nor the opening of a door, nor any ordinary sound. It was no longer the fear of being heard, either, that made her silent. Her throat was parched and her tongue paralyzed. She remembered suddenly that Don John had been unarmed, and how he had pointed out to Philip that his sword lay on the table. It was the king who had drawn his own, then, and had killed his unarmed brother. She felt as if something heavy were striking her head as the thoughts made broken words, and flashes of light danced before her eyes. With her hands she tried to press feeling and reason and silence back into her brain that would not be quieted, but the certainty grew upon her that Don John was killed, and the tide of despair rose higher with every breath.

The sensation came upon her that she was dying, then and there, of a pain human nature could not endure, far beyond the torments Philip had threatened, and the thought was merciful, for she could not have lived an hour in such agony—something would have broken before then. She was dying, there, on her knees before the door beyond which her lover lay suddenly dead. It would be easy to die. In a moment more she would be with him, forever, and in peace. They would find her there, dead, and perhaps they would be merciful and bury her near him. But that would matter little, since she should be with him always now. In the first grief that struck her and bruised her and

numbed her as with material blows, she had no tears, but there was a sort of choking fire in her throat, and her eyes burned her like hot iron.

She did not know how long she knelt waiting for death. She was dying, and there was no time any more, nor any outward world, nor anything but her lover's dead body on the floor in the next room, and his soul waiting for hers, waiting beside her for her to die also, that they might go together. She was so sure now, that she was wondering dreamily why it took so long to die, seeing that death had taken him so quickly. Could one shaft be aimed so straight and could the next miss the mark? She shook all over, as a new dread seized her. She was not dying—her life clung too closely to her suffering body, her heart was too young and strong to stand still in her breast for grief. She was to live, and bear that same pain a lifetime. She rocked herself gently on her knees, bowing her head almost to the floor.

She was roused by the sound of her father's voice, and the words he was speaking sent a fresh shock of horror through her unutterable grief, for they told her that Don John was dead, and then something else so strange that she could not understand it.

Philip had stood only a few moments, sword in hand, over his brother's body, staring down at his face, when the door opened. On the threshold stood old Mendoza, half stunned by the sight he saw. Philip heard, stood up, and drew back as his eyes fell upon the old soldier. He knew that Mendoza, if no one else, knew the truth now, beyond any power of his to conceal it. His anger had subsided, and a sort of horror, that could never be remorse, had come over him for what he had done. It must have been in his face, for Mendoza understood, and he came forward quickly and knelt down upon the floor to listen for the beating of the heart, and to try whether there was any breath to dim the brightness of his polished scabbard. Philip looked on in silence. Like many an old soldier, Mendoza had some little skill, but he saw the bright spot on the white doublet, and the still face and the hands relaxed, and there was neither breath nor beating of the heart to give hope. He rose silently, and shook his head. Still looking down, he saw the red drops that had fallen upon the pavement from Philip's rapier, and, looking at that, saw that the point was dark. With a gesture of excuse, he took the sword from the king's hand and wiped it quite dry and bright upon his own handkerchief, and

gave it back to Philip, who sheathed it by his side, but never spoke.

Together the two looked at the body for a full minute and more, each silently debating what should be done with it. At last Mendoza raised his head, and there was a strange look in his old eyes and a sort of wan greatness came over his war worn face. It was then that he spoke the words Dolores heard:

"I throw myself upon your majesty's mercy! I have killed Don John of Austria in a private quarrel, and he was unarmed."

Philip understood well enough, and a faint smile of satisfaction flitted through the shadows of his face. It was out of the question that the world should ever know who had killed his brother, and he knew the man who offered to sacrifice himself by bearing the blame of the deed. Mendoza would die, on the scaffold if need be, and it would be enough for him to know that his death saved his king. No word would ever pass his lips. The man's loyalty would bear any proof; he could feel horror at the thought that Philip could have done such a deed, but the king's name must be saved at all costs, and the king's divine right must be sustained before the world. He felt no hesitation from the moment when he saw clearly how this must be done. To accuse some unknown murderer and let it be supposed that he had escaped, would have been worse than useless; the court and half Spain knew of the king's jealousy of his brother; every one had seen that Philip had been very angry when the courtiers had shouted for Don John; already the story of the quarrel about the glove was being repeated from mouth to mouth in the throne room, where the nobles had reassembled after supper.

As soon as it was known that Don John was dead, it would be believed by every one in the palace that the king had killed him or had caused him to be murdered. But if Mendoza took the blame upon himself, the court would believe him, for many knew of Dolores' love for Don John, and knew also how bitterly the old soldier was opposed to their marriage, on the ground that it would be no marriage at all, but his daughter's present ruin. There was no one else in the palace who could accuse himself of the murder and who would be believed to have done it without the king's orders, and Mendoza knew this when he offered his life to shield Philip's honor. Philip knew it, too, and while he wondered at the old man's simple devotion, he accepted it without protest, as his

vast selfishness would have permitted the destruction of all mankind that it might be satisfied and filled.

He looked once more at the motionless body at his feet, and once more at the faithful old man. Then he bent his head with condescending gravity, as if he were signifying his pleasure to receive kindly, for the giver's sake, a gift of little value.

"So be it," he said slowly.

Mendoza bowed his head, too, as if in thanks, and then taking up the long, dark cloak which the king had thrown off on entering, he put it upon Philip's shoulders, and went before him to the door. And Philip followed him without looking back, and both went out upon the terrace, leaving both doors ajar after them. They exchanged a few words more as they walked slowly in the direction of the corridor.

"It is necessary that your majesty should return at once to the throne room, as if nothing had happened," said Mendoza. "Your majesty should be talking unconcernedly with some ambassador or minister when the news is brought that his highness is dead."

"And who shall bring the news?" asked Philip calmly, as if he were speaking to an indifferent person.

"I will, sire," answered Mendoza firmly.

"They will tear you in pieces before I can save you," returned Philip in a thoughtful tone.

"So much the better. I shall die for my king, and your majesty will be spared the difficulty of pardoning a deed which will be unpardonable in the eyes of the whole world."

"That is true," said the king meditatively. "But I do not wish you to die, Mendoza," he added, as an afterthought. "You must escape to France or to England."

"I could not make my escape without your majesty's help, and that would soon be known. It would then be believed that I had done the deed by your majesty's orders, and no good end would have been gained."

"You may be right. You are a very brave man, Mendoza—the bravest I have ever known. I thank you. If it is possible to save you, you shall be saved."

"It will not be possible," replied the soldier, in a low and steady voice. "If your majesty will return at once to the throne room, it may be soon over. Besides, it is growing late, and it must be done before the whole court."

They entered the corridor, and the king walked a few steps before Mendoza, cov-

ering his head with the hood of his cloak, lest any one should recognize him, and gradually increasing his distance as the old man fell behind. Descending by a private staircase, Philip reëntered his own apartments by a small door that gave access to his study without obliging him to pass through the antechamber, and by which he often came and went unobserved. Alone in his innermost room, and divested of his hood and cloak, the king went to a Venetian mirror that stood upon a pier table between the windows, and examined his face attentively. Not a trace of excitement or emotion was visible in the features he saw, but his hair was a little disarranged, and he smoothed it carefully and adjusted it about his ears. From a silver box on the table he took a little scented lozenge and put it into his mouth. No reasonable being would have suspected from his appearance that he had been moved to furious anger and had done a murderous deed less than twenty minutes earlier. His still eyes were quite calm now, and the yellow gleam in them had given place to their naturally uncertain color. With a smile of admiration for his own extraordinary powers, he turned and left the room. He was enjoying one of his rare moments of satisfaction, for the rival he had long hated and was beginning to dread was never to stand in his way again nor to rob him of the least of his attributes of sovereignty.

XIII.

DOLORES had not understood her father's words. All that was clear to her was that Don John was dead and that his murderers were gone. Had there been danger still for herself, she could not have felt it; but there was none now, as she laid her hand upon the key to enter the bedchamber. At first the lock would not open, as it had been injured in some way by being so roughly shaken when Mendoza had tried it. But Dolores' desperate fingers wound themselves upon the key like little ropes of white silk, slender but very strong, and she wrenched at the thing furiously till it turned. The door flew open, and she stood motionless a moment on the threshold. Mendoza had said that Don John was dead, but she had not quite believed it.

He lay on his back as he had fallen, his feet towards her, his graceful limbs relaxed, one arm beside him, the other thrown back beyond his head, the colorless fingers just bent a little and showing the nervous beauty of the hand. The

beautiful young face was white as marble, and the eyes were half open, very dark under the waxen lids. There was one little spot of scarlet on the white satin coat, near the left breast. Dolores saw it all in the bright light of the candles, and she neither moved nor closed her fixed eyes as she gazed. She felt that she was at the end of life; she stood still to see it all and to understand. But though she tried to think, it was as if she had no mind left, no capacity for grasping any new thought, and no power to connect those that had disturbed her brain with the present that stared her in the face. An earthquake might have torn the world open under her feet at that moment, swallowing up the old Alcazar with the living and the dead, and Dolores would have gone down to destruction as she stood, unconscious of her fate, her eyes fixed upon Don John's dead features, her own life already suspended and waiting to follow his. It seemed as if she might stand there till her horror should stop the beating of her own heart, unless something came to rouse her from the stupor she was in.

But gradually a change came over her face, her lids drooped and quivered, her face turned a little upward, and she grasped the door post with one hand, lest she should reel and fall. Then, knowing that she could stand no longer, instinct made a last effort upon her; its invisible power thrust her violently forward in a few swift steps, till her strength broke all at once, and she fell and lay almost upon the body of her lover, her face hidden upon his silent breast, one hand seeking his hand, the other pressing his cold forehead.

It was not probable that any one should find her there for a long time. The servants and gentlemen had been dismissed, and until it was known that Don John was dead, no one would come. Even if she could have thought at all, she would not have cared who saw her lying there; but thought was altogether gone now, and there was nothing left but the ancient instinct of the primeval woman mourning her dead mate alone, with long drawn, hopeless weeping and blinding tears.

They came, too, when she had lain upon his breast a little while and when understanding had wholly ceased and given way to nature. Then her body shook and her breast heaved strongly, almost throwing her upon her side as she lay, and sounds that were hardly human came from her lips; for the first dissolving of a woman's despair into tears is most like the death

agony of those who die young in their strength, when the limbs are wrung at the joints and the light breaks in the upturned eyes, when the bosom heaves and would take in the whole world at one breath, when the voice makes sounds of fear that are beyond words, and worse to hear than any words could be.

Her weeping was wild at first, measureless and violent, broken by sharp cries that hurt her heart like jagged knives, then strangled to a choking silence again and again, as the merciless consciousness that could have killed, if it had prevailed, almost had her by the throat, but was forced back again with cruel pain by the young life that would not die, though living was agony, and death would have been as welcome as air.

Then her loud grief subsided to a lower key, and her voice grew by degrees monotonous and despairing as the turning tide on a quicksand, before bad weather—not diminished, but deeper drawn within itself; and the low moan came regularly with each breath, while the tears flowed steadily. The first wild tempest had swept by, and the more enduring storm followed in its track.

So she lay a long time weeping; and then strong hands were upon her, lifting her up and dragging her away, without warning and without word. She did not understand, and she fancied herself in the arms of some supernatural being of monstrous strength that was tearing her from what was left of life and love. She struggled senselessly, but she could find no foothold as she was swept through the open door. She gasped for breath, as one does in bad dreams, and bodily fear almost reached her heart through its seven fold armor of such grief as makes fear ridiculous and turns mortal danger to an empty show. The time had seemed an age since she had fallen upon dead Don John—it had measured but a short few minutes; it seemed as if she were being dragged the whole length of the dim palace as the strong hands bore her along, yet she was only carried from the room to the terrace; and when her eyes could see, she knew that she was in the open air on a stone seat in the moonlight, the cool night breeze fanning her face, while a gentle hand supported her head—the same hand that had been so masterfully strong a moment earlier. A face she knew and did not dread, though it was unlike other faces, was just at the same height with her own, though the man was standing beside her and she was seated; and the moonlight made very soft shadows in the ill

drawn features of the dwarf, so that his thin and twisted lips were kind and his deep set eyes were overflowing with human sympathy. When he understood that she saw him and was not fainting, he gently drew away his hand and let her head rest against the stone parapet.

She was dazed still, and the tears veiled her sight. He stood before her, as if guarding her, ready in case she should move and try to leave him. His long arms hung by his sides, but not quite motionless, so that he could have caught her instantly had she attempted to spring past him; and he was wise and guessed rightly what she would do. Her eyes brightened suddenly, and she half rose before he held her again.

"No, no!" she said desperately. "I must go to him—let me go—let me go back!"

But his hands were on her shoulders in an instant, and she was as in a vise, forced back to her seat.

"How dare you touch me!" she cried, in the furious anger of a woman beside herself with grief. "How dare you lay hands on me!" she repeated in a rising key, but struggling in vain against his greater strength.

"You would have died if I had left you there," answered the jester. "And, besides, the people will come soon, and they would have found you there, lying on his body, and your good name would have been gone forever."

"My name! What does a name matter? Or anything? Oh, let me go! No one must touch him—no hands that do not love him must come near him. Let me get up—let me go in again!"

She tried to force the dwarf from her—she would have struck him, crushed him, thrown him from the terrace, if she could. She was strong, too, in her grief; but his vast arms were like iron bars growing from his misshapen body. His face was very grave and kind, and his eyes more tender than they had ever been in his life.

"No," he said gently. "You must not go. By and by you shall see him again, but not now. Do not try, for I am much stronger than you, and I will not let you go back into the room."

Then her strength relaxed, and she turned to the stone parapet, burying her face in her crossed arms, and her tears came again. For this the jester was glad, knowing that tears quench the first white heat of such sorrows as can burn out the soul and drive the brain raving mad, when life can bear the torture. He stood still

before her, watching her and guarding her, but he felt that the worst was past, and that before very long he could lead her away to a place of greater safety. He had indeed taken her as far as he could from Don John's door, and out of sight of it, where the long terrace turned to the westward, and where it was not likely that any one should pass at that hour. It had been the impulse of the moment, and he himself had not recovered from the shock of finding Don John's body lifeless on the floor.

He had known nothing of what had happened, but lurking in a corner to see the king pass on his way back from his brother's quarters, he had made sure that Don John was alone, and had gone to his apartment to find out, if he could, how matters had fared, and whether he himself was in further danger or not. He meant to escape from the palace, or to take his own life, rather than be put to the torture, if the king suspected him of being involved in a conspiracy. He was not a common coward, but he feared bodily pain as only such sensitive organizations can, and the vision of the rack and the boot had been before him since he had seen Philip's face at supper. Don John was kind, and would have warned him if he were in danger, and so all might have been well, and by flight or death he might have escaped being torn limb from limb.

So he had gone boldly in, and had found the door ajar and had entered the bed-chamber, and when he had seen what was there, he would have fled at once, for his own safety, not only because Don John's murder was sure to produce terrible trouble, and many inquiries and trials, in the course of which he was almost sure to be lost, but also for the more immediate reason that if he were seen near the body when it was discovered, he should certainly be put to the question ordinary and extraordinary for his evidence.

But he was not a common coward, and in spite of his own pardonable terror, he thought first of the innocent girl whose name and fame would be gone if she were found lying upon her murdered lover's body, and, so far as he could, he saved her before he thought of saving himself, though with infinite difficulty and against her will.

Half paralyzed by her immeasurable grief, she lay against the parapet, and the great sobs came evenly, as if they were counted, shaking her from her head to her waist, and just leaving her a breathing space between each one and the next. The jester felt that he could do nothing. So

long as she had seemed unconscious, he had tried to help her a little by supporting her head with his hand and arm, as tenderly as if she had been his own child. So long as she did not know what he was doing, she was only a human being in distress, and a woman, and deep down in the jester's nature there was a marvelous depth of pity for all things that suffered—the deeper and truer because his own sufferings in the world were great. But it was quite different now that she knew where she was and recognized him. She was no longer a woman now, but a high born lady, one of the queen's maids of honor, a being infinitely far removed above his sphere, and whose hand he was not worthy to touch. He would have dared to be much more familiar with the king himself than with this young girl whom fate had placed in his keeping for a moment.

In the moonlight he watched her, and as he gazed upon her graceful figure and small head and slender, bending arms, it seemed to him that she had come down from an altar to suffer in life, and that it had been almost sacrilege to lay his hands upon her shoulders and keep her from doing her own will. He almost wondered how he had found courage to be so rough and commanding. He was gentle of heart, though it was his trade to make sharp speeches, and there were wonderful delicacies of thought and feeling far down in his suffering cripple's nature.

"Come," he said softly, when he had waited a long time, and when he thought she was growing more quiet. "You must let me take you away, Doña Maria Dolores, for we cannot stay here."

"Take me back to him," she answered. "Let me go back to him!"

"No—to your father—I cannot take you to him. You will be safe there."

Dolores sprang to her feet before the dwarf could prevent her.

"To my father? Oh, no, no, no! Never, as long as I live! I will go anywhere, but not to him! Take your hands from me—do not touch me! I am not strong, but I shall kill you if you try to take me to my father!"

Her small hands grasped the dwarf's wrists and wrung them with desperate energy, and she tried to push him away, so that she might pass him. But he resisted her quietly, planting himself in a position of resistance on his short bowed legs, and opposing the whole strength of his great arms to her girlish violence. Her hands relaxed suddenly in despair.

"Not to my father!" she pleaded in a

broken voice. "Oh, please, please—not to my father!"

The jester did not fully understand, but he yielded, for he could not carry her to Mendoza's apartments by force.

"But what can I do to put you in a place of safety?" he asked, in growing distress. "You cannot stay here."

While he was speaking, a light figure glided out from the shadows, with outstretched hands, and a low voice called Dolores' name, trembling with terror and emotion. Dolores broke from the dwarf and clasped her sister in her arms.

"Is it true?" moaned Inez. "Is it true? Is he dead?" And her voice broke.

XIV.

THE courtiers had assembled again in the great throne room after supper, and the stately dancing, for which the court of Spain was even then famous throughout Europe, had begun. The orchestra was placed under the great arch of the central window on a small raised platform draped with velvets and brocades that hung from a railing, high enough to conceal the musicians as they sat, though some of the instruments and the moving bows of the violins could be seen above it.

The masked dancing, if it were dancing at all, which had been general in the days of the Emperor Maximilian, and which had not yet gone out of fashion altogether at the imperial court of Vienna, had long been relegated to the past in Spain, and the beautiful pavan dances, of which awkward travesties survive in our day, had been introduced instead. As now, the older ladies of the court withdrew to the sides of the hall, leaving the polished floor free for those who danced, and sets formed themselves in the order of their rank from the foot of the throne dais to the lower end. As now, too, the older and graver men congregated together in outer rooms; and there gaming tables were set out, and the nobles lost vast sums at games now long forgotten, by the express authorization of the pious Philip, who saw that everything which could injure the fortunes of the *grandees* must consolidate his own, by depriving them of some of that immense wealth which was an ever ready element of revolution. He did everything in his power to promote the ruin of the most powerful *grandees* in the kingdom by encouraging gaming and all imaginable forms of extravagance, and he looked with suspicion and displeasure upon those more prudent men who guarded their riches carefully, as their fathers

had done before them. But these were few, for it was a part of a noble's dignity to lose enormous sums of money without the slightest outward sign of emotion or annoyance.

It had been announced that the king and queen would not return after supper, and the magnificent gravity of the most formal court in the world was a little relaxed when this was known. Between the strains of music, the voices of the courtiers rose in unbroken conversation, and now and then there was a ripple of fresh, young laughter that echoed sweetly under the high Moorish vault, and died away just as it rose again from below.

Yet the dancing was a matter of state, and solemn enough, though it was very graceful. Magnificent young nobles in scarlet, in pale green, in straw color, in tender shades of blue, all satin and silk and velvet and embroidery, led lovely women slowly forward with long and gliding steps that kept perfect time to the music, and turned and went back, and wound mazy figures with the rest, under the waxen light of the waxen torches, and returned to their places with deep courtesies on the one side and sweeping obeisance on the other. The dresses of the women were richer by far with gold and silver and pearls and other jewels than those of the men, but were generally darker in tone, for that was the fashion then. Their skirts were straight and barely touched the floor, being made for a time when dancing was a part of court life, and when every one within certain limits of age was expected to dance well. There was no exaggeration of the ruffle then, nor had the awkward hoop skirt been introduced in Spain. Those were the earlier days of Queen Elizabeth's reign, before Queen Mary was imprisoned; it was the time, indeed, when the rough Bothwell had lately carried her off and married her, after a fashion, with so little ceremony that Philip paid no attention to the marriage at all, and deliberately proposed to make her Don John's wife. The matter was freely talked of on that night by the noble ladies of elder years who gossiped while they watched the dancing.

That was indeed such a court as had not been seen before, nor was ever seen again, whether one count beauty first, or riches and magnificence, or the marvel of splendid ceremony and the faultless grace of studied manners, or even the cool recklessness of great lords and ladies who could lose a fortune at play as if they were throwing a handful of coin to a beggar in the street.

The Princess of Eboli stood a little apart from the rest, having just returned to the ballroom, and her eyes searched for Dolores in the crowd, though she scarcely expected to see her there. It would have been almost impossible for the girl to put on a court dress in so short a time, though since her father had allowed her to leave her room, she could have gone back to dress if she had chosen.

The princess had rarely been at a loss in her evil life, and had seldom been baffled in anything she had undertaken, since that memorable occasion on which her husband, soon after her marriage, had forcibly shut her up in a convent for several months, in the vain hope of cooling her indomitable temper. But now she was nervous and uncertain of herself. Not only had Dolores escaped her, but Don John had disappeared also, and the princess had not the least doubt but that the two were somewhere together, and she was very far from being sure that they had not already left the palace. Antonio Perez had informed her that the king had promised not to see Don John that night, and for once she was foolish enough to believe the king's word.

Perez came up to her as she was debating what she should do. She told him her thoughts, laughing gaily from time to time, as if she were telling him some very witty story, for she did not wish those who watched them to guess that the conversation was serious. Perez laughed, too, and answered in low tones, with many gestures meant to deceive the court.

"The king did not take my advice," he said. "I had scarcely left him when he went to Don John's apartments."

"How do you know that?" asked the princess, with some anxiety.

"He found the door of an inner room locked, and he sent Mendoza to find the key. Fortunately for the old man's feelings, it could not be found. He would have had an unpleasant surprise."

"Why?"

"Because his daughter was in the room that was locked," laughed Perez.

"When? How? How long ago was that?"

"Half an hour—not more."

"That is impossible. Half an hour ago Dolores de Mendoza was with me."

"Then, there was another lady in the room," Perez laughed again. "Better than you, he added."

"You are wrong," said the princess, and her face darkened. "Don John has not so much as deigned to look at any other woman these two years."

"You should know that best," returned the secretary, with a little malice in his smile.

It was well known in the court that two or three years earlier, during the horrible intrigue that ended in the death of Don Carlos, the Princess of Eboli had done her best to bring Don John of Austria to her feet, and had failed notoriously. She was angry now, and the rich color came into her handsome dark face.

"Don Antonio Perez," she said, "take care! I have made you. I can also unmake you."

Perez assumed an air of simple and innocent surprise, as if he were quite sure that he had said nothing to annoy her, still less to wound her deeply. He believed that she really loved him and that he could play with her, as if his own intelligence far surpassed hers. In the first matter he was right, but he was very much mistaken in the second.

"I do not understand," he said. "If I have done anything to offend you, pray forgive my ignorance, and believe in the unchanging devotion of your most faithful slave."

His dark eyes became very expressive as he bowed a little, with a graceful gesture of deprecation. The princess laughed lightly, but there was still a spark of annoyance in her look.

"Why does Don John not come?" she asked impatiently. "We should have danced together. Something must have happened—can you not find out?"

Others were asking the same question in surprise, for it had been expected that Don John would enter immediately after the supper. His name was heard from end to end of the hall, in every conversation, wherever two or three persons were talking together. It was in the air, like his popularity, everywhere and in everything, and the expectation of his coming produced a sort of tension that was felt by every one. The men grew more witty, the younger women's eyes brightened, though they constantly glanced towards the door of the state apartments by which Don John should enter, and as the men's conversation became more brilliant the women paid less attention to it, for there was hardly one of them who did not hope that Don John might notice her before the evening was over; there was not one who did not fancy herself a little in love with him, as there was hardly a man there who would not have drawn his sword for him and fought for him with all his heart. Many, though they dared not say so, secretly wished that some evil might befall

Philip, and that he might soon die childless, since he had destroyed his only son and only heir, and that Don John might be king in his stead. The Princess of Eboli and Perez knew well enough that their plan would be popular, if they could ever bring it to maturity.

The music swelled and softened, and rose again in those swaying strains that inspire an irresistible bodily longing for rhythmical motion, and which have infinite power to call up all manner of thoughts, passionate, gentle, hopeful, regretful, by turns. In the middle of the hall more than a hundred dancers moved, swayed, and glided in time with the sound, changed places and touched hands in the measure, tripped forward and back and sidewise, and met and parted again without pause, the colors of their dresses mingling to rich unknown hues in the candle light, as the figure brought many together, and separating into a hundred elements again when the next steps scattered them; the jewels in the women's hair, the clasps of diamonds and precious stones at throat and shoulder and waist, all moved with an intricate motion, in orbits that crossed and recrossed in the tinted sea of silk, and flashed all at once, as the returning burden of the music brought the dancers to stand and turn at the same beat of the measure.

Men laugh at dancing and love it, and women, too, and no one can tell where its charm is, but few have not felt it, or longed to feel it, and its beginnings are very far away in primeval humanity, beyond the reach of theory, unless instinct may explain all simply, as it well may. For light and grace and sweet sound are things of beauty which last forever, and love is the source of the future and the explanation of the past; and that which can bring into itself both love and melody and grace and light must needs be a spell to charm men and women.

There was more than that in the air on that night, for Don John's return had set free that most intoxicating essence of victory, which turns to a mad fire in the veins of a rejoicing people, making the least man of them feel himself a soldier and a conqueror and a sharer in undying fame. They had loved him from a child, they had seen him outgrow them in beauty and skill and courage, and they had loved him still the more for being the better man; and now he had done a great deed, and had fulfilled and overfilled their greatest expectations, and in an instant he leaped from the favorite's place in their hearts to the hero's height on the altar

of their wonder, to be the young god of a nation that loved him. Not often in the world's story has a man so young done such great things as he had done and was to do before his short life was ended; never, perhaps, was any man so honored by his own people, so trusted, and so loved.

They could talk only of him, wondering more and more that he stayed away from them on such a night, yet sure that he would come, and join the dancing, for as he fought with a skill beyond that of other swordsmen, so he danced with the most surpassing grace. They longed to see him, to look into his face, to hear his voice, perhaps to touch his hand; for he was free of manner and gentle to all, and if he came he would go from one to another, and remember each with royal memory, and find kind words for every one. They wanted him among them, they felt a sort of tense desire to see him again, and even to shout for him again, as the vulgar herd did in the streets—as they themselves had done but an hour ago when he had stood out beside the throne.

Young men, darkly flushed from dancing, swore that whenever Don John should be next sent with an army, they would go, too, and win his battles and share in his immortal glory; and grand, gray men who wore the Golden Fleece, men who had seen great battles in the emperor's day, stood together and talked of him, and praised God that Spain had another hero of the Austrian house, to strike terror to the heart of France, to humble England at last, and to grasp what little of the world was not already gathered in the hollow of Spain's vast hand.

Antonio Perez and the Princess of Eboli parted and went among the courtiers, listening to all that was to be heard and feeding the fire of enthusiasm, and met again to exchange glances of satisfaction, for they were well pleased with the direction matters were taking, and the talk grew more free from minute to minute, till many, carried away by a force they could not understand and did not seek to question, were openly talking of the succession to the throne, of Philip's apparent ill health, and of the chance that they might before long be doing service to his majesty King John.

The music ceased again, and the couples dispersed about the hall, to collect again in groups. There was a momentary lull in the talk, too, as often happens when a dance is just over, and at that moment the great door beside the throne was opened, with a noise that attracted the attention of all; and all believed that Don John

was returning, while all eyes were fixed upon the entrance to catch the first glimpse of him.

"Don John is coming! It is Don John of Austria! Don John is here!"

It was almost a universal cry of welcome. An instant later a dead silence followed as the chamberlain's clear voice announced the royal presence, and King Philip advanced upon the platform of the throne. For several seconds not a sound broke the stillness, and he came slowly forward, followed by half a dozen nobles in immediate attendance upon him. But though he must have heard his brother's name in the general chorus of voices as soon as the door had been thrown open, he seemed by no means disconcerted; on the contrary, he smiled almost affably, and his eyes were less fixed than usual, as he looked about him with something like an air of satisfaction. As soon as it was clear that he meant to descend the steps to the floor of the hall, the chief courtiers came forward, Ruy Gomez de Silva, Prince of Eboli; Alvarez de Toledo, the terrible Duke of Alva, the Dukes of Medina Sidonia and of Infantado, Don Antonio Perez, the chief secretary; the ambassadors of Queen Elizabeth of England and of France, and a dozen others, bowing so low that the plumes of their hats literally touched the floor.

"Why is there no dancing?" asked Philip, addressing Ruy Gomez, with a smile.

The minister explained that one of the dances was but just over.

"Let there be more at once," answered the king. "Let there be dancing and music without end tonight. We have good reason to keep the day with rejoicing, since the war is over, and Don John of Austria has come back in triumph."

The command was obeyed instantly, as Ruy Gomez made a sign to the leader of the musicians, who was watching him intently in expectation of the order. The king smiled again as the long strain broke the silence and the conversation began again all through the hall, though in a far more subdued tone than before, and with much more caution. Philip turned to the English ambassador.

"It is a pity," he said, "that my sister of England cannot be here with us on such a night as this. We saw no such sights in London in my day, my lord."

"There have been changes since then, sire," answered the ambassador. "The queen is very much inclined to magnificence and to great entertainments, and

does not hesitate to dance herself, being of a very vital and pleasant temper. Nevertheless, your majesty's court is by far the most splendid in the world."

"There you are right, my lord!" exclaimed the king. "And for that matter, we have beauty also, such as is found nowhere else."

The Princess of Eboli was close by, waiting for him to speak to her, and his eyes fixed themselves upon her face with a sort of cold and snake-like admiration, to which she was well accustomed, but which even now made her nervous. The ambassador was not slow to take up the cue of flattery, for Englishmen still knew how to flatter in Elizabeth's day.

"The inheritance of universal conquest," he said, bowing and smiling to the princess. "Even the victories of Don John of Austria must yield to that."

The princess laughed carelessly. Had Perez spoken the words, she would have frowned, but the king's eyes were watching her.

"His highness has fled from the field without striking a blow," she said. "We have not seen him this evening." As she spoke, she met the king's gaze with a look of inquiry.

"Don John will be here presently, no doubt," he said, as if answering a question. "Has he not been here at all since supper?"

"No, sire; though every one expected him to come at once."

"That is strange," said Philip, with perfect self-possession. "He is fond of dancing, too—no one can dance better than he. Have you ever known a man so roundly gifted as my brother, my lord?"

"A most admirable prince," answered the ambassador gravely, and without enthusiasm, for he feared that the king was about to speak of his brother's possible marriage with Queen Mary of Scots.

"And a most affectionate and gentle nature," said Philip, musing. "I remember from the time when he was a boy that every one loved him and praised him, and yet he is not spoiled. He is always the same. He is my brother—how often have I wished for such a son! Well, he may yet be king. Who should, if not he, when I am gone?"

"Your majesty need not anticipate such a frightful calamity!" cried the princess fervently, though she was at that moment weighing the comparative advantage of several mortal diseases by which, in appearance at least, his exit from the world might be accelerated.

(To be continued.)

STORIETTES

Trooper Buttons' Ride.

"EVERYBODY at the post laughed when Buttons came in as a rookie. What's a rookie? Why, I thought everybody knew that. He's a raw recruit. Just so, a fellow who joins the army without knowing anything of the game. But of all the rookies that ever joined A Troop, Buttons was about the orneriest. Why, you'll not believe me, sir, but when he came to our mess he didn't know the difference between a helmet cord and a McCarthy strap. What's that? Why, a crupper strap. Lord, I thought everybody knew that! Well, about Buttons. He was the awkwardest little cuss that ever came over the trail, I guess. But he was dead game. That's his grave over there; that little pile near the officers' row. Yes, he was dead game, and no mistake.

"His story? Well, it's a fairly good one, and if you would like to hear it, I'll tell it to you. But, then, I'm not much of a story teller. You see, I've been soldiering so long I don't seem to know anything else. Smoke? Well, yes, I do sometimes. But, as I was saying—"

Here the old trooper suddenly stepped briskly from the path we had been following, his form grew rigidly upright, and his hand swept in a wide and graceful curve to the visor of his cap, as he saluted an officer who brushed by us with a careless nod and wave of the arm in reply. Corporal Burns, as my companion was called, turned and gazed after the officer for a moment, and then to me:

"Notice him, sir? That's the old man. He was my captain when Buttons made his ride. He's major now, and commands our squadron. Not much for style, maybe, but a better soldier never laid leg over saddle flap. A little hard on the men, but I guess he don't mean it all. He was down on Buttons and made it mighty hard for him. I reckon the old man feels it, too.

"How did Buttons get his name? Well, I reckon I gave it to him. You see, he was so blamed neat. Now, A Troop never was much for style, but the very devil to fight. This little chap—Randall was his name—was always and forever cleaning up. Now, we men of A Troop kept our arms bright and in good order, and let the uniforms get a bit rusty until inspection.



It was one hot summer day that I went to our barracks when relieved from orderly duty.

"The boys were lounging about or sleeping, all but Buttons. He was bur-nishing the buttons on his blouse. It made me hotter than ever to see him, and I hailed him as 'Buttons.' This made the boys laugh, and big McLaughlin, our sergeant—he's first sergeant now—growled out that that was a good name, as it was all the coward was good for, any way.

"Well, sir, we all howled, and Buttons got white and left the barracks without a word. He wouldn't talk back, and we thought he was a coward. But, Lord, he had more sand than any man in that troop, or the whole regiment, for that matter!

"I'll never forget that ride. It was less than a year after I gave Buttons his name. One morning in came a cowboy all blood. Pedrillo and his band were out, and ranches were going up in smoke, with the rancheros and vaqueros, as they call them there, to feed the flames. We welcomed the news, for we had been quiet for a couple of months. Our garrison turned out before noon, A and B Troops in the lead, where we liked to be. Our major commanded, and off we went to the west to Duncan's ranch. A pile of blackened timbers, smoking stones, and a few scattered bones were all that was left. The



"PEDRILLO AND HIS BAND WERE OUT, AND RANCHES WERE GOING UP IN SMOKE."

flutter of a woman's apron on a chaparral bush caught our eyes, and a hoarse roar rose up from the ranks. The major's eyes flashed fire as, rising in his stirrups, he yelled: 'Captains Barkeley and Curtis, file your men slowly past that apron. It's the flag of this campaign! Fours right, trot, march!'

"Well, sir, we paraded by that ragged apron, and then at the word dashed off on the trail. As we swung into the gallop, I saw a trooper rush to the front with that apron. It was white when we got it, but it was blood red when the campaign ended. That trooper was Buttons. He waited quietly as we swept by, and then

took his place in the ranks and rode on. He'd broke ranks without leave, but, Lord, sir, nobody said anything! I reckon we had begun to find out we were mistaken in our man. Off into the alkaline plains we dashed, until the dust covered shoulder straps, stripes, and chevrons, and the only





"FILE YOUR MEN SLOWLY PAST THAT APRON. IT'S THE FLAG OF THIS CAMPAIGN!"

way you could tell an officer was by where he rode.

"Into canyons and over hills we stormed, far in advance of the main body of troops. That night our Pueblo scouts—Indians themselves—reported that we were in striking distance of the redskins. But they could give us no clear idea of the number of our foes. We were miles in front; could we attack without support? Every man of us was eager for the fray, for that apron fluttered in the lazy wind near where the major sat his horse.

"We slept on our arms, and the next morning carefully felt our way until we were certain that Pedrillo had given us the slip. Then on once more, in a hot

gallop in spite of the fearful sun. As night was about to fall again, we filed down a narrow pass to a plain skirted on each side by a little mountain stream, and protected by a huge bluff as straight as a wall. As we formed once more at the bottom of the pass, the sides of the slope and the hill across the creek blazed with the fire of the concealed reds. In that volley half a dozen A Troop saddles were emptied.

"Up into the fading light went the major's saber, with the white apron on it. Straight for the creek he rode, yelling the charge. Straight after him, riding like a rock, far in advance of the troop, rode Buttons. After them we thundered, our carbines and heavy pistols an-

swering the fire. Once more those hills were lighted up with that awful glare. Major Long's arms shot upward, he wav-

a jutting point of the bluff. In there we piled, those of us that were alive. Here Captain Barkeley, now in command,



"HE WAVERED A MINUTE, AND THEN TOPPLED INTO THE ARMS OF OUR LITTLE ROOKIE."

ered a minute, and then toppled into the arms of our little rookie. Officers and men swerved to the right and in behind

formed his shattered troops around the base of the bluff, with horses' bodies as breastworks. Five times we drove the

painted warriors back. Three days we fought, with no sign of relief. The doctor was covered with a dozen wounds. It was death to steal out of camp for water.

"'Boys,' said the old man, 'we must have help by sunrise or it's all up. I want somebody to volunteer to take one of the horses still living and ride like hell for help. Who'll go?'

"Would you believe it, not a man budged? The old man's face turned white, then purple. He muttered in his whiskers and then turned to B Troop. Just then a soft voice said, 'If the captain please, I'll go.' It was Buttons. He was pale from loss of blood. A bullet had cut a crease along one side of his hard little head. He had that apron around his waist, stained with his and the major's blood; but he was game.

"The old man glared at him, but he never flinched. Then the old man mumbled something about somebody being a damn fool, and then he stuttered: 'Why, hang it, man, you're hurt, and, besides, you can't stand the ride.' 'Just try me, sir,' was what that game little chap said.

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, Buttons and another fellow started on that ride. About moonrise they sneaked from the camp on two of the best horses in the whole district, the old man's and the lieutenant's. They skirted the bluff, passed out of the lines, and with their mounts' hoofs muffled, made off to the northwest without getting a shot or sign of the Indians.

"The other fellow started a hot gallop as soon as he felt that the lines of the redskins had been passed. Buttons came after him like a flash, laid a firm hand on his bridle, and said: 'Save your nag till later. In a couple of hours we've got to ride like hell, as the old man said. We'll need all the speed and stay in them then.' Off they went, out into the night, with the chill wind whistling in their ears, and nothing but the moon and stars to guide them. On and on those fellows rode, with their horses well in hand. All at once Buttons clapped his hand to his shoulder, tugged at his shirt for a minute, and, lying low over his mount, said: 'Now's the time. Ride like the very devil.'

"As he gave his nag free rein, those wild hills seemed peopled by a thousand demons. Yells rose on all sides. From both flanks and rear came shots hissing and singing, and sometimes a sound more awful to the old soldier, the whisper of an arrow. Fortunately, they all missed in the darkness—that is, all but one. Like hunted devils, those troopers tore across the

arid plains till the heaving flanks and wide spread nostrils of their mounts told them the end was not far off. Still the shots and yells followed them. Away in the east a thin gray streak spoke of the coming day. Would it bring safety or death? On they struggled, their horses blowing and fighting to keep ahead of the chasing redskins. Now they could see the painted faces of their foes in the rapidly gathering light of dawn.

"As they struggled painfully up a little rise, the welcome notes of reveille rang out on the clear morning air. The Indians heard it, halted, and then vanished. Into that camp the two soldiers rode, almost played out. Up to the tent of the commander they dashed, almost dropping from their weary horses. Buttons rose stiffly in his seat, saluted the colonel, and reported that Barkeley was in deadly peril at the Devil's Throatlatch. Then he muttered something, toppled forward, and fell to the ground. The doctor hurried up, but, Lord, it was no use! Well, sir, there's not very much more to tell. The other fellow——"

"Who happened to be Burns, by the by, sir," broke in Sergeant McLaughlin, who had come up unnoticed during the recital. "He came to our relief with a heavy column. There was a hot fight, and the red devils paid dearly for that apron and the life of as gallant a boy as ever sighted a carbine."

"And Buttons?" I asked.

"Poisoned arrow, sir," said Burns, who had blushed a rosy red when his name was mentioned. "Shot through the shoulder. He rode four hours face to face with certain death. He knew it well, but he never whimpered. He died because no mortal skill could save him."

A thick cloud of smoke rose about the face and form of the old trooper, completely concealing him from me. At last from out of the blue haze, in a muffled voice, came these words: "He was dead game, sir."

Henry L. Sterrett.

The Lucky Dog.

"HARD alee, Miss Daskam," said Barton apologetically, but the girl did not bend her head. She was looking steadily at the broad expanse of marsh towards which the sloop was rushing. Broad River belied its name at this point, the marsh sedge marching far out from either bank till the channel at low water was a scant half mile wide. Mud oozed and shimmered in the sun at the roots of the



"REALLY, MISS DASKAM, WE MUST COME ABOUT."

sedge, and ragged strips of cove oysters fringed the marsh; salt rivulets streamed through the grass and furrowed the mud of the beach as the tide receded. Miss Daskam shaded her eyes with her hand, and gazed steadfastly at a mud bank directly before her.

"Really, Miss Daskam, we must come about," said Barton again, as the marsh loomed under the bow of the Gull; he pushed over the tiller, and the boom creaked across. The tall girl bent impatiently, just in time.

"I'm ever so sorry," began Barton, "but we'd been in the mud in a moment

more. I just had to come about, you know." He was an athletic young fellow, brown of face, deep of voice, and broad of shoulders, so that his shamefaced air did not become him.

"Of course you did; why apologize?" said the girl, a little scornfully. "I thought I saw some animal in the marsh."

"A 'coon, probably," he answered. "They come down to eat the oysters at low tide."

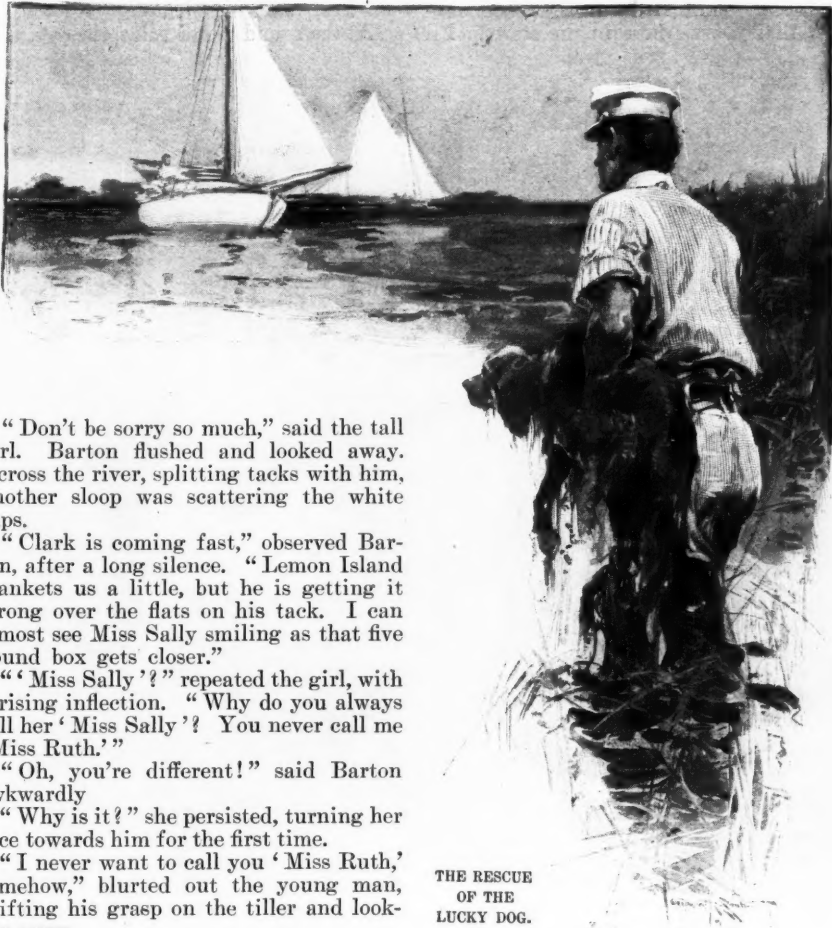
The big sail filled on the other tack, and the water murmured musically as the boat, heeling well over, dashed towards the opposite marsh on a long slant. The

girl readjusted her cushions against the new weather rail and leaned back.

"Sorry I can't leave the helm to fix things for you," said Barton anxiously. "As soon as we round Lemon Island, we'll have a run of it, and then I can make you more comfortable."

the marsh, the animal stopped and raised a dismal cry. Barton jumped up and stood shading his eyes with his hand.

"Why, that's a dog, Miss Daskam!" he said. "That's certainly a dog!" He threw his weight against the tiller, and the sloop began to swing from her course.



THE RESCUE
OF THE
LUCKY DOG.

"Don't be sorry so much," said the tall girl. Barton flushed and looked away. Across the river, splitting tacks with him, another sloop was scattering the white caps.

"Clark is coming fast," observed Barton, after a long silence. "Lemon Island blankets us a little, but he is getting it strong over the flats on his tack. I can almost see Miss Sally smiling as that five pound box gets closer."

"Miss Sally?" repeated the girl, with a rising inflection. "Why do you always call her 'Miss Sally'? You never call me 'Miss Ruth.'"

"Oh, you're different!" said Barton awkwardly.

"Why is it?" she persisted, turning her face towards him for the first time.

"I never want to call you 'Miss Ruth,' somehow," blurted out the young man, shifting his grasp on the tiller and looking away.

"Oh!" said the tall girl, smiling slowly and looking away once more.

"Are coons ever white, Mr. Barton?" asked the girl suddenly, as they approached the marsh once more.

"Good Lord, no!" exclaimed Barton, following the direction of her gaze. He saw something that may have been white once, but that was now daubed thickly with slime and mud, wallowing desperately through the marsh, striving to reach that part of the beach towards which the sloop was heading. At the edge of one of the numerous creeks that flowed through

"You are losing ground, Mr. Barton," she said gravely. "You are letting Sally's boat outpoint you."

"I've got to drop down a little to reach the dog," he said. "He's so weak he can never cross the creek."

"But you're losing the race," said the girl sharply. "You're letting Sally win. Do you really mean to throw away our race?"

"That dog will be drowned in a couple of hours, when the tide turns," he said. "Perhaps you did not know that."

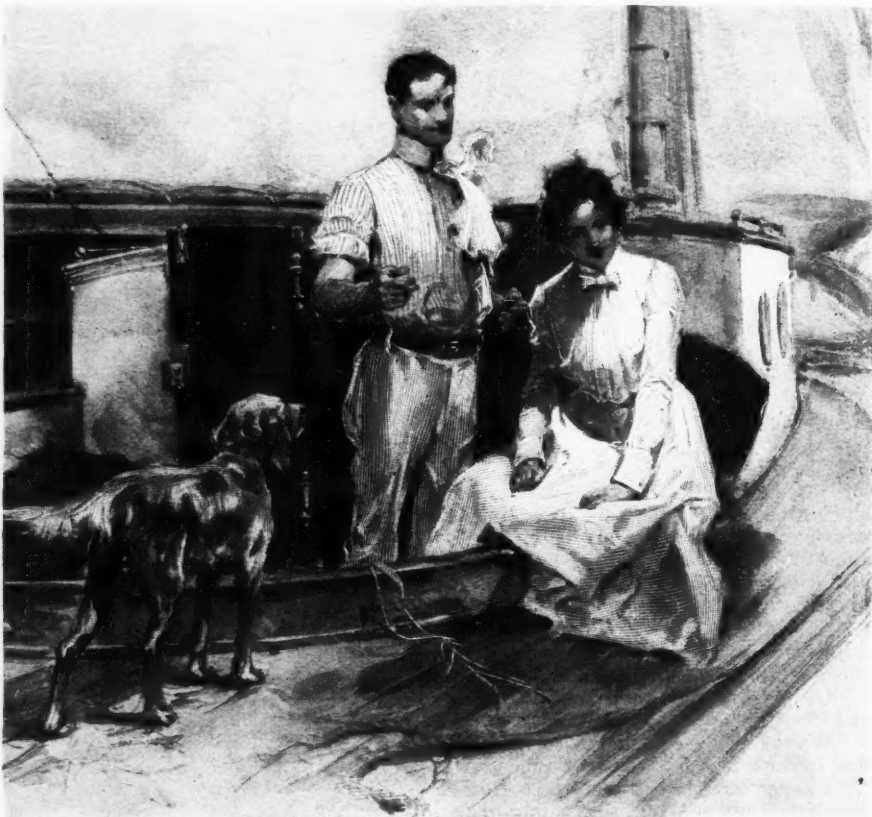
"I know you are deliberately giving our race to Sally," said the girl, looking at him strangely.

"There's never a woman lived for whose whim I'd let a dog drown before my eyes," he blurted out. "May I suggest that you sit here in the stern? I'll

once more, Miss Daskam?" he called, as he approached the boat. "My friend and I are a little muddy. I suppose we had better keep on and lunch with them at Port Royal eventually," suggested Barton coolly when the change had been effected. "I can borrow ducks from one of the naval officers."

"Yes," said the girl.

At the sound of her voice, the dog, shiv-



"ARE YOU NOT GLAD NOW THAT WE PICKED HIM UP?"

have to drop that sail in a moment, and the gaff may strike you. It will come down with a run."

He was looking straight at her at last, and his face was sternly set with an expression she had never seen before. A moment later, the sloop pushed her nose into the mud and stopped with a slight jar. Barton promptly jumped for the beach and sank up to his knees in the soft mud. Floundering out, he trudged through mud and water to where the dog crouched and whimpered.

"May I trouble you to sit amidships

ering at Barton's feet, looked up. Nothing more was said, but the dog looked unwinkingly at Miss Daskam with pleading eyes. Barton looked steadily over the water. By and by the dog began to wag his dripping tail. A moment later he lurched over to the girl and curled himself up on the train of her white duck skirt, thumping himself down with a sigh of content.

"Here! Here!" cried Barton, springing to his feet in sudden dismay. To his blank amazement, the girl bent over and caressed the dog's wet head.

"Let him lie there, please," she said gently.

Barton sat down again abruptly and stared long at both of them.

"It seems to me I'm pretty happy for a loser," he said at last, apparently addressing the gaff.

"Are you?" asked the girl, glancing at him from half shut eyes.

"Dogs know a lot, don't they?" he said, after another tranquil silence.

"More than men?" said the girl.

"More than I did," he answered, taking a critical survey of his mainsail.

"Did?" she asked, bending low over the sleeping dog.

"Now we're clear of Lemon Island," he cried with great satisfaction. "It's a straight run down the river before the wind."

He changed the course of the sloop and loosed the sheet. The boom swung far out, and the great sail screened all in the Gull from the gaze of the boat ahead as effectually as if the drop curtain of a theater had fallen. Fastening his sheet, Barton took a hitch around the tiller with the loose end. Then, silently, he came to the girl, knelt beside her, and took her in his muddy arms. The blood flamed into her face and her breath came fast as she struggled against his tender might. Then she lifted her face to his bravely, and he saw love in her shining eyes. The dog moved uneasily, yawned, and trotted to the stern, where he surveyed them both with placid indifference.

"Oh, I forgot!" said Barton. He jumped up and stood very straight before her. "Miss Daskam," he said gravely, "will you please marry a fellow?"

"Not if he stands 'way off there," said the girl, equally grave.

"That's what the dog told me," said Barton, smiling down at her. "While I stood far off, he came close and found love in your heart. Are you not glad now that we picked him up?"

"It would have broken my heart if you had let him drown," she said frankly. "I love you because you are the kind of a man that would lose a race and a woman, too, if he thought it right."

Suddenly she held out both her white arms to him with an impulsive grace.

Andrew Comstock McKenzie.

A Juvenile Philosopher.

As Miss Trelling walked down the avenue, she held her skirts above her dainty patent leathers, and her head, with its jaunty hat, was held higher still, the color flaming high, too, in her round cheeks and showing off beautifully against the background of her chinchilla collar—which in itself was a marvel of height and of elegance as well. The rustle of her skirts, the defiant nodding plumes, emphasized the annoyance in her voice.

"I shall resign from the club—that's all—and, what's more, I'll resign from every club I belong to! A woman's club—huh! A cat's club would be a better name! Nothing on earth would induce me to stay another day in the hateful thing, and I'll resign as soon as I can reach pen and ink to do it with. Every one of them has some 'good reason' that'll keep her from appearing on the program on Monday—every one of



"I'LL RESIGN FROM EVERY CLUB I BELONG TO!"

them is in league to see the whole thing fail because I've put my very heart and soul in it to make it go. Well, they'll be in a pretty mess when I give it all up! There's not another one who'd have worked as hard as I have, and the club will all go to pieces if this entertainment doesn't go through. I don't care—I'd be too glad for anything!"

She had overtaken a boy of seven or eight—a dirty little boy, with muddy shoes and worsted cap. Miss Trelling's rebellion against women could not destroy her interest in youngsters, and especially in a boy who scuffed his feet so attractively, and who could balance a curved stick so cleverly when he was not rattling it against the fences he passed.

He was walking in a leisurely way that betokened ease of mind and plenty of time



"ME 'N' THE BOYS HAD FIGHTS ALL DAY"

to get home before dinner. As she neared him, the poised stick wavered and fell back, but was quickly caught.

"I thought it was going to hit me," she said, and smiled; then an irresistible desire to talk to this sturdy little fellow took possession of her. The more she thought of those club women, the better she liked this boy.

The boy glanced at her and shyly smiled. Her elegance oppressed him, although he felt the air of comradeship.

"I know what that stick makes me think of," she said half to herself as she passed him. This was a subtle move, and worked admirably.

"What?" he asked, running a little, so as to catch up.

She exerted herself to hold the little fellow's interest. It was soothing to feel that somebody appreciated her efforts, even if it was only a little boy.

"Why," she said, looking ahead and speaking gravely—she had learned that to look a new child acquaintance straight in the eye was to embarrass him—"why, it makes me think of a bow, an Indian's bow, you know, that he strings up and shoots arrows with."

"It makes me think of one, too!" exclaimed the boy.

She slowed a little, but imperceptibly—so as not to seem to be accommodating him.

"Only," she went on, giving a swift glance at the stick and its owner, "it is sawed in a curve; it isn't a real rod bent to that shape. I don't believe I could string it up and use it for killing people."

"I could," he asserted. "I'm strong. Me 'n' the boys go in the woods sometimes and chop down trees. One boy chops on one side, and another on t'other. Then we carry it off and chop it up, and sometimes we make bows and play Indian. Once I went to the country—in Springfield, Illinois."

"Indeed!" said Miss Trelling in mild surprise, and smiled down on him.

He smiled back and showed a gap in his front teeth, with the promise of future incisors gleaming in pearly scallops from his pink gum.

"Yes, 'n' I rode the pig, and he threw me off in the pond, and the ducks all flew up all over me, an'—an'—" In his excitement he met her eyes again, and a sudden restraint fell on him. She felt that

she had made a mistake to look at him then, so she said quietly:

"I don't believe you ever went to the zoo here." Then she gazed long and earnestly across the street, to give him time to recover.

"Yes, I have," he said after a pause, and then walked behind a little, rattling his stick again on an iron fence.

"Say, I went there once," he called as the distance between them widened. She didn't turn. Should he let that lady go, thinking him such a baby that he hadn't ever been to the zoo? He ran up to her side. She knew children. She was sure he would come.

"I say, I have been there."

"Oh," she answered.

"Yes, me 'n' the boys went one day. There was a great big ground hog, as long as from here to that fence"—the distance was about ten feet—"and they had to put concrete under the dirt to keep him from gnawing out. But say, he gnawed through everything. Say, did you ever go out with a lot of boys and have 'em treat you mean all day?"

"No"—Miss Trelling did not smile—"but I've been with ladies who did."

"Well, me 'n' the boys had fights all day. They wanted to pitch me into the mud all the time."

"Just like those ladies," said Miss Trelling.

The boy looked at her for a moment in incredulous surprise. It was too deep a problem. He gave it up and went on:

"An' I said if they didn't stop I'd go home and break up the whole gang—"

Here he gave her a look to see if she had been paralyzed at his firmness. Her mouth was tightly set.

"Well, that's just what I said."

"Well, I bet you didn't do it, though."

"I'm just going home now to do it," she answered. His incredulity deepened.

"They ain't a speck o' mud on you," he announced after a critical survey.

"Well, what did you do?" said she, returning to his story.

"Well, they threw me into the creek once, but I wasn't afraid. They ain't no snake that can bite under water except copperheads and water snakes, and I hadn't seen any of them around, so I wasn't scared. I came out and dared 'em all to fight, and none of them would. Then I thought I'd miss a lot of fun if I went home and left them, so I stayed and helped push another boy in. I'm head o' the gang now, and I guess I wouldn't 'a' been anything if I'd gone home that day."

"Thank you," said Miss Trelling emphatically.

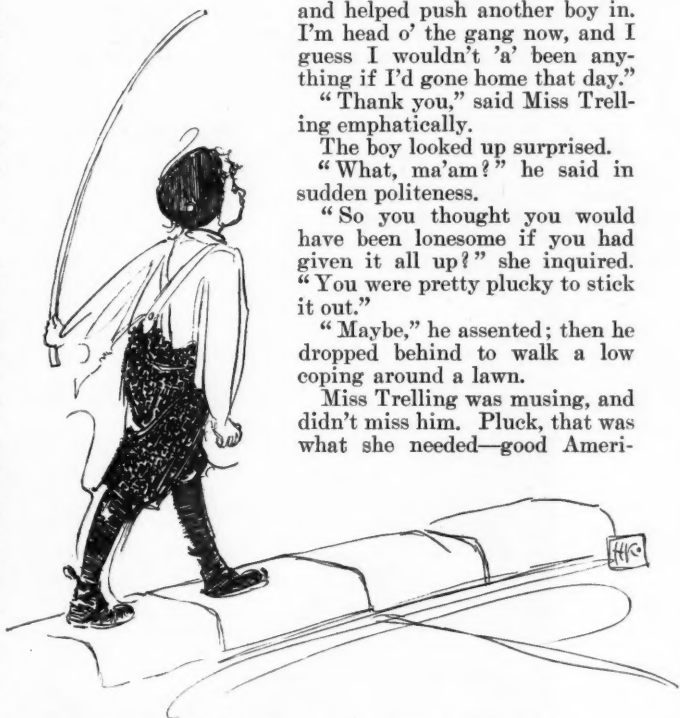
The boy looked up surprised.

"What, ma'am?" he said in sudden politeness.

"So you thought you would have been lonesome if you had given it all up?" she inquired. "You were pretty plucky to stick it out."

"Maybe," he assented; then he dropped behind to walk a low coping around a lawn.

Miss Trelling was musing, and didn't miss him. Pluck, that was what she needed—good Ameri-



HE DROPPED BEHIND TO WALK A LOW COPING AROUND A LAWN.

can pluck and grit; she was acting in a manner frightfully indicative of the degeneration of that quality which had made her ancestors take their stand against George III, and which, more recently, had brought her father his millions. Should she let those women know they had "pushed her into the creek"? No, no, a hundred times no—she would "dare them all round" first, and be "head of the gang" for her efforts!

She called to the boy as she turned into her gate. He jumped down and ran to her, brandishing his curved stick.

"It would have been lonesome, wouldn't it, to have left the gang—and cowardly besides?"

"You bet!" he assented. "It would

have been worse'n the cholera marbles, almost."

Miss Trelling went into the house laughing, and the boy made up his lost time by racing down the street and whistling the gang's rally cry through his missing teeth.

Ethel Teresa Camp.

Under the Banyan.

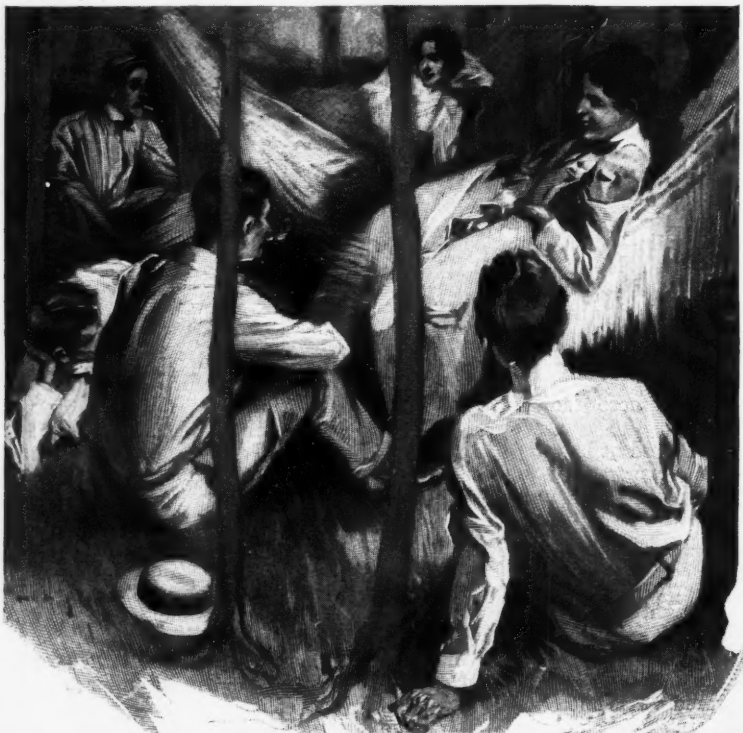
WILLIE AH SOO was the son of a Chinese merchant in Honolulu. His mother was a half caste Hawaiian, and his grandfather a Yankee skipper. He had been educated in America, at Yale University, and he played the banjo, sang college songs, wore his hair long, dressed in European fashion, and spoke English perfectly. He had the yellow Chinese color, but the Hawaiian strain showed in his beautiful eyes and his love of gaiety and fun. He had Chinese patience and industry, Yankee shrewdness and humor, and a Hawaiian's gentle hearted kindness.

"I'm a strange mixture," he said to me once. "Suppose I represent a dollar. Fifty cents of me is pure Chinese, thirty

cents Hawaiian, and twenty cents American. And sometimes I feel as though that twenty cents' worth was the strongest ingredient of the mixture!"

Willie had half a dozen pretty sisters, and the big house in the valley was the rendezvous of half the young people of Honolulu. It was a large, imposing place, with wide verandas and surrounded by handsome grounds. Indoors, it was strangely furnished, with chairs and sideboards that had come from America in sailing ships around the Horn, modern rocking chairs, a grand piano, curious black, carved Chinese tables and benches, and rich silk hangings of oriental design. There were charcoal portraits of Mrs. Ah Soo's Yankee father and Hawaiian mother, and a painting of Mr. Ah Soo in full mandarin costume.

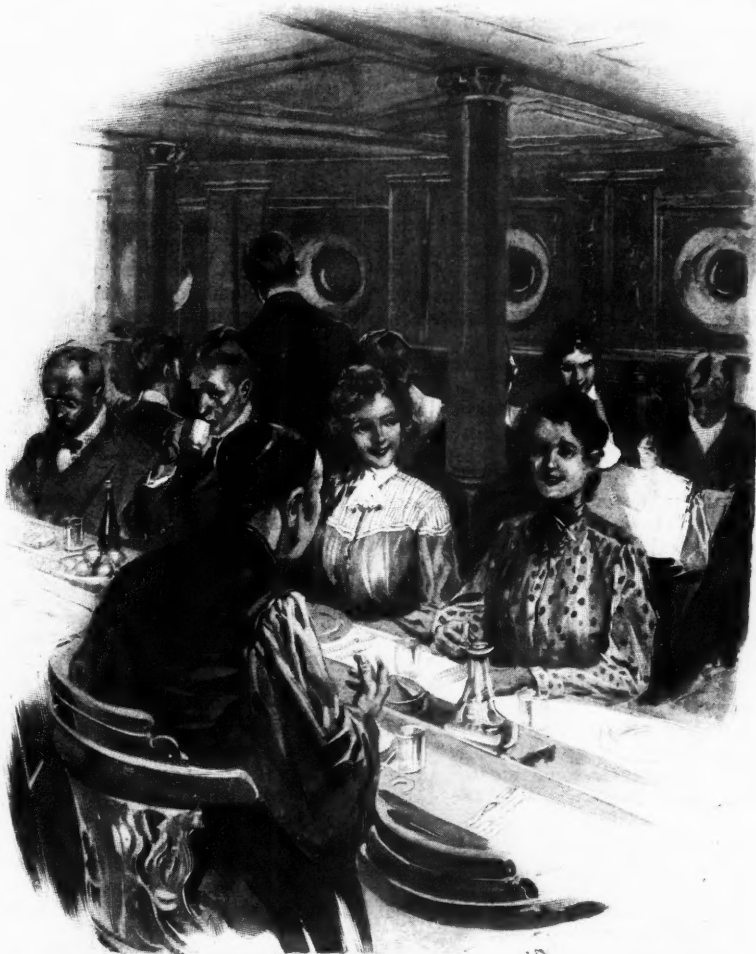
Out of doors, the grounds were laid out in formal fashion, with the hibiscus bushes chipped to represent umbrellas and mammoth hats. There were many tamarind trees, ohia, india rubber, and giant bamboo, but the pride of the garden was the old banyan. This was as large as a house, and its curious roots grew downward from the branches, giving it the ap-



WITH ALL THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD, TO SING AND TALK AND SWING IN THE HAMMOCKS.

pearance of rooms. The Ah Soo children had been brought up from infancy under

men of war were in port, and some of the younger officers were of the party; there



"LULU KNEW ME WHEN I WAS A KID, AND FOR HER TO SHEER OFF——"

its shade, sleeping in hammocks or crawling about on the warm, dry leaves; when a little older, they climbed the branches and made playhouses among its roots and pillared props, and as young men and women they gave afternoon teas and picnics there, or congregated in the evening with all the young people of the neighborhood, to sing and talk and swing in the hammocks.

One lovely moonlight evening we had been dancing on the veranda to the accompaniment of singing voices. A few couples still lingered in the garden paths; we could hear their murmuring voices above the tinkle of the fountain. Several

was also Count Inoya, an attaché of the Japanese legation, and several Honolulu young men who could be distinguished by each carrying a tiny guitar, or *tafo patch*, as we called it, slung by a ribbon across his shoulder.

The shade was dense under the banyan tree, and the cigarettes burned here and there in the darkness like glow worms; beyond, the garden lay under the brilliant moonlight still as a painted picture.

Some way, the conversation, always of the lightest, turned upon clothes. We asked Count Inoya how he could bear to wear our ugly uniform when he was used to the beautiful Japanese costumes. He

surprised us by saying that European clothes had been worn in Japan ever since he could remember. The kimono, he said, was used only as a dressing gown.

Willie was swinging in a hammock. "You should see me in Chinese clothes," he said. "You wouldn't know me."

"Did you ever wear them?" I asked.

"Don't tell that story!" It was a slim, dark girl who spoke, Lulu Rodriguez, a half caste Portuguese and Hawaiian, the most beautiful type in the world. Lulu had eyelashes so thick and black and long that her great eyes looked almost as if they were painted; her skin was of the clearest yellow, like old ivory, and she had masses of thick, wavy black hair, and a figure of absolute perfection.

"I don't wonder you are ashamed of that story," Willie said, "but I'm going to tell it all the same. You know my father intended me for the diplomatic service in China, and if I went there, of course I should have to wear Chinese clothes. I had never done so. They are as strange to me as they would be to you. When I was at Yale, of course, I dressed like the other fellows, only I wore my hair long—I'll tell you why later. On my way home I met a lot of nice girls who came on board the steamer at San Francisco. Some of them were coming down to see the islands, and one was on her way home from school. She was a lovely Hawaiian, known to you all by the name of Lulu Rodriguez."

"It is a very tiresome story," murmured a sugar sweet voice in the darkness.

"They were all awfully nice to me," Willie went on, "especially Lulu. You were—you know you were," he added in an entirely different voice. "I chummed in with them in great shape. We sang college songs on deck in the moonlight. You know how lovely the Pacific is between here and the coast. Then we had private theatricals, an impromptu ball, and all sorts of larks. I changed my seat at the table to be near the girls, and you may be sure that was the liveliest part of the ship. The night before we reached home I went to my cabin. You know I told you I had worn my hair long. I did it so that I could braid it in a queue. The barber shaved my head, and I put on a full suit of Chinese clothes that I had bought in San Francisco. Father had given me my instructions, and you who know Ah Soo know that there isn't any back talk to what he says. He had even written to San Francisco to a merchant friend of his about my clothes, and I tell

you they cost a pretty penny; the silk would stand alone.

"As for me, you never saw such a transformation in your life. I think I'm more like my mother's people in looks, but every drop of Chinese blood showed up when I put those clothes on. It took a lot of courage, I can tell you, to walk in and face those girls. I had waited so long that they were all there. Usually I was greeted with exclamations and jokes, but this time there was dead silence. I took my seat and looked around. At first they seemed stricken dumb."

"We didn't know who on earth it was," said Miss Rodriguez in the darkness. "At first we thought a stranger had taken Willie's place—a strange Chinaman."

"Then," said Willie, "I asked for the salt, and there was an awe stricken sigh. They couldn't get over it. I wouldn't have minded the others, but Lulu knew me when I was a kid, and for her to sheer off—"

"But you looked so different, Willie," said Lulu; "he looked so solemn and oriental, and it was worse when he played the banjo—it didn't seem to harmonize."

"Why didn't you go into the diplomatic service?" I asked.

"Because I wouldn't wear those clothes," said Willie. "Father and I had some solemn talks. It took all the courage I had, but I stood out. Of course he would have had his own way in the end—he always does—if it hadn't been for my brother Ling, who came over from China—he's my half brother, you know; his mother was Chinese. It seems he takes to diplomacy like a duck to water, and he proposed that I should assume the business of the firm and leave him free for the service, and so that satisfied us all around."

"And what about the girls from San Francisco?" asked the midshipman, who was lying prone at Betty Ah Soo's feet. He always complained that his quarters on shipboard were so cramped that he never had a chance to unbend his legs, and demanded the right to sprawl on the grass or the floor and lie at full length on sofas and divans unbuked.

"They wouldn't come around," said Willie; "not even when my hair grew out, and I went to the palace balls in my dress suit. They were polite, of course, but there was always a constraint, till I was glad when they packed off home. Lulu wouldn't look at me for a month."

We were interrupted here by a cheerful call of "Supper!" from the house, and trooped into the diningroom, where the



"HE LOOKED SO SOLEMN AND ORIENTAL, AND IT WAS WORSE WHEN HE PLAYED THE BANJO."

long table was laid out with salads and game and ices. The servants had disappeared, so we all waited upon ourselves and each other in the cheerful, informal fashion of the house. The midshipman explained that the gun room had overrun its mess account and had been reduced in consequence to a diet of bread and jam

for the last week. He smiled as he cut into the cold pigeon pie.

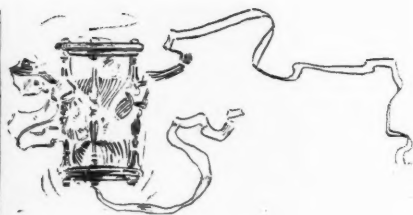
"Where is Willie?" some one asked.

"And Lulu?" I said—which was stupid of me.

"Don't you know?" said Betty Ah Soo.

"They are engaged."

Isobel Strong.



The Silent Garden.

I know a garden folded in
By close clipt yew and lichen'd
wall
That holds the sunshine all day
long—
Where winds move gently, if
at all.

There, like saved souls in
Paradise,
Whose peace is made, whose
rest is won—
The white stoled lilies offer up
Their golden hearts before the
sun.

There the carnations are ablaze,
And, where the dark yews
sigh and stir
As in a cloister set apart,
The wholesome hearted laben-
der.

Across the silent, sunny space
Down the straight paths, along
the grass
Among the bending lily stalks,
Light treading shadows softly
pass.

This is that garden ever still,
Beneath a changeless smile of
sky,
Where, 'mid the scent of labender,
Walk Memory and I.

Arthur Ketchum.



THE NEW SEASON.

More than fifty productions are promised for the theatrical year that is now opening, and of these but three are likely to meet with the approval of those who take the stage seriously—Sothorn's "Hamlet," Mansfield's "Henry V," and "L'Aiglon," in which Maude Adams will appear. You can always recognize those who take the stage seriously by the vigor and constancy of their complaints about the decadence of the drama. They look

upon the popularity of mirth provoking plays as a personal affront.

Mr. Sothorn will play *Hamlet* to gratify a personal ambition. He made his first



MRS. SARAH COWELL LE MOYNE, STARRING IN "THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD."

From a photograph—Copyright, 1900, by Dupont, New York.



ELEANOR ROBSON, TO APPEAR AT SPECIAL MATINÉES WITH MRS. LE MOYNE.

From a photograph by Rose & Sands, New York.



FANCHON CAMPBELL, WHO WAS "POLLY LOVE" IN A COMPANY PRESENTING "THE CHRISTIAN."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

success in comedy, and is best known as a comedian. Therefore it is perfectly natural that he should wish to play tragedy, and that he should do it very sweetly and comfortably. Mr. Sothern is a capital actor, who has advanced steadily to a position which no one dreamed he would gain; still, it is rather difficult to make a *matinée* hero of *Hamlet*. He will make the melancholy Dane very beautiful and graceful, and read his lines with intelligence. It is possible that he may prove a revelation; but somehow the *matinée* idol idea comes uppermost in one's mind.

Mr. Mansfield will give what the press agent calls a "sumptuous production" of "Henry V." He does not base his hope for reward upon a conviction that the public is yearning to hurl its money into the box office for the privilege of passing an evening with Shakspeare. He is depending solely upon Mr. Mansfield—a really remarkable man, the best actor in America, a deep student, and a manager whose productions are marvels of beauty, completeness, and accuracy. Twenty

sets of scenery have been made for "Henry V," and it will be presented as elaborately as was "Cyrano de Bergerac." No man deserves more credit than Mr. Mansfield, and none begrudges him the financial success that has at last come to him. Had his patience been as short as his temper, he would have gone to the wall long ago.

Most remarkable is Mr. Frohman's choice of Maude Adams to play the principal rôle in the Rostand play. Even the most ardent admirer of that young woman cannot picture her as an American edition of Bernhardt, but so great is her present popularity that even if she should essay *Lady Macbeth* her effort, no doubt, would be hailed as a triumph, just as her *Juliet*

was. It was her *Babbie* vogue that drew crowded houses when she appeared as *Juliet*. Had she never starred in "The Little Minister," her *Juliet* could not have filled the theater with the aid of a club. Mr. Frohman was perfectly aware that Miss Adams would make money for both of them in "L'Aiglon." The mere thought of *Lady Babbie* strut-



WILTON LACKAYE, TO STAR AS "JEAN VALJEAN" IN "LES MISERABLES."

From his latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.



GERTRUDE NORMAN, WHO PLAYS "INEZ," THE BLIND GIRL IN "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING."

From a photograph by Coover, Chicago.

ting about in boots and breeches is sufficient to make the Adamsites feel that they must flock to her support. It is really a dime museum idea.

prove entertaining in one way or another. Worthy persons, whose opinions are entitled to all respect, have declared that "Henry V" should never be acted at all,



BLANCHE WALSH, WHO BEGINS HER CAREER AS AN INDEPENDENT STAR THIS MONTH.

From her latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.

After all, the foremost business of the stage is to amuse, and Sothorn, Mansfield, and Miss Adams will, unquestionably,

and if you compare the stage and reading versions you may understand why. Success for these three stars will stand or fall



JULIE HERNE, WHO IS "MARTHA" IN HER FATHER'S PLAY, "SAG HARBOR."

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.



CHRYSTAL HERNE, WHO IS "JANE CAULDWELL" IN HER FATHER'S PLAY, "SAG HARBOR."

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.



MARION ABBOTT, WHO IS "ELIZABETH ANN" IN HERNE'S "SAG HARBOR."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.



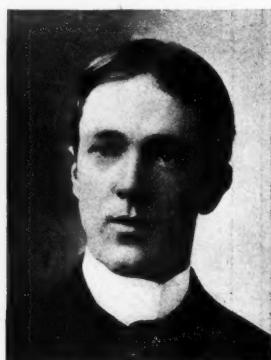
CARL HUGO ENGEL, CONCERT MASTER AND SOLOIST OF THE KALTENBORN CONCERTS.

From a photograph by Prince, New York.



EDNA HUNTER, WHO APPEARED AS "STELLA" IN "CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.



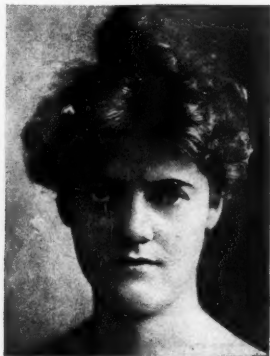
TOM HADAWAY, A DALY PROTÉGÉ SKILLED IN BOTH ACTING AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



NANETTE COMSTOCK, APPEARING AS "SERAPHINA" WITH OTIS SKINNER IN "PRINCE OTTO."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



LUCILLE WYMAN (FORMERLY LUCY SPINNEY OF DALY'S), WITH "THE GREAT RUBY."

From her latest photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.



MIRIAM NESBITT, WHO WAS THE ORIGINAL "OTILLIE GIESECKE" IN "AT THE WHITE HORSE TAVERN."

From her latest photograph by Guerin, St. Louis.

largely on their characterizations. The delineation of the character is one of the important missions of the actor. This phase is worth thinking about, for it holds true of the variety stage as well as the classical drama.

This season should see some fine character work. John Hare is coming with his "Gay Lord Quex," and he is one of the finest character actors that ever set foot on the stage. There is about him something so wholesome, so genuine, so delicate, yet so forceful, that he is irresistible.



TWO VIEWS OF MARIE LAMOUR, NOW STARRING FOR HER SECOND SEASON IN "A WISE WOMAN."

From photographs—Copyright, 1900, by Hall, Oklahoma City.

Never was an artist more successful in the art that consists in concealing art.

William H. Crane, too, has what appears to be a brilliant opportunity as the stage *David Harum*. The story would never have been dramatized had not the book met with such a phenomenal sale, and there is nothing in it that can appeal to the dramatist except the character of *David*. The stage version cannot fall as far short of being a play as does the book of being a novel. At best it is only a sketch.

Even more promising, on the face, is Dixey as *François*. The character in Dr. Mitchell's story immediately suggests Dixey when you think of the hero of the book on the stage. He is an actor whose real art and capacity have been shadowed by his own great nearness to himself, and other things not polite to speak about.

Heaven only knows when the epidemic of dramatized novels will end. So long as they make good plays it doesn't matter, but when a wild and fearsome thing

like "The Pride of Jennico," which suggests an abattoir more than anything else, makes a financial success, the ordinary sane and not too exacting person may be allowed to rise up on his hind legs and utter a few brief but forceful protests.

tention by scoring a phenomenal success. Some things are certain to succeed financially; as, for instance, the musical entertainments which Weber & Fields and the Rogers Brothers will present. Such performances as they give will endure until



BARNETTA MUELLER, WITH THE ALICE NIELSEN OPERA COMPANY.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

There will be another character play this season which is reasonably certain to succeed—James A. Herne's "Sag Harbor." A remarkable man and an extraordinary actor and playwright is Herne, who fought steadily in the face of the most depressing discouragements and failures for a success which did not reach him until he was looking three score and ten in the face. Now he occupies a distinct place in the American stage—a place from which he is not likely to be ousted.

Of the forty or fifty new productions that are promised this season possibly thirty would be worthy of no consideration at all unless they should attract at-



PAULINE HALL, NOW APPEARING ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE.

From her latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.

laughter ceases to move the human race. There are people who can see nothing funny in them. Persons wholly without a sense of humor are not so rare in this world after all, as those in whom the gift is keenly developed have discovered to their great joy. Weber & Fields and the Rogers Brothers will prosper because they give performances provoking laughter, and they never rest until this end is accomplished, although it may be at a cost of wholly changing a first production. The music hall of the former pair is to have a comic opera star who will receive a salary of a thousand dollars a week. The actor managers are persuaded that

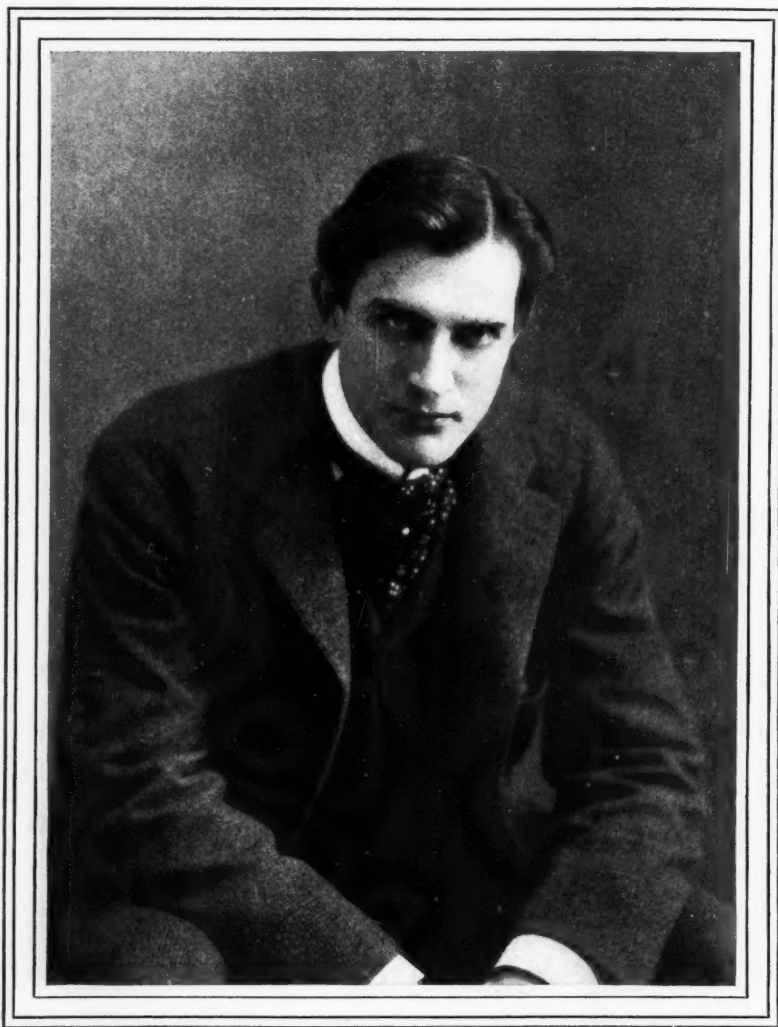


NANCE O'NEIL, A CALIFORNIA ACTRESS WHO HAS MADE A HIT WITH EMOTIONAL ROLES IN AUSTRALIA.

From her latest photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.

De Wolf Hopper will increase their receipts much more than that. It is a purely business proposition. Hopper is one of the ablest cavorters that ever chaffed over

successor, after all. She did tell Ben Stern, her manager, to find some one to take her place, but when his choice fell on Miss Walsh Miss Davenport was too



JAMES K. HACKETT, STARRING FOR A SECOND SEASON IN "THE PRIDE OF JENNICO."

From his latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.

the footlights, and he should be peculiarly valuable to the Weber & Fields company.

AT THE GATEWAY OF GREATNESS.

It appears that the late Fanny Davenport did not select Blanche Walsh as her

ill to be consulted upon business matters. Melbourne Macdowell's recent marriage disposes of the rumor that Blanche Walsh was to succeed Fanny Davenport matrimonially as well as professionally.

Meanwhile Miss Walsh has kept on working, until she is now ready to step



into some such niche as that occupied by Mrs. Leslie Carter. This autumn she descends upon New York with a play especially written for her by Eugene Presbrey, whose chief success was "A Virginia Courtship," done by Crane some three years ago. The scene opens in France, and is then transferred to Quebec; the heroine is a persecuted Huguenot maiden. Miss Walsh has advanced in her art with great strides since she burst upon New York theatergoers as the beautiful *Diana Stockton* in Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy." The tale first told then, about her birth in Mott Street and bringing up in the Tombs prison, where her father was warden, read like some fantastic sketch out of the "Arabian Nights," but it was true. She began to act in small parts with Marie Wainwright's company, and on the production of "Amy Robsart" was made happy by being intrusted with *Queen Elizabeth*. She was the second *Trilby*, succeeding Virginia Harned in the original company, and she went to Australia on Nat Goodwin's disastrous tour in the antipodes.

Her emotional work in the Sardou rôles of the Davenport repertory awakened the admiration of people and critics, and now she stands on the threshold of a career which will be made or marred by her playwright. Everything rests with him. The dramatist is the power behind the throne in very truth. "Angels" with the wealth of the Golcondas in their pockets can do naught to counteract his shortcomings. Had it not been for the inadequacy of her piece, Georgia Cayvan might not now be living in retirement. Many are the stars whose lights have been snuffed out by the man whose name is printed in almost the smallest type on the program.

A PLAYER BY INHERITANCE.

Eleanor Robson, on her mother's side, comes of three generations of players. Her grandmother, known as Evelin Cameron, appeared in the legitimate in the English provinces. Her daughter, Madge Carr Cook, took to the stage as a fish to water, and married an actor, coming to America in 1885. Eleanor Robson has advanced rapidly. On the stage less than three years, she comes to New York to play the leading part in a Broadway production—"Bonita" in "Arizona." She succeeded Olive May in the character on the revival of the piece in Chicago.

By the time these lines are read she will have passed the ordeal of a Gotham verdict. What this means to an ambitious

artist none can understand but those who have realized that their fate hangs on the outcome of a single evening's work.

ONE OF MR. DALY'S PROTEGES.

Tom Hadaway is perhaps best known to theatergoers by his *Mr. Creel*, the fisherman of "A Runaway Girl," when it was first put on at Daly's. His grandfather was "old Tom" Hadaway, a well known comedian of the Bowery and Burton's theaters. Young Tom's father and mother, however, were both opposed to the boy's becoming an actor. He tried to run away once, but the train was half an hour late; meanwhile his mother had found the note he had left behind him, and he was recaptured before he had a chance to get out of the country town where he was brought up.

The runaway trip was inspired by reading in the county paper that he, Tom Hadaway, was the best actor at a school entertainment in which he had played low comedy parts. Finally the father and mother saw Tom perform with a dramatic club he had organized, and gave him their permission to try his luck as a professional. He procured a letter of introduction to Augustin Daly, which secured him a place in the chorus of "The Geisha" in the fall of 1896. One day Mr. Daly inquired about Hadaway's French dialect. The young man did some of the quickest thinking of his life. Being country bred, he had never seen a Frenchman, and knew nothing of the lingo, but nevertheless he answered straightway:

"I never played a Frenchman, but I can."

"Very well," rejoined Mr. Daly. "Get the part of *Isadore*, in 'The Magistrate,' from the prompter. You play it tomorrow's matinée."

Now, Hadaway could not very well play *Isadore* with a negro, Irish, or Yankee dialect, the only three he had in stock; but here was an opportunity dropped into his lap as if straight from heaven. He must meet it half way by hook or crook. Released from rehearsal, he hastened down to a French table d'hôte in Twenty Fourth Street, and proceeded to mix up queer food with *vin ordinaire* and a Gallic dialect—all for fifty cents.

Whether it was his comedy or his dialect of all nations, Hadaway has never been able to discover, but he was told that he had received laughs where his predecessor had failed to draw even smiles. At any rate, a few weeks later, Mr. Daly cast him for *Verges* in "Much Ado About

Nothing," and the next season he played several parts both in the classic and modern repertory. Last winter he was *Willie Putter*, one of the two golf fiends in "Three Little Lambs," the character to which he had been assigned by Mr. Daly himself. This season he will appear with Dixey in "The Adventures of François."

AROUND THE WORLD TO BROADWAY.

It is strange that even an actor—proverbially a doer of strange things—should travel around the world in order to get from Lexington Avenue to Broadway, two streets which are only four blocks apart. When McKee Rankin was struggling to make a success of a stock season at the Murray Hill, Nance O'Neil was his leading woman. When the company gave up the ghost, Rankin and Miss O'Neil went West, and New York forgot all about them. If they had stopped to think that Miss O'Neil came from California, they would have been prepared to hear of her success, for California and Indiana seem to bear the same relation to the stage that Ohio does to politics. Miss O'Neil worked and waited. Last winter she had an opportunity to go to Australia. She forsook comedy for tragedy, and in the leading theater of Sydney won such genuine success as *Magda*, *Elizabeth*, *Camille*, and in similar rôles, that J. C. Williamson, the Frohman of Australian managers, has arranged a London debut for her about Easter time. Of course a New York engagement will follow, and it is more than likely that if Miss O'Neil succeeds in London she will make something of a sensation here. She is really a very clever actress, and any one who travels around the world in order to get from Lexington Avenue to Broadway certainly deserves success.

MUSIC AT THE PROW, WOMAN AT THE HELM.

When Mrs. Kaltenborn married a German violinist, she was an energetic and ambitious as well as attractive young woman.

The first ambition that she gratified was the organization of a quartet bearing her husband's name. This was in 1896, and by the spring of 1899 she had contrived to make the four players so well known to people of social influence in New York that Gotham's smart set began to talk about placing Mr. Kaltenborn at the head of a whole orchestra as a successor to Seidl, recently deceased. But Mrs. Kaltenborn was not content to await the outcome of mere talk, by which time her hus-

band would perhaps have lost his good looks and his wealth of hair. "Why not have an orchestra at once and give summer night concerts?" she said to herself.

To be sure, every attempt to do this had failed since the first ones of Theodore Thomas in the old Central Park Garden, thirty years ago. Thomas himself had tried it again in 1878, Seidl had made the venture, so had Damrosch. But none of these had had a woman to direct them, and Mrs. Kaltenborn had notions of her own on the management of popular concerts. She set out one day, and induced one of her patrons to give a guarantee for the rent of the hall. Then she proceeded to devise means that would prevent the St. Nicholas Garden concerts from going the way of their predecessors at the Madison Square. And nobody who has the least acquaintance with the record of summer night entertainments in New York for the past two seasons need be told that she succeeded.

This year the advent of cool weather is not to silence the Kaltenborn orchestra completely. Arrangements have been made for Sunday night concerts at the Herald Square Theater, and music lovers who are out of town in the summer will have an opportunity to see what sort of programs a woman makes. For it is Mrs. Kaltenborn who maps out what her band is to play for a week ahead, just as she attends to all the financial and business concerns of the organization.

In this number we print a portrait of Carl Hugo Engel (Mr. Kaltenborn's picture appeared in *THE JUNIOR MUNSEY* for July), who is concert master (first violin) of the orchestra. Engel's violin solos have been a favorite feature of the summer series. Like most of the band, he is young, and is a native of Albany, where he was, as a boy, solo soprano in All Saints' Cathedral.

Inez, the blind girl, sister of *Dolores*, has played a prominent part in Mr. Crawford's story, "In the Palace of the King," as it has thus far developed in its serial publication in our pages. We herewith picture Gertrude Norman, who is to fill the rôle in the play. Miss Norman has had a singular career. She began to act when only fourteen, with Henry Irving at his London theater. Then she went into a French company, appearing with Sarah Bernhardt in "La Tosca," "Gismonda," and so on. She first came to this country with Julia Arthur, for "A Lady of Quality," and for the last two seasons has been with Mrs. Fiske.

Major General Adna R. Chaffee.

BY OLIVER OTIS HOWARD,

MAJOR GENERAL, (RETIRED) UNITED STATES ARMY.

THE DISTINGUISHED CAREER OF THE COMMANDER OF THE UNITED STATES TROOPS IN CHINA, A CIVIL WAR VETERAN WHO HAS FOUGHT HIS WAY FROM CAVALRY TROOPER TO MAJOR GENERAL.

WHEN the President sent General Chaffee from the United States to command our troops in China, he was censured by several newspapers, which contended that an officer from the much nearer Philippines should have been sent. Personally, I thought the action of the President wise, for, with the singularly delicate situation existing in China, it was well that the military representative of our government be so instructed that he could understand exactly what was expected and required of him and his troops.

China has long been a bone of national contention. Each European nation has for years been fencing for the advancement of its concessions, or its particular sphere of influence, with all the diplomatic finesse at its command. The struggle has been sharp and keen; ill feeling and jealousy have always been very near the surface. The fight has been worthy of the ablest diplomats.

Suffering and peril quieted for the moment the struggle for national advantage, and all joined in common cause to mete out a just and righteous punishment called for by the recent atrocities. But it will require a strong will and judicious handling to keep down the jealousies and petty differences which are sure to arise again when the present aims of chastisement are fulfilled and the struggle for material gain is renewed. Our nation needed a strong, steady, judicious representative in China. Is Chaffee the man needed? Let his record decide for us.

CHAFFEE IN THE CIVIL WAR.

Like Grant, Garfield, Sherman, McPherson, and Sheridan, General Chaffee was born in Ohio. He is under fifty eight years old.

He entered the military service in July, 1861, when nineteen years old, as an enlisted man, and served in Company K of the Sixth Cavalry. It was not long be-

fore he became a sergeant, and, later, first sergeant of his company. As a non-commissioned officer he was engaged with his regiment in the battles of Williamsburg, Mechanicsville, Hanover Court House, and many smaller actions. He went through the Antietam campaign, did some hard marching during Burnside's advance into Virginia, and took part in the bloody and disastrous attack upon Lee's lines at Fredericksburg. It is no wonder that so ambitious, so faithful, and so energetic a soldier should have been promoted to a second lieutenancy, as early as March 13, 1863. Absence and duty delayed his accepting the appointment and acknowledging the commission until the 12th of May following; and during the interval, he had passed with his regiment through the trying campaign of Chancellorsville. General Stoneman's raid upon Lee's communications, which resulted in severing Hooker's cavalry from his main body with such unpropitious effect upon the rest of us at Chancellorsville, found Chaffee one of its rough riders.

He was on hand again with Meade's advance in 1863, and won special distinction at the battle of Brandy Station, in August, 1863, when he was wounded, but not so severely as to keep him away from the sharp conflict of his command at Todd's Tavern. A year later, he was with Sheridan in his daring movements around Lee's army, being at both Yellow Tavern and Salem Church. He was also in the battles of Trevillian, Deep Bottom, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, where Sheridan made his famous ride. Chaffee was also active in the engagements of Dinwiddie Court House, Five Forks, and Sailor's Creek; and quite up to the capitulation at Appomattox he bore an active part.

The Sixth Cavalry had in it many distinguished men, such as Hunter, Emory, Wright, Carleton, Morris, Kautz, Evans,

Abert, the two Greggs, Cram, Brisbin, Hays, Wade, and Audenried. General Hunter early became a general officer, commanding a division in the first part of the war, even before he came to the requisite rank. And most of the others mentioned attained the position of general officers, directly or by brevet, before the close of their service.

At the battle of Gettysburg we find G. C. Cram, then only a captain, in command of the regiment during the preliminary operations. It had lost heavily in an unsuccessful charge not far from Upperville. At Gettysburg its men were dismounted to fight on foot. They covered themselves by stone walls, thus protecting their flank, and drove the enemy back. Near Millers-town, the enemy charged into the Sixth Cavalry, already very small in numbers, and Captain Cram was captured. A second lieutenant, Nicholas Nolan, at once took command. Though obliged to fall back, the young man disputed every inch of ground. At this time young Chaffee, who was in the thickest of the fight, was captured with several others. But prior to this encounter, during the first day at Gettysburg, the regiment under Captain Cram had done more on the left of Doubleday's line than should be expected of cavalry. Indeed, the cavalry at that point for several hours kept my own left from being turned.

A LONG CAREER OF ACTIVE SERVICE.

In all the work of the Sixth Cavalry, which at this time formed part of General Buford's division, Lieutenant Chaffee bore an active and important part. He was brevetted first lieutenant for gallantry at Gettysburg; captain for bravery at Dinwiddie Court House, and after the Civil War, major for his work in Texas among the Comanche Indians.

His honorable mention at a later day was accompanied by a recommendation for the brevet of lieutenant colonel "for distinguished services in successfully leading a cavalry charge over rough and precipitous bluffs, held by hostile Indians, in the fighting on the Red River, in Texas, August 30, 1874." In all, the "Army Register" shows a record of five actions in which his services were officially noticed as worthy of special distinction.

Eight years later, he was again honored for the part he played in battle with the White Mountain Indians. Many stories are told of Chaffee as an Indian fighter. In fact, he is one of those picturesque figures who are made the chief actors of fine and exciting stories. Chaffee himself

has said frequently that most of these yarns are nonsense.

He participated very actively in the Spanish war. General Lawton, whom he resembled in many things, though not in height and size, spoke of his magnificent work in closing out the operations of taking El Caney, and gave him his unqualified approval.

CHAFFEE AT TAMPA.

I have met General Chaffee many times, the most recent meeting being during the Spanish war, when, as an agent of the Christian Commission, I spent some time at Tampa, Florida. Chaffee, a newly made general, was there in the command of a brigade. Shortly after my arrival, we came together at the Tampa Bay Hotel, and conversed for a few minutes. He called his name to me as he gave me his hand. He is a little taller than I; I should say he is five feet ten. He has a much lighter complexion than his pictures suggest. His settled features are pleasant, and his smile betokens a kindness that wins you at once.

Later, I went out with a friend to pay my respects to him at his headquarters. As I came in sight of the few tents that were arranged for him and his small staff, a sentinel walking up and down halted me sternly, and ordered me not to cross a certain dusty road nor come nearer to headquarters than I then was. I recalled to myself the fact that to the sentinel I was nothing but a civilian, as I was not in uniform; but from knowledge of military matters, I made the sentinel call for the corporal of the guard; and meanwhile took out my card, which I intended to send to the officer of the day with a request to be admitted to headquarters.

I did not have to wait for all the details of the ceremony, for a young aide de camp presented himself, recognized me, and took my friend and myself to the general's tent. Regularity and discipline were on all sides apparent, though General Chaffee himself was away. From my personal interview, coupled with what other officers say of Chaffee, I felt that he was a man of nerve and decision, ready without question to obey his orders thoroughly, and able to discharge his responsibilities.

All in all, General Chaffee is a regular of the regulars; and it is well for us to have a firm, strong, judicious, and fearless American soldier, of large experience in war and in campaigns among the wild Indians of the West, to represent us in the singular medley of conditions now existing in China.

THE LOVE OF A MAN.

BY DAVID H. TALMADGE.

A STORY OF WAR AND OF THE AFTERMATH OF WAR, SHOWING THAT NOT ALL THE BRAVE DEEDS ARE DONE UPON THE BATTLE FIELD.

Love's the only language thot's spoke widout words.—*Axioms of Private O'Neel.*

MICHAEL MULLIGAN, late private in the Fiftieth Regiment, United States Volunteers, which saw hard service in the Philippines and returned covered with glory, sat upon a wheelbarrow in the sunshine of a June day, and softly whistled through his teeth. At intervals he gazed towards the cottage which was set in the small expanse of lawn and garden, and cocked his head to one side as if listening. After these intervals a smile showed upon his face, and he manifested symptoms of mingled delight and apprehension, quite incomprehensible to the chance observer beyond the paling. Presently the observer spoke.

"I see that you have fashioned your sword into a pruning hook, Mulligan," he said.

Mulligan withdrew his attention from the cottage, and arose, extending his hand.

"Is it yez, thin?" he said cordially. "Moy, Oi'm tickled to dith to see yez! Come in."

"Your place, Mulligan?" inquired the observer, stepping over the low fence, and grasping the huge red hand.

"Bliss yez, no!" He glanced at the cottage, and lowered his voice. "'Tis Garvey's—Phil Garvey, the felly thot hilped me subjue the insurrection in the Philippines. Yez moind he come back bloind from a bullet in the hid, and wor married the day after, owin' to a dirty job thot wor put up on him boi a man he called his frind."

The observer had not forgotten the circumstance, nor the sacrifice that Mulligan had made on that occasion, and he nodded, increasing slightly the intensity of his finger pressure. Mulligan and Garvey had loved the same girl—the girl whom Garvey married.

"Will, thin, they're beginnin' to experience the horrible consequences av their rashness now. If yez would go round to the back av the house there, and hold your ear up clost to the windy wid the whoite curtain, yez would hear somethin' that

would turn yez faint. Oh, moy, oh, moy! What a noise thim little divils make!"

"A boy?" queried the observer.

"Yis, and his name's Moichael Mulligan Garvey—may the saints preserve him! 'Twor this mornin' thot Oi hears a great poundin', loike guns, upon moi door, and Oi jumps up from moi bid as a man falls from the top av a buildin'. 'What is it?' says Oi, in moi ixcoitement aimin' a pair av pants at the kayhole and troyin' loike a blitherin' idjut to stiek moi foot inty the barrel av me pistol. 'Oi dunno,' says Garvey, for 'twor him, 'but Oi think 'tis an ilephant. Skip for a doctor, Moike,' says he, and thin he wor gone. The b'y wor born just in toime for brickfast, and a crazier felly than Garvey niver happened, Oi'm thinkin'. He wor glad whin the soight come back to his oyes, but 'twor nothin' loike this."

"He can see, then?" The observer was pleased, for he had feared it might be otherwise.

"Yis, he can see. Yez wouldn't know him for the same bag av bones thot come crapin' home from the war thot day last summer. 'Twor a timporary paralysis av the optic nerve, the doctor said."

"Rather a peculiar case," remarked the observer.

"It wor thot—and thin agin it wor not. Comparin' it wid the case av Erikson, 'twor simplicity itself. Yez knew Erikson?"

"No."

"Ah, 'twor a grand trate yez missed boi not knowin' thot felly! He wor in the Forty Sivinth Rigiment, and the woildest Norwegian, whin the foight wor called, thot iver shot a gun. He wor near all ligs, and, boi the powers, the lapes he took wor somethin' tremenjous! Sure, the administration lost its bist chance for runnin' down Agginildo, Oi'm thinkin', whin Erikson wor hit."

"He was killed?"

"Not intoirely. The ball wint inty his hid, and found a place where it could rist a bit widout makin' a funeral necessary. In the hospital the doctors soized him up for a goner, payin' but small attintion to

him; hince, consequently, he recovered grajully, and wor prancin' about loike a colt whin the day come for the rigiment to go home. Arrah, but thim doctors wor disgusted wid him!"

Mulligan winked gravely, and the observer repressed with some difficulty an inclination to laugh.

"But his hid wor niver quoit roight after thot. There wor shootin' pains in it, and queer sinsations thot spoilt him for newspaper work—thot bein' his profission, and him very foine at it. More than thot, it spoilt him for makin' love to a girl he'd promised to marry, for he wor a felly av hoigh notions, and he told himsilf thot 'twor not honorable for him, a man wid a hid thot wor iverlastin'ly on the verge av collapse, to marry any one at all, lit alone the girl who he thought wor the swateness and goodness av cinturies rolled inty one intoicin' lump. And he wint to her, after he'd thought it over and over and over once or twice, and tills her loike a man thot he can't marry her, and gives his raysons."

"And what did the girl do?"

"She accipted the situation, as the burglar did whin he wor convicted av forgery. Her oyes started from her face a bit, and her lips trimbled; but she brought out a poor, milancholy little ghost av a smoile, and told him thot she'd troy to bear it. She saw the sinse av his position. Ah, she wor a foine girl! They sat there for a long toime thin, lookin' at aich other; and thin, wid a groan thot wor wrung from his voitals as boi a cork-screw, Erikson rushed from her prisence, bein' not able at all to stand it any longer.

"The nixt mornin' he wint to a hospital for an operation. The doctors told him they could ixtract the bullet if he'd but give thim the chance. He didn't ask if 'twould kill him; Oi'm thinkin' he didn't care much. He didn't ixactly loike the promptness wid which the girl had broke the ingagement whin he suggested it to her. He told himsilf bitterly thot she didn't love him very much anyhow. He accused her in his moind av bein' glad to git rid av him because he wor a Norwegian, and she wor a descendant av an English fam'ly thot had murdered rale kings and quanes whin such ixeroises wor indulged in boi the very bist society. And he wint to the operatin' table wid all the cheerfulness av a choild wadin' inty water tin fate dape.

"Oi'm not knowin', av course, all the doctors done to him wid their little stab knives and things. Oi only know thot they took a part av his skull off, and re-

moved the bullet, together wid a bit av his brain. Thin they nailed the skull on agin, and waited to see how he took it."

Mulligan broke a lump of dirt between his fingers, allowing it to run slowly to the ground. Then he pushed his hat back and scratched his head:

"Sure, 'tis the great puzzle we be intoirely. Half the things thot's true about our own bodies we would not believe at all if we knew thim. The frame av mortal—"

"You were talking of Erikson, I believe," suggested the observer.

"Oi wor—and Oi am. If yez don't want a bit av wisdom and philosophy mixed in wid it, all roight; Oi'll go on straight. Some toime after the operation—two or thray months, or the loike av thot—Erikson wor discharged from the hospital cured; and on the day av his discharge the nurse brings him a little note—square and ilegant, wid a monigram onty it. He opened it wid shakin' fingers. Thin he looked at the nurse wid a scairt ixpression in his oyes. 'Oi can't rade it at all,' says he; 'tis in a foreign tongue.' And the nurse takes the bit av paper gintly from him, and rades it aloud. 'She—she wants me to come to her?' says Erikson, his heart jumpin' wid j'y, though he can hardly belave it. 'Yis,' says the nurse; 'she wants you to come to her at once—today—now.' And he wint to her.

"She wor waitin' at the door for him, a smoile av rale wilcome on her pretty face. Words wor impossible for a toime, though other ixpressive manifestations wor not. Yez'll have to imagine it. And thin, whin they wor in the same room where they had parted so bravely, the girl grasped Erikson's hand hard, and spoke to him—in English. He could not understand it. The scairt look thot had come onty his face at the hospital appeared agin, and he caught his brith sharp loike. And thin, puttin' her arm about his nick, the girl whispered inty his ear the truth—the bit av brain thot had been taken from his hid wid the bullet containt iverything he knew av the English language."

"But the girl told him, you say," said the observer. "How—"

"She told him in Norwegian—bliss her swate, faithful heart! Noight and day, iver since they told her av his strange condition, she had labored to learn it. She hunted the city over for a Norwegian nurse. She bigged thim at the hospital not to lit him know, and they promised. And whin Erikson come out av his slape he spoke in his mother tongue, and in his mother tongue the nurse answered him.

'Tis not a bad story at all. They wor married in Norwegian—him and the girl—and——

The front door of the cottage opened suddenly, and Mulligan stood up, looking eagerly at Garvey, who was approaching.

"Is—is it growin' any yit, Phil?" he inquired anxiously.

"Divil a bit, ixcept in voice," replied Garvey. "Yez can go in and look at him, Moike, if yez want to."

"Will, Oi will," said Mulligan.

He walked rapidly to the door, and tiptoed into the house, hat in hand. Garvey and the observer followed him with their eyes.

"Mulligan has just been telling me Erikson's love story," said the observer.

"And 'tis not all av it he told yez, Oi'll bit," said Garvey. "Moike droives the hospital ambulance, and the doctors would have spoilt the whole thing if he hadn't gone to the girl and told her av it. He's always mixin' in somebody's ilse's business, Moike is. He's the queer felly. He's takin' a layoff this wake for no other reason than thot he thinks Oi nade some one to hilt me bear up under the happiness thot's come upon me. He would not go to bid last noight till Oi promised thot Oi'd call him whin we naded a doctor. 'Twor not safe for me in moi flustered state, he sid; for Oi might call up a dintist or a

lawyer or somethin' loike thot. Oi'm wishin'——"

Mulligan came from the house at this juncture, shaking his head somewhat dubiously. "Oi'm fearin'," said he to Garvey, "thot we didn't git the doctor soon enough; the little felly looks loike he wor overdone."

Garvey laughed. "They're always rid loike thot," he said, with the wisdom of newly acquired parenthood. "Whin yez git one av your own, Moike, yez'll take a different view. Oi wor tillin' our frind here, whin yez come out, thot Oi'm wishin' yez would fall in love wid some one, for 'tis too good yez are to be wasted."

He slapped Mulligan jovially upon the back, and that worthy man turned his face away quickly.

"Oi must be gittin' down town," he said gruffly.

He started at once, the observer accompanying him. When they had turned the corner, and the cottage was no longer in sight, the observer broke the silence.

"Garvey is still blind—a little, isn't he, old man?"

A spasm of pain crossed Mulligan's face. "Oi'm hopin' to hiven he'll niver see any plainer than he does now," he said earnestly.

And then he turned the conversation abruptly into another channel.

REQUIESCAT.

Ah, rest thee now, for rest is sweet
To weary hands and wayworn feet.

What though thy path was lone and hard—
Poor wanderer!—and the way was barred

To rest before the journey's end?
O'er bitter was thy way to wend!

What though the shadows fell so soon,
Ere faded out the golden noon;

What though the burden and the care
Seemed more than thy sad soul could bear?

God's hand is laid above thy heart
And softly all its cares depart;

God looks upon thee with His smile
That lights the path was dim erewhile—

God gives, Who knoweth what is best,
Thy tired body easeful rest.

No trouble mars thy placid brow,
Nor any pain. Ah, rest thee now!

A. B. de Mille.

LITERARY CHAT

NOVELIZING THE DRAMA—R. N. Stephens reverses the usual process of authors.

In the general dramatization of novels, which seems to have taken such a grip on the playwrights this season, it may be interesting to know that there is one playwright who believes in reversing the established process.

R. N. Stephens, author of "An Enemy to the King," is at work on a new play, and he will, as he says, "novelize" it after its production if it proves a success.

This was the method he pursued with Mr. Sothorn's play, and its large sale in book form showed that the idea is commercially a good one.

One of the latest additions to the novels in preparation for use on the stage, by the way, is "The Story of an African Farm." The work is in the hands of a young newspaper man with large experience in theatrical affairs. It was undertaken at the suggestion of a manager who thinks that he sees in the Boer war enough news interest to give the play unusual preliminary heralding.

THE TOO TENDER CRITICS—John Cotton Dana thinks the modern tribe has kissed the Blarney stone. Some reflections on literary mutual admiration societies.

Can it be that since the critics killed Keats, the tribe has grown almost womanly tender in its treatment of budding genius and of that which is not even remotely related to genius? Mr. John Cotton Dana, the city librarian of Springfield, Massachusetts, has stirred up something of a hornet's nest about his ears by saying that in the avowedly critical periodicals such a thing as intelligent and real criticism is unknown. Mediocrity receives the praise that should be reserved for genius, and the most pitiful apology for merit is patted soothingly on the shoulder and told that it is "promising."

Mr. Dana is by no means the first to discover that the gentle art of criticism has degenerated, in the alleged "literary" magazines, to a graceful exchange of ver-

bal courtesies. But he is the first, so far as known, to be statistical in his testimony to this effect.

For two months he kept a list of the books discussed in the professedly critical reviews. Out of a hundred and eighty nine works examined by three of these periodicals, a hundred and fifty four were found excellent and only nine were actually condemned, the rest receiving the half way encouragement which keeps so many worthy young clerks, farmers, and housekeepers from their true vocations.

As Mr. Dana points out, if one hundred and fifty four works of real merit appear in two months, the Augustan period of English letters, the true literary millennium, must have set in. But probably even the writers of the laudatory reviews would hardly subscribe to any such general conclusion as that.

Yet if that conclusion is not maintained, it is difficult to avoid Mr. Dana's other one—namely, that it is unwise to expect from periodicals which live by the advertising which they have from publishers to denounce the works by which those publishers, in turn, live. Evidently, if the purely critical review is to live and be of any value, it must be an endowed publication, which may speak its mind, even when its mind is harsh, without having the means of livelihood taken from it. And even then it would be prudent to demand that no reviewer on its staff should ever perpetrate a book on his own account. For a good deal of so called criticism among litterateurs is like the cynical definition of gratitude—"a lively sense of favors to come."

Any way, Keats died too soon!

BEING "LITERARY"—Some invaluable suggestions for beginners in the art are found in "Folly Corners."

Some day, when the essay is restored to favor, an entertaining one will be written on the downward career of certain adjectives. It will show how overworked "sentimental" became a term of reproach, and how "vital" and "sincere," through too hard labor, descended to the plane of

"sweet" and "awful." And if the writer does not point out the steps by which "literary" fell, by extracts from "Folly Corners," his essay will not be as good as it might be. Read this extract:

"Literature? A great many girls go in for that. We are quite literary down here," said Mrs. Turle. "Mrs. Samuels keeps a poultry farm and takes in typewriting . . . Nancy has a great taste for literature. I think that if there had ever been any question of her going out into the world, she would have chosen literature. She would have made her mark—ladies take up so many things nowadays, and are received just the same."

"Only I never can think of a subject," said Nancy pathetically. "If only I could think of a subject and get somebody else to begin!"

Nancy, like other "literary" persons, had never heard of the critic who said that he would as soon keep a list of the beef-steaks he had eaten as of the books he had read, assimilation being the main thing in both cases. Nancy kept religious account of her labors in the line of reading, and was all the more "literary" because of it.

As a further guide to being successfully "literary" in Mrs. Turle's circle, the passage in the novel which discusses the formation of the Shakspeare class in invaluable. Mrs. Turle issues an ultimatum:

"Pamela must join the Shakspeare class. Mrs. McAlpine, who started it, is extremely clever; she reads German novels in the original. And she is very particular—they only read the nice parts of the plays. I inquired into that when Nancy joined. For although one admires and loves dear Shakspeare, I must say one is never sure of him. It seems such a pity."

"The members of the Shakspeare class," it is a relief to know, "had neatly written slips sent them with a list of passages to be slurred."

THE DECLINE OF "TRAVELS"—

How the camera has driven the chroniclers of journeys out of business.

One of the few sections of our libraries that are not clamoring for expansion is the one devoted to books of travel. The book of travel is obsolescent. The reason for this phenomenon is simple; but it is not altogether, or even chiefly, because our little round world has been written up until there is nothing new to say about it. The personal equation is so important, the perspective of the eyes that see varies so much, that travelers to this day would be allowed to bore or delight their readers with their impressions of the Holy Land, of Egypt, or even of Italy, if it were not for the conquest of the earth by the camera.

One could read a dozen different descriptions of a Bedouin encampment, or a hundred of the Bay of Naples, without getting the familiarity that a single photograph gives. A word picture has the difficult task of transmitting visible things to the mind without the intervention of the only organ that can really assimilate them, the eye.

Even the letter of travels is no more. The tourist recognizes that the stay at homes have already seen all that the written word can convey, and leaves out of his letters all but the most meager allusion to what he is seeing.

THE TYPEWRITER AND MANUSCRIPTS—How the machine has done away with autograph writings.

The typewriter has wrought many changes, and with its general introduction there will be lost one of the delights of the author worshiper and the autograph hunter—the manuscript of a famous book. And the loss is no imaginary one. It is a positive pleasure to see the finely written manuscripts of Nathaniel Hawthorne, one thousand five hundred words—a full newspaper column—on one sheet of ordinary letter paper.

The manuscript of Walt Whitman's "November Boughs" was written on "any old kind" of scraps. There were sentences on brown paper, such as butchers wrap their meats in, on blue paper torn with irregular edges from a college catalogue cover, on the backs of envelopes, and so on. A single page on which these odds and ends were pasted and edited was made up of fourteen different sorts of paper.

USING HIS FRIENDS—How an author can make characters without making enemies when he "draws from life."

An author often desires to borrow the traits, foibles, and eccentricities of his personal friends for the enrichment of his created characters. When it has once come to him that what he sees in George is exactly what he wants for Cyril, and that Anna's attitude towards life would make *Gwendolin* immortal, a very anguish of covetousness comes upon him, and he begins a feverish balancing of the evils of making enemies against the delights of making characters.

For, naturally, George and Anna will

never forgive him. Though he take but one little foible from each, amidst a host of virtues, that one will blot out all the rest; for human vanity has never learned to admit human failings. He may take the one trait by itself and of it build a character utterly different in every other respect; but that will not save him. "I could forgive his writing me up if he had not done it so falsely," they protest; "but if that is the way he sees me—" And no logic can convince them that they were not covertly intended throughout.

There is a way in which an author who would use a friend may protect himself—a little trick absurdly obvious, yet seldom penetrated by the unliterary mind. Let him give up a little space to the external factors of his people, and make them strikingly different from those of the originals. Dwell on the blondness of *Cyril's* hair when George is swarthy as a Cuban, make *Gwendolin* petite when the Anna she sprang from is Amazonian, and a distinction is set up which no amount of opposing mental or moral qualities could establish.

"That *Carlton* in your story was rather like Tom, but I knew you didn't mean him, because you said *Carlton* didn't dance," was once said, in perfect seriousness—and the author laughed to himself and exchanged a wink with *Carlton*.

PLAINTS OF THE POETESSES—

What can be done for the poor, suffering creatures to change the dolorous strain of their hard working muse?

In the name of all that is dolorous, what is the matter with the dear women? Their muse seems to have changed places with the divinity having charge of the tragic—even the maniacal—department of the muses' reliable old poetry firm. She is selling the most depressing, the most heart-rending, if not hair rending, variety of ideas to her gentle purchasers. Listen to this:

Ere we had thought, or known, or learned,
Or found our feeble feet,
A generous life within you burned
That sharing made complete;
When, stript from you, we strive to fix
Our tendrils in the air,
We fall to earth, with mold to mix,
And creep more basely there.

The wine you give us sweet with love
Upon our lips turns gall;
You tower in stifling strength above—
We cling, accepting all;

And who that walks the woodland through
But in its grandeur sees
The forest's life is made by you,
The nobly dying trees!

And then the distraught lady singer goes on to make a prayer in the name of her perplexing sex:

To stand, not cling—to give, not take;
More than alone—supreme!
Ah, weakness has its hidden ache,
The parasite its dream.

Now, all this, though naturally distressing to the oak hearted sex, which is not primarily responsible for the presence of the clinging vine, or for its clinging, is moderately comprehensible. It may be broadly interpreted as an impassioned appeal for the ballot. As a statement—a rather novel statement—of a suffragist's point of view, it deserves consideration. The oak, an eminently patient natural specimen, as the poetess herself admits, would have been likely to give it due weight as argument.

But almost simultaneously another voice is heard crying in the wilderness; another poetess is supplied with an inspiration which causes her to perpetrate the following tuneful but despairing verse:

Give us a little joy, oh, world,
We are so young and strong,
So fit for love's sweet usages,
For laughter and for song.
Oh, world, our joy is in thy hand
Withholden long and long;
Or, if youth's rapture be not thine to give,
A little rest, or leave to cease to live.

Each holds a dream within her heart
Of future or of past,
A dream of mother, lover, child,
Too poignant sweet to last;
A mirage dim in dimming eyes,
We know—but hold it fast.
Let outlawed Esau take his mess and roam,
Give us our birthright, world—love, peace, and home!

Now, why, oh, why, did not the first lady go to Colorado, cease to be a parasite, and become—who knows?—a legislator? And why did not the second leave the over spinstered, over strenuous region of Boston and go, say, to Turkey? It is trying to have this double outburst just when things seemed to be going so nicely for women, when there were States in which those who wanted to might vote, and States exactly adapted to the needs of those who would as soon touch poison ivy as a ballot; when rainy day skirts were really becoming quite fashionable, and when trailing ones were still permitted to those who wished to clean the city's streets in an unostentatious and old fashioned way; when there was Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson

for those who liked her, and Mr. Edward Bok for those who didn't. Surely it seemed that in the world were situations agreeable to every taste! Instead of which, here come two poetesses weeping and wailing over exactly the opposite things.

What is poor man—what is even beleaguered Providence—going to do about it, we ask?

WHERE KIPLING IS RIGHT—Being a criticism of a critic's comments on a plural subject and a singular verb.

It is a sad commentary on human nature that such words as "censure" and "criticism" should have come to apply only to adverse opinions or judgment. Very recently a "critic" proudly announced that Mr. Kipling was at fault in his English when he wrote in "The Recessional":

The tumult and the shouting dies.

Said this censorious person, "The verb should be plural," and then he quoted the thumb nail rule relative to two subjects.

Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Kipling is right. The figure of speech known as "hendiadys" is defined as "the use of two words connected by a copulative conjunction to express a single complex idea." In the verse under discussion "tumult and shouting" might almost have been hyphenated to indicate that the condition expressed was conceived by the poet as a single entity.

AMELIE RIVES' CAREER — She never recovered from the attacks made upon her for writing "The Quick or the Dead."

The latest illness of Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoi) is apparently the final scene in a wonderful career, all things considered. The breakdown of this brilliant woman dates from the success of "The Quick or the Dead," first published in a magazine about fourteen years ago. Upon its appearance, the writer, then a very young woman, became a target for letters from cranks of both sexes. Praise, blame, adulation, vilification, offers of marriage, savage personalities, all found their way to the sensitive girl in her home at Castle Hill, Virginia. The strain was too great; her nerves gave way, and she never completely recovered. Her own life, on the surface, reads like a romance. Well bred, finely educated, and used to the free outdoor life of a Virginia

country home, with more than usual gifts for music and sketching, this girl leaps into literary fame, marries into New York society, then becomes a Russian princess, and the end of it all is absolute seclusion and shattered health.

THE ARCTIC SPHINX—Some admirably told stories of those who go up towards the pole in boats.

When one writes fiction of far countries, the temptation to prose along in the style of a guide book, or a compendium of "manners and customs," must be great. To resist it, to tell one's story without a single encyclopedic utterance, and yet to leave the reader of the tale with a clear and living impression of the surroundings in which the story was acted—that comes very near to being high art. And that is what Albert White Vorse has done in the collection of tales called "Laughter of the Sphinx."

The sphinx whose laughter Mr. Vorse describes—sometimes the kindly chuckle of a good natured jester, sometimes the sneering smile of the cynic, but oftenest the grim, relentless mirth of fate, the ironist—is the sphinx of the arctic regions. And a more dread divinity she seems to be than the lady of Thebes with her unanswerable riddles. Not only may no one journey on who does not guess aright the enigma she propounds; not only does she bar the pathway that many men have died to find, but the mere sight of her, cut out of the eternal ice, backed by the eternal dark, drives men mad.

There are all sorts of mania latent in an arctic expedition—the madness of *Latta*, who lost honor and ambition and life itself for the fever that came upon him in the wastes; the madness of *Mrs. Tremont*, the woman who tried to hold court in an exploration headquarters—but hers was the madness of vanity, which is ubiquitous, and the sphinx is not accountable for it; the madness of the mutineers who, for reasons that might move a nursery quarrel, came near to throwing aside loyalty and the fair reward of long struggles; the comical, pathetic madness of the scientists wrangling bloodthirstily over things which at home might possibly provoke a letter to the technical journals. All these manias there are in the long midnight and the silence that is full of threatened noises. And the sphinx laughs as she watches those who come to conquer her succumbing to them.

One thing there is not in Mr. Vorse's book. That is, any such detailed and re-

volting account of physical horrors as there was in a recent book dealing with arctic life, Mr. Frank Norris' "A Man's Woman." Any one who, from a mistaken sense of duty, or a thrifty desire to get his money's worth, managed to read the portion of that novel devoted to the explorer's escape from the north, is not likely to care to tackle another book in which the scene is laid in a latitude above that of Philadelphia. It is only fair to all such to tell them that Mr. Vorse's "Laughter of the Sphinx" contains no descriptions warranted to cure one of a taste for reading.

It is significant to note that "A Man's Woman" was written by a gentleman who claims no closer acquaintance with the Land of the Midnight Sun than may be gained by a conscientious perusal of interviews with returned explorers, while "Laughter of the Sphinx" is the result of personal experience. Mr. Vorse was a member of the Peary relief expedition of 1892.

HOW TO APPROACH AN EDITOR— Being a few simple rules based on actual experience for the guidance of budding genius.

It is truly extraordinary how many persons are wrestling with the problem of the best way of attracting an editor's attention and arousing his interest in the work of budding genius—generally feminine. Every one who has any connection with publishing, from the elevator starter in the building upward, is constantly assailed for advice. An editor of long experience has prepared a few general rules for the guidance of those who do not know.

Write and ask him if you may call to talk over literary projects with him. That will oblige him to dictate a polite note saying that you may.

Take to the interview a scrap book containing your past work on newspapers and periodicals. He will enjoy looking it over.

Begin the interview by saying that you have not thought of any subject to treat of yourself, but you hope that he may have something he wants written up. It is well to add that it is almost impossible to get ideas, as all the articles seem to have been written already. Being in hourly dread of turning down a future genius, he will labor patiently to make you betray a spark of ability.

Explain to him how you came to take up literary work, setting forth at length your financial difficulties. He is paid by the week, so his time is not important to him.

Ask him if he knows that his magazine printed a portrait of Li Hung Chang over the title of Mrs. Burke-Roche several months before. He has already received ten thousand letters on the subject, but will no doubt be glad to explain for the ten thousand and first time just how it happened.

Mention that you have some photographs about which an article might be written, but that you don't want to go to the trouble of writing it unless you are sure of its being accepted. If he feebly suggests that he cannot order work without some knowledge of your style, offer to leave the scrap book with him.

As you rise to go (if you ever do) produce a manuscript poem and ask him to write you frankly what he thinks of it. Do not leave a stamp; he will gladly pay two cents to get it taken away.

Explain that you have never happened to read his magazine, but are going home to do so at once, in order to see just what sort of things he wants. Cheered by this sign of intelligence on your part, he will doubtless present you with a copy.

After you have gone, write him several pages on monogrammed paper, asking if you may submit a one hundred thousand word serial. That will give him a chance to write you another note explaining that his magazine is always glad to consider original contributions.

Fasten the pages of your serial tightly together, roll them, omit your address, and request an answer by the following Tuesday. When the manuscript comes back, write the editor asking for the real reason for its rejection. He is a patient man, and a diligent one. But it is possible that he may not answer.

By carefully following these directions, any writer can have the satisfaction of knowing that he is conducting himself like a majority of those who assault editorial rooms.

A LITERARY MENAGERIE—Ernest Seton-Thompson remains true to the principles of the show business, but carefully refines and polishes them.

Perhaps it was wrong, in the first place, to take "wild animals" so seriously. But to most of Ernest Seton-Thompson's readers, when they laid down the stories of *Lobo* and *Raggylug* and *Vixen*, and spread their handkerchiefs out to dry, it seemed that he had done what is dignified as "the real thing." The devotion and struggle and terror of these wild lives and the piteous dignity of their deaths seemed to carry their histories into the realm of big emotions, and to give them the right to be revered as tragedies.

But evidently their narrator has taken them far more lightly, for he has not scrupled to resurrect his entire colony of wild things and butcher them to make a childish holiday. They now stand billed as the dramatis personæ of a musical comedy, to be acted by children wearing furry tails and rabbit ears and other insignia of the originals. Each of these comes out in turn and sings a little toy verse explaining his personality, and that is practically all there is to it—so the dramatic world is

scarcely to be regarded as richer for the addition.

Meanwhile those who felt the real beauty of the book must resent this belittling of it by its creator. Fancy *Lobo*, the magnificent, personated by a little boy in a door mat!

HEALTH IN LITERATURE — The golden opportunity of the chroniclers of cures and preventives in current publications.

It is significant of a changed or changing view of the purposes of existence that literature on the subject of health vies in popularity with literature on the subject of love or of clothes or of stocks. Indeed, it excels them all in interest, for the man who would snort disdainfully and rudely over the sad parting of *Angelina* and *Edwin*, or who would flee from a study of styles and materials as from the plague, will lose all sense of time and space as he pores over a dissertation on dyspepsia. Conversely, the young person to whose untutored mind the market quotations are about as comprehensible as a Boxer manifesto in the original, reads with the sparkling eyes and quick drawn breath of eagerness articles on how to hold her head or how to walk properly; while a November screeed on avoiding colds is sure of five times as many readers as the most convincingly pathetic Thanksgiving story.

"Hypnotism and Health," "The Mind and the Muscles," "Alcohol and Oxygenation," "Breathing and Beauty," "Physical Poise and Mental Power," and so on—how many persons have you not seen absorbed by articles bearing such titles? What recent effort of Mark Twain's has had such vogue as that on Christian Science, which was more than humorous? How much vegetarian, water cure, and rest and fruit and milk and air and travel and exercise cure literature is read with earnest attention by people not at all given to literature in general?

It would probably require a philosopher, and not merely a physician, to tell all that this deep interest in the question of health means. It is significant of more than the desire of the sick for soundness, for the sound also read it. It looks like a gradual growing away from various old Puritan standards and a return to pagan philosophies. Bodily pain is no longer accepted as a disagreeable but patiently to be borne part of the cosmic scheme; a headache is no longer held to have anything to do with original sin, either as expiation or as result; a narrow chest is not now regarded as

a sign of deep spirituality, and a dyspeptic complexion and a bilious eye have lost their old honorable position as outward and visible signs of minds too exalted to consider the food problem.

At present it almost seems that a woman would rather feel well than be admired by a whole township as the most frequent fainter within its borders. Man, to do him justice, has never taken so much solid comfort in his ailments as his sister and his wife have in theirs. But now all the world is uniting on the old Greek physical ideal, and while the process is going on the publishers of health literature ought to lay up golden treasure for themselves. Another generation may find all the world so robust that no one will look within the pages of a guide to health. The generation after that may have swung again to the opinion that a swoon is a most graceful feminine accomplishment, and that to be subject to vertigo marks a man as belonging to the tribe of seers and prophets.

HALF HOURS WITH EDITORS —

The able person who has charge of an "Only Woman's Page" gives professional instruction to his principal assistant.

"Miss Spaice, what in the world has become of that photograph we had of that old temperance cat who has been trying to work us for a puff for the last six months? She must have got at the old man somehow, because he has just sent up word that we are to run her tomorrow with about three sticks of matter.

"Oh, it's easy enough to get your data. She sends us a typewritten story of her life every week or so. You'll find at least a dozen in that desk there. Be sure you lay it on strong about her being a society woman. Say that most of her friends are members of the Four Hundred, or something of that sort, and get up a good caption. Perhaps we'd better make it one of the 'Pearls of Womanhood' series. I declare I hope that woman will give us some peace after this. If she were a professional reformer she could not be any more persistent in her demands for a puff than she is.

"Get up half a column of answers to correspondents, too. Well, if we haven't any letters to answer, write some yourself. I'll give you a few now. 'Is it proper to wear a feather boa with a bathing suit?' 'I've been keeping company with a young man who is a telegraph operator. He has not spoken to me since the day I received a despatch from a gentleman friend of

mine who is a plumber in a near by town. Do you think he could have read the despatch, and had he a right to do so?' 'A lady at our boarding house, who goes into society a great deal, told me that it was the fashion for the members of the Four Hundred to have diamonds set in their front teeth. She said that when they walked about a Newport lawn in the evening, smiling pleasantly at one another, the effect was like that of a multitude of fireflies. Is this true?' Now, just get up half a dozen more like that, and write answers to them, because we ought to keep a few in stock and run them as a daily feature.

"What's that? Why, of course they wear diamonds in their teeth. My dear young lady, so long as you work for this woman's page never deprive the members of the Four Hundred of any of their spectacular accessories, and never do anything to cheapen them. If the women of this country were to lose their faith in the Four Hundred, there would be no more women's pages, and you and I would be out of work.

"Now for the 'Simple Household Remedies.' Get up some recipes showing how to pound up clam shells and convert them into a fragrant and agreeable tooth paste by mixing them with a little essence of wintergreen. Show how to make an omelet without eggs, and a mince pie without brandy; and don't forget the daily bill of fare. For tomorrow's breakfast have:

Apples,	Wheat gems,	Butter,
Cocoa,	Salt,	Pie,
Iced Rain Water.		

And show how a family of six can live well for ninety two cents a day. Yes, they can live well on ninety two cents a day—that is to say, they can in a woman's page. Probably they can't anywhere else, so don't you be beguiled into trying the experiment."

THE FICKLE PUBLIC—John Habberton, who was once nearly mobbed when he appeared in public, is now almost unknown.

"The fickle public" is by no means an empty phrase. In 1876, John Habberton and his wife planned a quiet visit to the Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia. "Helen's Babies" was the rage at that time, and while Mr. and Mrs. Habberton were standing in front of the grand organ in the Main Building, some one recognized the modest author of the famous book. The word passed from lip to lip,

and a small crowd collected around the unconscious couple. The crowd grew larger, until they were fairly hemmed in. It increased at last to almost mob-like proportions, and the luckless sightseers were forced to fight their way out of the grounds. This episode so marred their trip that they returned home without seeing the show.

"Helen's Babies" is today a memory with some and absolutely unknown to the newer devourers of books of the hour, and Mr. Habberton is living quietly in New Rochelle, unmolested by the curious.

THE APOLOGETIC PREFACE—An illustration in "Eben Holden," wherein the author, following a bad custom, bespeaks his reader's patience for a good story.

How far is a modern author justified in making his preface an apology, "bespeaking his reader's patience," according to the ancient habit? How far may he, without loss of self respect, beg a tolerant attitude for his product on the ground of his difficulties in production?

This query is provoked by the foreword to Irving Bacheller's "Eben Holden." Mr. Bacheller remarks:

This book has grown out of such enforced leisure as one may find in a busy life. Chapters begun in the publicity of a Pullman car have been finished in the cheerless solitude of a hotel chamber. Some have had their beginning in a sleepless night, and their end in a day of bronchitis.

Now, these facts, while probably interesting to Mr. Bacheller and his immediate circle, and undoubtedly of moment to his physician, do not really seem to concern the casual reader of his book.

Does the artist hang a tag upon his picture at the Academy, announcing: "Sir or madam: This work was done while a man in a neighboring studio was learning the cornet. Regard it, therefore, with a lenient eye?"

Does the shoemaker send out printed slips in the toes of his wares, informing purchasers that he hopes they will overlook protruding nails, as his baby was teething, or he himself was running for local office, during the making of the boots?

If it is not in good taste for one producer to drag in his personal woes as an excuse for the shortcomings in his goods, why is it otherwise for another?

In the case of "Eben Holden," the preface really wrongs the book, which needs no such apology. It is difficult to imagine

anything more charming, more primitively sylvan, and more beautifully human than the first four chapters, describing the journey of *Uncle Eb* and his charge through the wilderness into the West.

Not even the much vaunted descriptive writing of James Lane Allen holds anything which gives so vivid an impression of the closeness of human beings in primitive society to the great heart of nature.

THE "TRASH AGE" — Its normal place in the development of literary taste, and the abiding joy that was a part of it.

It is always a mistake to omit a stage in one's evolution, if one would avoid inexplicable and undignified lapses in later life. The tales derisively heaped together under the contemptuous title of "trash" have a place and time in normal, healthy reading. As we should certainly pity a child relentlessly brought up on attenuated English classics, unmitigated by fairy stories and nonsense jingles, so, too, should one be commiserated who, in its early teens, had no backslidings into trash.

Can any books ever be so delightful as those with the delicious double alliterative titles, read breathlessly behind the shelter of a desk lid or the safe screen of an atlas cover? Can any interest ever be so keen as that which implored a brief reprieve from bed in order to finish the chapter? In the trash age one takes a book seriously, and really cares how it "comes out."

Two men of middle age and fastidious taste have separately confessed that for years they have often lingered in second hand book shops, not intent on picking up first editions for a song, but in the hope that they might come across two books of lurid, impossible adventure, of which they had been respectively deprived at some climatic moment by stern mothers. They had forgotten the names—"but I was in the middle," ran the confession. "It was a good story, and I have always wanted to know how it came out."

ALFRED AUSTIN'S PENSION — It amounts to a thousand dollars a year and calls forth some satirical verses.

Of course it was a mere coincidence that an article on copyright and the commercial side of writing poetry, by Alfred Austin, should be published about the same time that the announcement was made that the poet laureate had received a

pension of two hundred pounds a year. Mr. Labouchere published the following in *Truth*:

THE POET LAUREATE ON HIS PENSION.

Of course I like my crown of bays,
Right proud am I to call it mine;
I like the custom which conveys
To me an annual cask of wine;
But still, on mere prosaic grounds,
I much prefer two hundred pounds.
Folks do not me "Sir" Alfred call,
But don't suppose for that I care;
What is a title after all? —
An empty trifle, light as air!
How much more tangible it sounds—
"A pension of two hundred pounds!"

Seek not the poet's soul to grieve
With idle talk of knightly rank!
A prefix does not, I believe,
Increase the balance at his bank,
But to my "credit" it redounds—
My pension of two hundred pounds!

The crown of bays may wither—(ah,
My own is looking somewhat sere!)—
And what is fame? A bubble. Pah!
If pricked 'twill surely disappear;
Whereas two hundred pounds—well, zounds!
They always are two hundred pounds!

Mr. Labouchere says that if the verses are really Mr. Alfred Austin's, they ought not to be.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUNDS—The need for a shop that will furnish them to order, along with proper scenery to make easy the novelist's work.

Many a college graduate, "standing," according to the graduation ritual, "on the threshold of life," knows that there is an enterprising firm whose praiseworthy purpose is to make smooth the path of transition wherever this path is blocked by an imperative demand for an essay. Graduation is made easy for even the least fluent writers. The firm furnishes dissertations, orations, and poems of any length on any subject for terms nicely arranged in a sort of sliding scale. Sermons, very properly, come the dearest of the assortment, doubtless because the demand is small, though after dinner speeches "custom made" are also a luxury.

The obvious utility and probable success of its methods have led some progressive person with an open mind to recommend that the history of the new historical novel might be furnished by a similar firm. This would prove a great saving of time and trouble to the author, who could then devote himself exclusively to character drawing, dialogue, and plot. He would

merely name the period desired, order so many words dealing with such and such incidents, and he would speedily have the material at hand, without research, without cramming, without delving in dusty libraries.

In course of time the firm might enlarge its business and include scenery and weather descriptions. The author need mention only the place and season, and state whether he preferred the use of the "pathetic fallacy" or of "nature contrast." This arrangement would prevent awkward slips; lochs, braes, and glens would not figure in a scene rich in vineyards and corn fields; olive orchards would not border upon fiords, nor the magnolia bloom miraculously in Quebec. The most romantic writer is not always observant of nature, and geographical knowledge and imagination do not invariably go hand in hand.

The fetters of dismal realism would then be removed from untraveled geniuses, now forced to paint only their own little nooks in the universe. The Texas novelist could safely write an Acadian love story, while the Vermont romanticist, without the fatigue of personal observation, might weave a thrilling tale of Russian steppes or South American revolutions, reflecting philosophically that human nature is everywhere and in all ages the same.

The novelist of the future is going to have a hard time of it. Not only will all the plots in the world be old and all the situations stale—we are used to that already—but all the titles will be taken. Even now authors are having difficulties in this regard. James Lane Allen's "The Reign of Law" was published in England as "The Increasing Purpose," the American title having already been copyrighted in Great Britain as the name of a scientific book by the late Duke of Argyll. The English publishers of Mrs. Wharton's "Touchstone" spent time and gray matter, to say nothing of cable fees, in trying to agree upon another title for the English edition of her book, "The Touchstone" having been already used there. "The Touch of a Vanished Hand" was at one time settled upon as a substitute title, but was almost immediately found to be already preëmpted. A new novel by William Le Queux, which he called "An Eye For An Eye," and which is about to appear serially in *THE ARGOSY*, is also in search of another title for England, that name having been already used there by Anthony Trollope. If this sort of thing

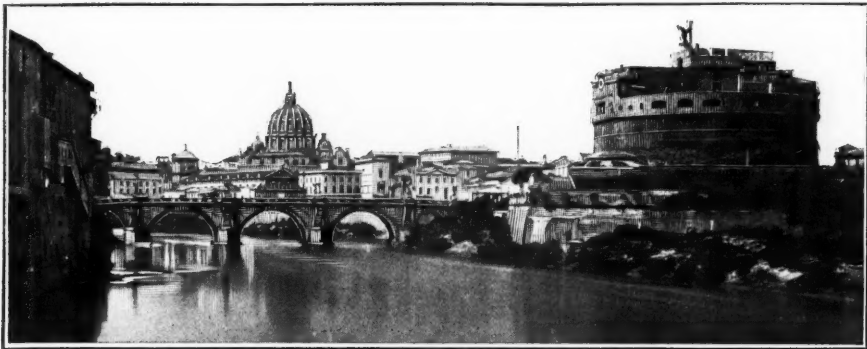
keeps on, we may look to see library catalogues in the future reading like a city directory, with its "John Porter first, second, and third."

A little while ago all the world was commenting smilingly upon the difference between Miss Johnson's personality and her literary style, as the one might be guessed from her portrait and as the other had been revealed in her two novels. But the latest widely advertised and loudly heralded contribution to the swashbuckler series is made by a woman even younger, and, if possible, seemingly more shy and delicate.

Miss Bertha Runkle, whose "Helmet of Navarre" her publishers are assiduously crying through the towns, is a girl barely into her twenties, quiet, retiring, and diffident. No one knew that she was writing a novel until one day she appeared with the request that her aunt, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, should look over the manuscript. Mrs. Dodge was amazed, but consented to do so. The loudly announced "Helmet of Navarre" is the result.

A somewhat unusual volume is that on "The Water Supply of the City of New York," recently issued by the Merchants' Association of the metropolis. The book—the fruit of an investigation in which certain public spirited citizens have spent more than thirty thousand dollars with no hope of direct reward—is, for those who have time to study it, an invaluable monograph upon a highly important subject. Even to those who only dip into it, it has interesting chapters—for instance, its statement of the facts of that extraordinary scandal, the Ramapo contract. But the long suffering New York taxpayer looks in vain for anything that will help him to understand why, in recent months, the fluid supplied him by the city has been so artistically tinged with umber hued mud.

What's in a name? A well patronized concert hall in New York recently announced on its program "The Quo Vadis Two Step," by a popular composer; and a "three and nine cent store" on Eighth Avenue, in the same city, advertises the "Quo Vadis Safety Clasp." Such is the sad fate of popularity and such the magic influence of the unknown. If those who named these candidates for favor had been a little stronger in Latin, they might have claimed that they were guided by Tacitus, who said, "The unknown is always imposing."



"O ROME, MY COUNTRY, CITY OF THE SOUL, LONE MOTHER OF DEAD EMPIRES!"

Italy and Her Makers.

BY WALTER LITTLEFIELD.

THE PRESENT TROUBLES OF THE LAND OF GARIBALDI AND MAZZINI, WHY THEY DO NOT PROVE THAT HER LONG AND HEROIC STRUGGLE FOR UNITY WAS A FAILURE, AND HER HOPE OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY UNDER HER NEW KING.

TO the casual observer of contemporaneous events in Italy, especially those who have felt their blood quickened and their senses thrilled by the story of the long, heroic struggle which finally achieved a political union of the various states of the peninsula, the kingdom socially, politically, and financially seems now to be upon the verge of dissolution and disintegration.

Apparently there is little of hope in the Italian news printed in the foreign press. One year we hear of riots, seemingly inspired by starving communities, and which are only suppressed by the use of the bullet and the bayonet. In the story of the trials that follow, we are told of the most atrocious errors of justice, of an archaic judicial system administered in the most tyrannical fashion. At another time, the raging of factions in the Italian Parliament apparently reveals the inadequacy of the Italian constitution. Again, the perusal of the debates on the national budget gives to the general reader the impression that nothing can stay financial ruin.

Then a king is assassinated, a sovereign who is spoken of as the most democratic hereditary ruler in Europe. With the revelation of the identity of the assassin comes the recollection that it was an Ital-

ian who murdered the Spanish minister Canovas, that it was an Italian who murdered Carnot, the President of the French republic, that it was an Italian who murdered the innocent Empress of Austria-Hungary. Further back, we recall that it was Fieschi, an Italian, who attempted the life of the citizen king of France. And through the whole lurid chronology of the last thirty years of Italian history appears the interminable quarrel between church and state, which seems to spur on the fate which is dragging Italy to its doom. Assuredly, there is nothing of beauty, of light, or of encouragement in the picture.

This is the popular idea among foreigners. Fortunately, it is not the true one. Italy is today in a state of transition. While many of the events of the last few years are distressing in themselves, the conditions which preceded them and which have followed must be examined before a just verdict can be pronounced. But more than all, it should be realized that the spirit of a united Italy of which Dante dreamed six centuries ago, and which found lasting expression in that long line of martyrs and heroes in the middle of the century, is a flame too intense to be extinguished by the strife of classes, the enmity of political factions, the realization of threatened

financial ruin, the reign of starving mobs, the dark deeds of regicides, or yet by the irreconcilability of the Vatican, aggressive and inexorable.

WHAT ITALY IS TODAY.

What is the true picture, therefore? Whence these misconceptions?

To borrow a phrase from political economy, the development of the idea of Italian unification may be said to be represented by, first isolation, then combination, then coöperation. Prior to 1870, it was isolation; from 1870 until the present, it has been a period of eager, but for the most part injudicious, combination. The future of Italy depends upon the ability of the people to solve the problem of coöperation.

It can be solved only by the obliteration of those burning scars produced by centuries of injustice and oppression. Each state failed to free herself of these

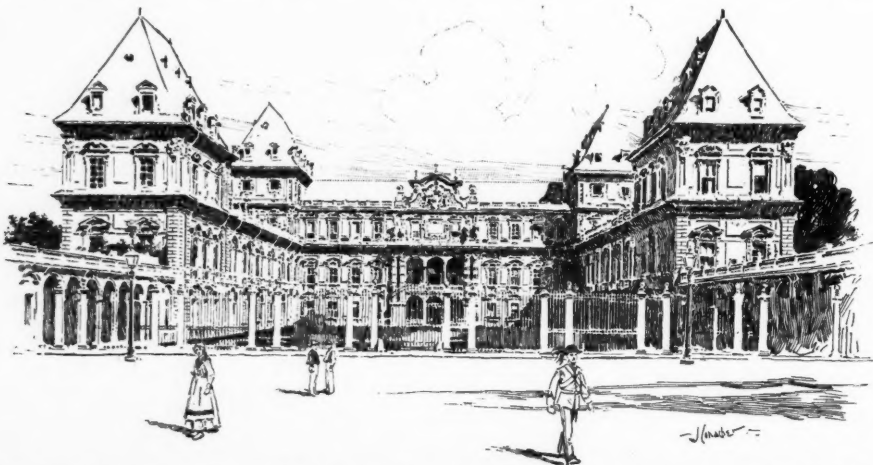


PIUS IX, THE LAST POPE WHO RULED A KINGDOM, AND VICTOR EMMANUEL II, WHO SEIZED THE PAPAL STATES—A CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN CARTOON SHOWING TWO BITTER ENEMIES IN AN IMPOSSIBLY FRIENDLY ATTITUDE.

scars before entering the unity. A corrupt and antiquated social system, with local differences of degree and quality, keeps them throbbing. When once a just and equitable distribution of the national burdens shall be made, Italians of every class and condition will coöperate with one another in promoting the welfare of their common country, knowing full well that they will participate in the benefits thereof. The speech of the young king, Victor Emmanuel III, before Parliament on August 11 last, is a most happy omen.

A glance at the map of the Italy of 1815 will show the heterogeneous mass which in the course of seventy years was to be molded into

the kingdom of united Italy. Austria then occupied Lombardy and Venetia; the kingdom of Sardinia, which was later to give birth to a ruler whose



THE ROYAL PALACE AT TURIN, THE OLD CAPITAL OF THE KINGDOM OF SARDINIA, AND FROM 1859 TO 1865 THE CAPITAL OF THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.

name was to be inextricably interwoven with the struggle for freedom and unity, then included only Savoy, Piedmont, and the island of Sardinia. There was the

between the years 1861 and 1866. Austria still holds Venetia; Savoy has passed to France, but throughout the length and breadth of the peninsula, and including



THE MOST DEMOCRATIC SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE—THE LATE KING HUMBERT, WITH QUEEN MARGHERITA, AS THEY USED TO APPEAR ON THEIR WALKS IN THE STREETS OF ROME.

kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which, besides the island of Sicily, covered the lower half of the peninsula. There was, too, independent Tuscany; but Modena, Parma, and Lucca were powerless vassals of Austria; while from the Tyrrhenian Sea northward across the peninsula to the Adriatic extended the States of the Church. Then glance at the map of Italy

Sicily and Sardinia, there is a united Italy, save where, on the Tyrrhenian shore, the States of the Church are still marked in purple but reduced to an area of about forty by one hundred and sixty miles. From 1866 to 1870, the Papal States remain as they were, but Venetia, with its beautiful queen city of Venice, has passed from the Austrian



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III AND QUEEN HELEN, THE PRESENT SOVEREIGNS OF ITALY. THE KING, WHO IS THIRTY ONE YEARS OLD, HAS GIVEN MUCH PROMISE OF CAPACITY AS A RULER, AND HIGH HOPES ARE CENTERED UPON HIS ABILITY TO LEAD HIS COUNTRY OUT OF HER PRESENT TROUBLES.

yoke. Then came the crowning event of all, by which the unification of Italy was consecrated—the absorption of the Papal States and the transference of the government from Florence to the Eternal City.

THE LONG STRUGGLE FOR UNITY.

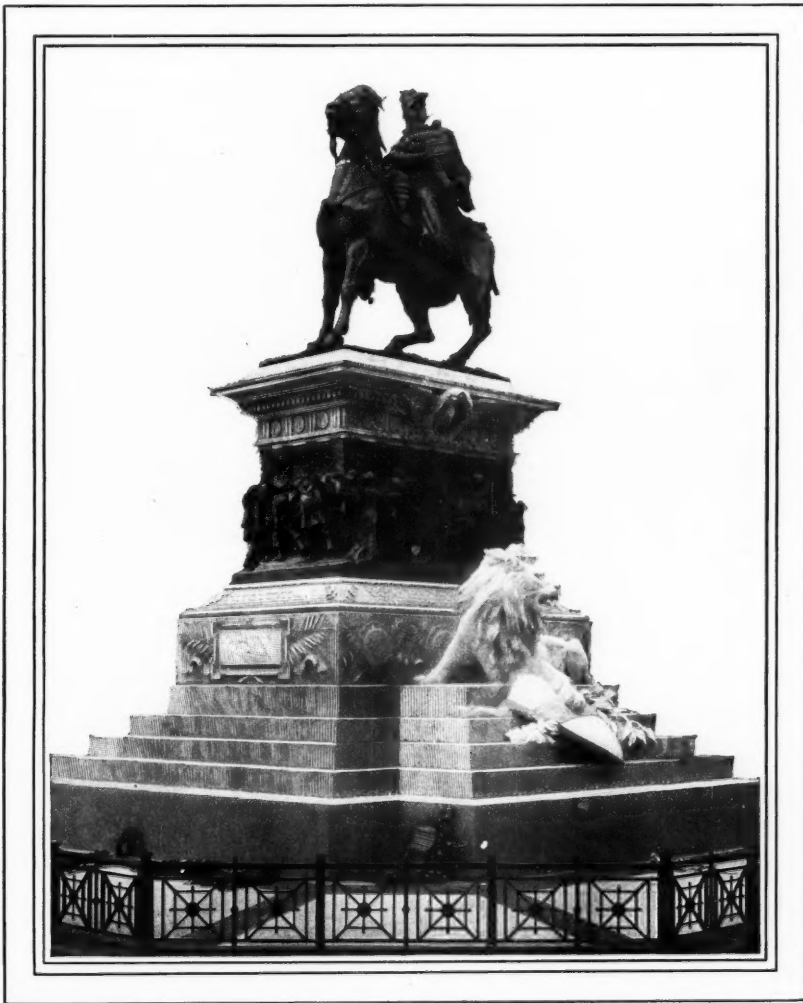
It is an error to suppose that the long struggle for Italian unity and independence was a conflict between the Church and the non clerical political forces. The Vatican had strenuously objected to Austrian domination in the north of Italy, and, in the early days of the administration of Pius IX, even had extended its hand of succor to the Sicilians and the Italians of the south who were attempting to free themselves from the tyranny of Ferdinand, the Bourbon. It was owing to

the influence of Pius IX, also, that Leopold of Tuscany gave his people administrative reform. But Mazzini and Garibaldi and the democratic sovereigns of the house of Savoy soon changed all that. For in their lessons of freedom which they taught the Italians there was no room for the temporal power of the Roman pontiff. When Pius IX realized this, he became so apprehensive of the spread of democratic ideas in his own dominions that the Church States became notorious throughout the world for the injustice, corruption, and bigotry of their officials, and the most extraordinary measures were taken to discover persons of even moderately liberal views. Imprisonment or exile and confiscation of property followed such discoveries.

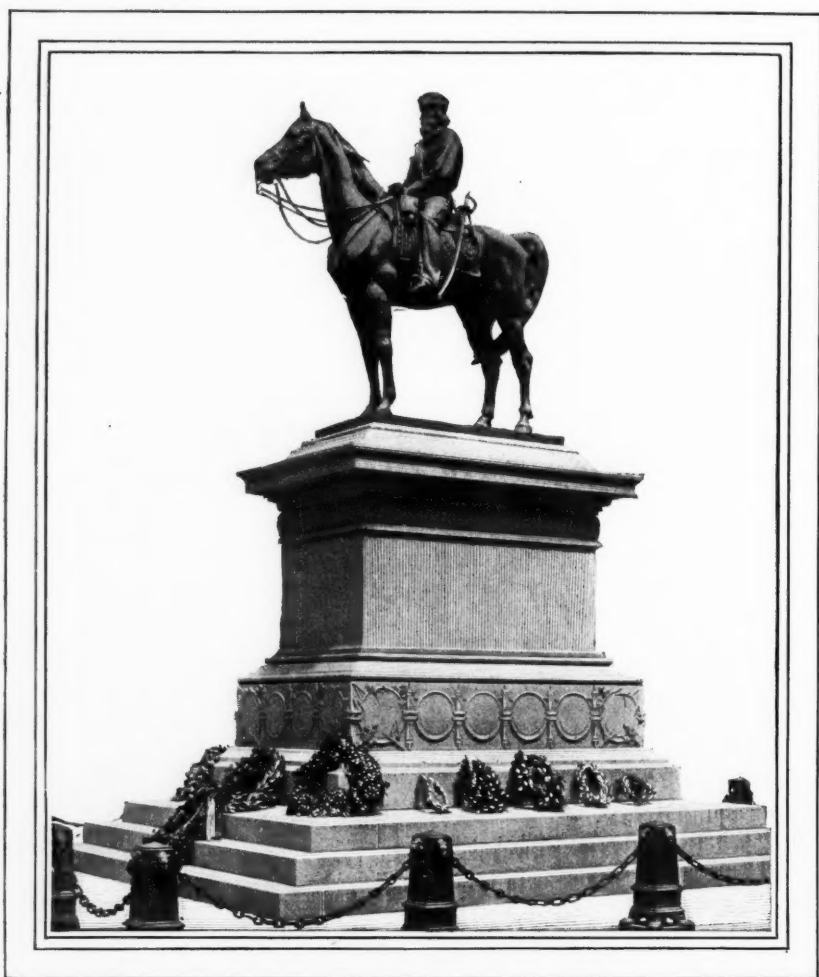
Victor Emmanuel II, who became King of Sardinia in 1849 by the abdication of his father, Charles Albert, combined with the latter's ambition to free Italy from foreign rule, a desire not only for the political unity of Italy, but for the establishment throughout the peninsula of a thoroughly constitutional monarchy. Although for several years obliged to watch silently the work of Austrian restoration that was going on in northern and central Italy, he caused Piedmont to enter upon a path of administrative reforms which naturally became the envy of the masses in the other states; while the judicious foreign policy followed by Cavour, who be-

came his prime minister in 1852, greatly strengthened his moral support, particularly in the direction of Great Britain. It was this expression of his foreign policy—the sending of eighteen thousand men to the Crimea—and his later overtures to France, which revealed the fundamental principle of Cavour's adroit diplomacy. He desired the moral aid of England and the armed aid of France to oust Austria from her Italian possessions. How well he succeeded was shown by the war between Austria and France, which was decided at Solferino in June, 1859.

Had the Franco Italian alliance lasted a few years longer, the whole course of the



ONE OF THE MANY MONUMENTS TO THE FIRST SOVEREIGN OF UNITED ITALY—ERCOLE ROSA'S STATUE OF VICTOR EMMANUEL II, IN MILAN.



ONE OF THE MANY MONUMENTS TO THE FOREMOST SOLDIER OF THE MOVEMENT FOR ITALIAN UNITY—RIVALTA'S STATUE OF GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI, IN GENOA.

history of central and western Europe might have been changed. But Louis Napoleon deserted the Italian cause when he found that the clericals of France were accusing him of conspiring against the temporal power of the Pope. To appease them he sent French troops to protect the Church States from all enemies, but particularly from the irregular forces of Garibaldi and his lieutenants. This act brought about the seemingly unnatural conflict between Victor Emmanuel and the great liberator. Owing to the pressure of the church in France, Napoleon was obliged to maintain soldiers in the Church States for several years.

Cavour, who was to die before Italy

could acquire Venice and Rome, evidently foresaw the rise of Prussia, for he treated the establishment of the French in Rome with cool contempt. Then came the Franco German War, the hurried withdrawal of the imperial eagles from Rome, and the tacit offer of the Eternal City to the Italian government as the price of armed assistance to France. But the keen foresight of Cavour still swayed the policy of Victor Emmanuel, who had already declared the neutrality of Italy.

THE CAPTURE OF THE ETERNAL CITY.

Only ten days after the capitulation of Sedan, Italian troops entered the territory of the temporal jurisdiction of the Popes

of Rome. By a singular coincidence, Pius IX had, a few months before, dismissed his famous ecumenical council after it had established to his satisfaction the dogma of papal infallibility. Thus all suggestions for a peaceful compromise between him and the Italian government met with the invariable answer of *non possumus*. On September 20, 1870, the troops of Victor Emmanuel entered the city of Rome itself, after a two days' half hearted bombardment, opposed by more than a half hearted defense. A plebiscite of the Roman people declared for annexation to the Italian kingdom, and the uni-



EMMANUEL, DUKE OF AOSTA, COUSIN OF THE KING OF ITALY, AND HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE.

fication of Italy was complete.

It had been a favorite expression of the dead Cavour "*libera chiesa in libero stato*" ("a free church in a free state"); and so Pius IX was left in undisputed possession of the Vatican and St. Peter's, while Victor Emmanuel found, in the idea that he had achieved the great object of his life, consolation for the fact that he had raised a probably permanent barrier between his house and the head of his church.

There entered Rome with the Italian army a motley crew of exiles of all classes, from nobles to artisans, editors, authors, poets, artists,



THE PANTHEON—ONE OF ROME'S MOST HISTORIC BUILDINGS, SIX CENTURIES A ROMAN TEMPLE, AND THIRTEEN CENTURIES A CHRISTIAN CHURCH—IN WHICH THE LATE KING'S STATE FUNERAL TOOK PLACE ON AUGUST 9.

politicians, who had fallen victims to the tyranny of the Pope's late Secretary of State, Cardinal Antonelli. As for the Romans themselves, the long iron rule of the church had left them in a pitiable state of intellectual and moral lethargy, in which the only emotion that could be aroused was jealousy—jealousy towards the educated Tuscans and Piedmontese, who followed on the heels of the returning exiles; jealousy towards the Neapolitans and Sicilians, who sought the humblest occupations in the regenerated capital. It is not an exaggeration to say that every phase

unholy usurpation of the rightful dominion of the Pope. The Catholic powers of Europe were, in fact, horrified by the event. But the one nation from which Pius IX had a right to expect aid lay prostrate at the feet of Germany.

A common desire for liberty and unity, and a hatred of foreigners, had served to keep the Italians together in their long struggle. Now that they were free, and had accepted the monarchy, their long pent up local differences suddenly sprang into evidence. The very principles upon which Italian unity had been established for-



THE QUIRINAL, THE ROMAN PALACE OF THE KING OF ITALY. THE BUILDING, WHICH IS OF REMARKABLY PLAIN EXTERIOR, STANDS ON THE HIGHEST OF THE SEVEN HILLS OF ROME. IN THE DAYS OF THE TEMPORAL POWER IT WAS THE POPE'S SUMMER PALACE.

of Roman life at that period was permeated with social and political immorality, to remedy which was one of the first and most difficult tasks that fell to the hand of the king to accomplish.

Nor was Victor Emmanuel, under the liberal constitution which he had sworn to observe, enabled to keep as firm a hold on the southern states as he might have done had Italy been brought together on the principle of centralization. The eloquent, patriotic, but unreasoning Mazzini attempted to raise the republican standard in Sicily, while Nicotera made a similar attempt in Naples. Both were unsuccessful, but the circumstance serves to show how lightly some Italians regarded their ties to the monarchy. There were many, too, when unification was an established fact, who began to regard the invasion of the Church States as an unwarrantable and

bade the presence of a strong central power. For eight years Victor Emmanuel tried a policy of meek conciliation, oppressive measures being left entirely to his ministers. Then he died, and his son, Humbert I, took up the almost thankless burden.

CRISPI, THE ITALIAN DICTATOR.

Forbidden by her constitution to have a tyrant, even in the Greek sense of the word, what Italy needed, and what the constitution invited, was a dictator, a man from the people who could be held personally amenable to the people. At length he appeared upon the scene. He was a Sicilian lawyer; his name Francesco Crispi. For the next fifteen years the fate of Italy was closely bound up in the career of this remarkable man, and even now his baleful influence would again exert itself,

as I read his recent manifesto to the Italian government, advising an increase of the navy supported by this bankrupt nation!

A man of undoubted but not always rational patriotism, of towering ambition, he appealed from the first to that particular emotion which is most sensitive and responsive in the heart of young Italy—ambition. His accession to the ministry was hailed with delight throughout the peninsula. It was believed that the king had at length found the indispensable man.

I am aware that nowadays it is the fashion, among Italian publicists, to excuse the most prodigious mistakes of Crispi, and to place even his trivial political errors upon the shoulders of others. It has lately been said that he used his influence against Italy's entering the Triple Alliance, and that the attempt to carve out "a Roman province" in eastern Africa was not of his inspiration. In short, we are now asked to believe that the real Crispi ardently served his country in the most rational, conservative, and liberal fashion, and that the mistakes of his administration were made in spite of him and not because of him, and that the Italian deputies, since they on one occasion returned him to office by a larger majority than a minister of state has ever received in the world, appreciated him at his actual worth and looked upon him as a true and cautious guide.

But if we extract the foreign policy from the career of this man, nothing distinctive remains; certainly nothing that could fire the enthusiasm of the Italian masses. And although his eloquence and specious argument kept alive until the end of his administrative career a fervent faith in the benefits accruing to Italy from the Triple Alliance, the disaster to the Italian arms in Abyssinia, in 1895, drove him from the ministry, probably forever.

The truth is that he marked out a magnificent foreign policy, with a few good and many bad points, too extravagant for the nation to maintain. He possessed a singular force and directness of action, with a great personal magnetism, which influenced even the king. It was within Crispi's power to bind Italy together, to supply the element wanting in the constitution, and to assume the prerogative denied to an Italian monarch. He might have made his country a respectable Holland or Belgium. He even might have laid the foundation of an England. But he tried to fabricate a France, and under his influence Italy declined until she came

perilously near a Central American republic. He left her a copy of France before the Revolution; but it was a decentralized France.

The murdered king should not be blamed for Crispi's mistakes. The people of Italy, and not Humbert, kept the Sicilian so long in office. And then, too, the errors of Crispi were simply the outward expression of the people's faults and misconceptions of the monarchy. Since Crispi, there has been no magic voice to lure the gaze away from the deplorable condition of internal affairs, and to fix it upon a glorious foreign mirage. We see half of the taxes borne by the artisan and day laborer, for whom justice and equality are terms of mockery. With the exception of the spread of the doctrine of socialism in northern Italy, and the revival of Vatican proclivities in the central states, the condition of the vast mass of the Italians is a state of physical, mental, and spiritual night as dense as that before the unification, but unilluminated now by the craving for freedom and independence.

THE CONDITION OF THE ITALIAN POPULACE.

The depth of ignorance of the Italian lower classes was revealed at the time of the bread riots, two years ago. They were unable to understand that because there was no work for them the loss affected their employers as well—for there are no trusts in Italy to give mutual support in hard times. At Prato, near Florence, the workmen stole some rifles and shot down all in sight who were respectably dressed. Commingled with their prayers for bread were the crashes of the doors of the granaries and the swash of the corn as it spread itself upon the mud of the street. "We don't want charity; we want work!" yelled the mob, as it began to destroy the machinery of the mills. The gas works were blown up, and only the timely arrival of the military prevented a reign of anarchy.

The same thing occurred in Florence and Livorno. Near the towns of Pavia, Cremona, Novara, Como, and Lodi, in Lombardy, crowds of peasants appeared in the campagna armed with pitchforks, scythes, and pruning knives to make common cause with the town laborers. But these outbreaks, which bore so close a resemblance to those that preceded the French Revolution, were not directed against the government or the king or the nobles, but against the educated middle class, the business men who had no work to offer. Nobody seriously blamed the poor people for their error. Even the

politicians, who had fallen victims to the tyranny of the Pope's late Secretary of State, Cardinal Antonelli. As for the Romans themselves, the long iron rule of the church had left them in a pitiable state of intellectual and moral lethargy, in which the only emotion that could be aroused was jealousy—jealousy towards the educated Tuscans and Piedmontese, who followed on the heels of the returning exiles; jealousy towards the Neapolitans and Sicilians, who sought the humblest occupations in the regenerated capital. It is not an exaggeration to say that every phase

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bade the presence of a strong central power. For eight years Victor Emmanuel tried a policy of meek conciliation, oppressive measures being left entirely to his ministers. Then he died, and his son, Humbert I, took up the almost thankless burden.

CRISPI, THE ITALIAN DICTATOR.

Forbidden by her constitution to have a tyrant, even in the Greek sense of the word, what Italy needed, and what the constitution invited, was a dictator, a man from the people who could be held personally amenable to the people. At length he appeared upon the scene. He was a Sicilian lawyer; his name Francesco Crispi. For the next fifteen years the fate of Italy was closely bound up in the career of this remarkable man, and even now his baleful influence would again exert itself,

as I read his recent manifesto to the Italian government, advising an increase of the navy supported by this bankrupt nation!

A man of undoubted but not always rational patriotism, of towering ambition, he appealed from the first to that particular emotion which is most sensitive and responsive in the heart of young Italy—ambition. His accession to the ministry was hailed with delight throughout the peninsula. It was believed that the king had at length found the indispensable man.

I am aware that nowadays it is the fashion, among Italian publicists, to excuse the most prodigious mistakes of Crispi, and to place even his trivial political errors upon the shoulders of others. It has lately been said that he used his influence against Italy's entering the Triple Alliance, and that the attempt to carve out "a Roman province" in eastern Africa was not of his inspiration. In short, we are now asked to believe that the real Crispi ardently served his country in the most rational, conservative, and liberal fashion, and that the mistakes of his administration were made in spite of him and not because of him, and that the Italian deputies, since they on one occasion returned him to office by a larger majority than a minister of state has ever received in the world, appreciated him at his actual worth and looked upon him as a true and cautious guide.

But if we extract the foreign policy from the career of this man, nothing distinctive remains; certainly nothing that could fire the enthusiasm of the Italian masses. And although his eloquence and specious argument kept alive until the end of his administrative career a fervent faith in the benefits accruing to Italy from the Triple Alliance, the disaster to the Italian arms in Abyssinia, in 1895, drove him from the ministry, probably forever.

The truth is that he marked out a magnificent foreign policy, with a few good and many bad points, too extravagant for the nation to maintain. He possessed a singular force and directness of action, with a great personal magnetism, which influenced even the king. It was within Crispi's power to bind Italy together, to supply the element wanting in the constitution, and to assume the prerogative denied to an Italian monarch. He might have made his country a respectable Holland or Belgium. He even might have laid the foundation of an England. But he tried to fabricate a France, and under his influence Italy declined until she came

perilously near a Central American republic. He left her a copy of France before the Revolution; but it was a decentralized France.

The murdered king should not be blamed for Crispi's mistakes. The people of Italy, and not Humbert, kept the Sicilian so long in office. And then, too, the errors of Crispi were simply the outward expression of the people's faults and misconceptions of the monarchy. Since Crispi, there has been no magic voice to lure the gaze away from the deplorable condition of internal affairs, and to fix it upon a glorious foreign mirage. We see half of the taxes borne by the artisan and day laborer, for whom justice and equality are terms of mockery. With the exception of the spread of the doctrine of socialism in northern Italy, and the revival of Vatican proclivities in the central states, the condition of the vast mass of the Italians is a state of physical, mental, and spiritual night as dense as that before the unification, but unilluminated now by the craving for freedom and independence.

THE CONDITION OF THE ITALIAN POPULACE.

The depth of ignorance of the Italian lower classes was revealed at the time of the bread riots, two years ago. They were unable to understand that because there was no work for them the loss affected their employers as well—for there are no trusts in Italy to give mutual support in hard times. At Prato, near Florence, the workmen stole some rifles and shot down all in sight who were respectably dressed. Commingled with their prayers for bread were the crashes of the doors of the granaries and the swash of the corn as it spread itself upon the mud of the street. "We don't want charity; we want work!" yelled the mob, as it began to destroy the machinery of the mills. The gas works were blown up, and only the timely arrival of the military prevented a reign of anarchy.

The same thing occurred in Florence and Livorno. Near the towns of Pavia, Cremona, Novara, Como, and Lodi, in Lombardy, crowds of peasants appeared in the campagna armed with pitchforks, scythes, and pruning knives to make common cause with the town laborers. But these outbreaks, which bore so close a resemblance to those that preceded the French Revolution, were not directed against the government or the king or the nobles, but against the educated middle class, the business men who had no work to offer. Nobody seriously blamed the poor people for their error. Even the

commanders of the troops who were sent to quell the rioting appreciated the mistake, and used their authority as gently as possible.

In central Italy, however, the transgressors were not so leniently treated. There is, without doubt, a small but persistent and widely distributed party in Italy which desires a republic under the protection of the Pope.

The Italian people of the lower classes are among the most industrious in the world. In natural fertility their country is second only to France, the richest in continental Europe. Still, the people are poor, deplorably poor, and they remain so because everywhere the soil is taxed thirty three per cent of its net product. This impost is so administered that it falls with crushing weight upon the shoulders of the very poor, and works its devastation upward, tying the hands of the small land owners and manufacturers until they are unable to work their fields or factories at a profit. The net result of this oppressive system does not by any means reach the national treasury. If it did, there would be some slight recompense. But the whole administrative system is so corrupt, and the methods of applying the taxes offer conscienceless officials so many opportunities to steal, that scarcely more than one third of the plunder is available to the government. In the mean time, other public functionaries go without their salaries, and the school teachers subsist on charity. Is there any wonder that these same school teachers should occasionally be found preaching the doctrine of socialism?

The details of Italian fiscal methods would fill a volume. A single case, however, will illustrate the fallacy which permeates the entire system. In the south, owners of beasts of burden are taxed, for those animals bring in pecuniary return, while horses used for pleasure are exempt. Thus the wealthy owners of racing or driving horses pay nothing, while the peasant who owns a donkey or mule bears the burden of taxation. Throughout the peninsula the same unnatural distinction is invariably made; luxuries are not assessed, while the necessities of life are taxed to their utmost limit. And in a figurative sense the same is true of the execution of the laws and of the administration of justice.

"THE MONARCHY UNITES US."

But, paradoxical as it may seem, the financial distress which is reflected in some form or another in every phase of

Italian life is independent of the principles of Italian unity, and of the ties that bind all Italy to the house of Savoy. Papal republicans and socialists would deny this, but they cannot prove it to be an error. It is inconceivable that any federation of Italian states could agree upon a broader and more liberal constitution than that which King Victor Emmanuel III has just sworn to defend and preserve. What Garibaldi said forty years ago is true to-day:

"The monarchy unites us; the republic would divide us."

The evidences of sincere grief manifested throughout Italy, by high and low alike, when the news spread of the assassination of King Humbert, were the most touching tribute that a nation can pay to its sovereign. No elective head of a prosperous people could have been more graciously treated after death. For a short time it was as though a great disaster had appalled the nation. The circulation of the news of the battle of Adowa, in which thousands of Italians had been killed, did not produce half the consternation that was aroused by the announcement of the assassination. The wailing cries of "*Quanto era buono! Che orrore!*" ("How good he was! What a shocking thing!") which emanated from every gathering group in the avenues and streets of Rome sum up the universal sentiment. There was no mistaking the demonstrations of grief which moved those thousands of Romans of every class and condition to stand in line for hours before the Quirinal that they might write their names in the registers there as participating in the grief of the royal family.

The late King Humbert was not a man of artistic temperament, nor was he a great reader of books. He left those qualities to be developed by his wife, the charming and beautiful Margherita. He was a shrewd business man, however, thoroughly honest and sincerely charitable. He obeyed the constitution in a way that has called forth no criticism even from the most radical of his subjects. He was a democratic king, and he took pleasure in showing his democracy on all occasions. Frequently he would walk the streets of Rome alone and unattended, and would stop at the shops to make purchases. Crowds would soon collect without, and on his appearance shouts of "*Viva il re!*" ("Long live the king!") would rend the air. Humbert would touch his hat, and the crowd, thoroughly contented, would at once disperse while the king went on his way. It was to this feeling of fearless

confidence in his subjects that the king probably owed his death.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE NEW KING.

Curiosity and speculative comment have been aroused about the new King of Italy. Before his accession to the throne, he was generally described as an impressionable and nervous young man, measured and methodical, but without the mental constructive force of his grandfather or the physical strength of his father. His love for sport developed at an early age into a love of practical and technical martial science, coupled with a taste for collecting medals. There is no doubt that his two tutors, Professor Morandi and General Osio, did their work well. The latter, an austere old soldier, made the prince an early riser, and the rest of his education was made up chiefly of modern languages, a study which he has pursued, since his marriage, with his wife, who, it will be recalled, was Princess Hélène of Montenegro. For the last few years it has been remarked that he seemed to have socialistic tendencies, and now those who are in close intimacy with him are asserting that he has generous dreams of reform likely to satisfy socialists of the Imbriani and Gabriele d'Annunzio school.

His views on foreign policy, I may say without fear of contradiction, are so far limited to the preservation of Italian unity, and he is even more anti papal than his father, who was, towards the end of his life, subject to the devout influence of Queen Margherita. All forecasts of changed relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal are without foundation.

As an assiduous student of current history, and a reader of all grades of newspapers, Victor Emmanuel III can hardly be in ignorance of the criticisms that the present state of Italy has called forth. It is most significant that in his speech before Parliament he made no reference

whatever to the Triple Alliance, or to any of the schemes for world aggrandizement which were so dear to his predecessor. He is probably as well aware as are the most intelligent Italians that social, financial, economical, and administrative reforms are indispensable to the future development of the country.

Italy still needs a dictator from the people, a man with Crispi's personal magnetism, but without his ambition; a man who would look into the internal condition of the country before peering beyond its horizon. The long impending financial crisis is not to be avoided. No tricks of ministerial bookkeeping can conceal from the new Parliament the fact that the equilibrium can no longer be maintained. The increased socialist vote shown by the elections last spring is an ominous feature in the new chamber, of which the king is probably well aware. The present prime minister, Signor Saracco, is not of the material from which either heroes or martyrs are made. He is a good, honest, and sincere old gentleman, who is respectable enough to fill that high office until the real man appears.

The only lasting remedy lies in the hands of the Italian people themselves. Only a dictator who commands their respect and trust can make them see the way; for while the glorious traditions of the heroes past and gone who gave Italy her freedom are not dead, there is a pressing need of some fearless patriot who shall make the question of regeneration as popular as was that of unification half a century ago. He must be able to show that the opportunity for self sacrifice still exists—not by rash, heroic deeds, but by slow, patient endeavor. A Cavour is needed, for Cavour's administration of internal affairs was just as wise, just as liberal, as his foreign policy. The question is, how soon will Victor Emmanuel III find him?

LOSS.

I WAS that wave that clasped the rising moon
One exquisite, mad moment, only one,
Then broke in empty spray upon the shore
And all my life was done.

I was that cloud that held the golden sun
Veiled from the earth for one transcendent space,
Then faded into nothing, failing that
Divine light of her face.

I was that life that held a love in mine,
One perfect dream of days that, being fled,
I walk a shadow through earth's awful round,
Alive who should be dead.

Theodosia Garrison.

The College Man and The Corporate Proposition.

BY JAMES B. DILL.

A PRACTICAL CONSIDERATION OF THE TRUST QUESTION, BY AN EXPERT WHO PRESENTS FACTS AND DRAWS DISTINCTIONS WHICH ARE SELDOM CONSIDERED IN THE POPULAR DISCUSSIONS OF THE SUBJECT.

Few men are in a position to speak with such authority upon industrial combinations as Mr. Dill. He is one of the foremost American corporation lawyers, and as such has organized trusts whose aggregate capital runs into the billions. In this article, which is based on an address delivered at Williams College in June last, Mr. Dill discusses the relation of modern business tendencies to the army of graduates annually turned out by our American universities. Incidentally, he throws much light upon the question whether there is "any chance" for the young man today. He also shows wherein the honest combinations of honest capital suffer for the misdeeds of "pirate" organizations—speculative concerns whose stock is heavily watered in order that their promoters may pocket large profits. He flays these latter unmercifully, and predicts that in the end they will be driven to the wall by the honest corporations in self defense.

THE attempt will be made to treat this subject from the standpoint of fact rather than of theory, and without attempt at erudition or eloquence. It is fair to warn you that the viewpoint is the corporate side of the question, not, however, upon any theory that all corporations are right, and no corporations are wrong, but rather with an attempt to clearly draw the line of demarcation between the right and the wrong; taking the attitude of observation and study, to learn the nature of the corporate affairs at work, how far productive of the common good, how far capable of producing evil, and how the latter effects can be minimized or avoided.

An intelligent appreciation of the corporate question of today is of advantage in business, in law, in medicine, in science, and as well in the pulpit.

The corporate tendency of today has created an active demand for, and put a premium upon, college trained minds, whether engaged in business or in professional pursuits.

It has set at rest the discussion as to

whether a college training is essential to business success.

It has answered that question in the affirmative, because the demand today for trained minds, devoted to specific lines of work, has created a demand for college trained men.

Today the question before the professional man is not how he can succeed as a solitary machine, working by himself, for himself, and without reference to others, but rather how he can make his work fit into that of others who are in juxtaposition with him.

The man who intends to follow the law will find today that the corporation evolution has produced a professional revolution.

The profession of the law today, as in every other profession, calls for men not only of strong individuality, but men capable of intelligent, strong team work. The man who is most in demand, the man who receives the greater reward, the man who, in short, is most successful, is the man not only of strong individuality, but

the man who is capable of the most accurate, energetic, and brainy team or combination work.

I might apply the same thing to the physician, and you may smile when I apply it to the clergyman, but even the church is inclined to drift into combinations in her work.

There is no proposition more actively, thoroughly, and generally misunderstood than the corporation movement of today, commonly designated as the "trust question."

There is perhaps no question more widely before the public today than the corporation proposition. It is discussed in point of territory from Dan to Beersheba, and in point of intellect from the presidents of institutions of learning to the members of kindergartens. From the standpoint of theory, finance, and politics, the topic has been worked over until it ought to be threadbare.

Presidents of learned institutions have gravely discussed the formation, organization, and flotation of combinations.

School boys and girls in their debates have argued pro and con as to the effect of combinations upon the finances of the country.

The politician as well has not failed to rend the air with shouts as to the evils of combinations and trusts.

CENTRALIZATION A WORLD WIDE TENDENCY.

The progress of civilization has led to combination, to coöperation, and, as the logical result, to centralization of control.

We see this exemplified in the tendency of mankind to live and mingle in the activities of growing cities.

We see the tendency to the aggregation and centralization in the erection of huge hotels, apartment houses, and, more especially, in the erection of huge office buildings, bringing under one roof large bodies of men, engaged in every form of activity and of business.

The same tendency is not wanting in our educational institutions.

In former years many a good, efficient man gained his education working alone and unassisted, yet today great colleges and universities are but expressions in an educational line of coöperations, combinations, and centralization of control.

Abraham Lincoln, by his individual effort, alone and by himself, became able to rank with the educated men of the country, and yet no man today, of experience or wisdom, would recommend that course to one who was able to enjoy the advantages of a combination of instructors and

educational utilities to be obtained in one of our colleges.

The tendency of today, because of the growth, advancement, and increase of business, is towards incorporated unity as distinguished from individual effort.

Corporations, as such, large or small, combinations as combinations, extensive or otherwise, are neither wrong in themselves nor are they, per se, evils.

The corporate movement, the tendency to organization, to combination, to coöperation, and to centralization of control, standing by itself, is not evil, either from a political, a financial, or a theoretical standpoint. It is, indeed, a positive good to the country, but it presents dangers concomitant to the proposition.

More than this, it is a necessary concomitant and result of the progress, prosperity, and growth of the country.

It is impracticable to do more than touch upon this topic. The trend to the conversion of business houses into private companies has been in existence for years. The first element which is the inducement for this is the limitation of the liability of the parties involved.

The second is the perpetuity of the business, and the fact that, unlike a partnership, the company does not dissolve upon the death or removal of one of its members.

Innumerable business houses throughout the United States have been converted into private companies. These are in no sense combinations, but simple business companies as distinguished from partnerships.

WHY COMBINATIONS ARE FORMED.

A general depression in business, and a falling off in the profits of the ordinary business, forced men to look about for methods of curtailing expenses. As the volume of business decreased and the question of competition came sharply to the front, then each man turned to the question of cutting down on outgoes. Every effort was made in this direction, including the cutting down of wages, until the business men found that they had touched bottom in this direction.

Then arose the question of what is commonly known as "antagonistic expenses," incurred for the purpose of getting trade away from others, advertising, traveling salesmen, special inducements to customers, rebates, discounts, and the dating ahead of bills.

It was found that when two or three or four competing firms united in the distribution of products, in the fixing of the

price, the time of credit, and in refusing to give gratuities to those purchasing, whether as agents or principals, that profits were increased.

The first agreements made with this end in view were commonly known as "pooling arrangements"; they were trade contracts, designated as "gentlemen's agreements," morally binding, but not generally enforced at law. These agreements were quite often violated secretly and openly, and this led to the formation of many businesses into one company under one control.

This was the first stage in combinations, and these were combinations pure and simple.

They were not designated as "trusts."

Up to this point there was no charge that they in any way affected the general price throughout the country.

This was the first chapter in the history of combinations, and I call your attention at this point to the absence of certain elements which subsequently came into prominence.

I name them in the order of their birth:

1. The promoter.
2. The financier.
3. The speculator.
4. The pirate.

The professional promoter's labor in this matter was not one of love. He was not actuated by methods of mere philanthropy; his purpose was to make for himself a profit out of the combination.

This was generally done by making the stock issue of the company of sufficient size to enable the promoter to get some of this stock. The manufacturer was inclined to be generous with that which apparently cost him nothing.

This brings us to the point in the history of combinations which is commonly known as the introduction of water in stock issue.

THE EVIL OF WATERED STOCK.

The promoter was not working upon the corporate problem to demonstrate an economic proposition from the standpoint of economics. He was seeking his reward, which was a block of stock.

This stock was, generally owing to the nature of the promoter's finances, not his eventual object.

The promoter, as a rule, was not a millionaire. He was not generally one looking for investments, but he was quite frequently looking for cash, and, therefore, when the promoter had secured his stock, he sought to turn it into much needed cash. His stock sought a market, and this

brought the promoter into contact with the men who marketed the stock.

We have now the origin of the financier.

The financier saw that the promoter obtained his stock for his services, and that the stock was created for the purpose of paying for the services. That it was in the nature of a bonus which apparently, but not really, as the result has proven, cost the donors nothing.

The promoter and the financier came into closer relations, and with a greater thirst on the part of each for more water in the shape of more stock.

At this point another element arose which tended to increase the issue of watered stock.

As the promoter, in the first place, obtained water for his services; as the financier, too, joined the group, so the stream of water was increased by the very parties themselves who made up the combination.

The manufacturer, the merchant, and the dealer joined in the demand for water, not being satisfied to receive stock at its par value, but demanding bonuses in the way of stock. The next suggestion of the financier was a larger deal with more water, and so we find by the combination of the promoter and the financier that larger combinations were so sought that there might be more reward to the promoter and the financier and all parties concerned.

Instead of five hundred thousand dollar propositions, those involving millions were sought for, in order that the promoter's and financier's reward might be in the millions rather than in the unit quantities—and perhaps with a view to make the ascertainment of the exact amount paid for promotion more difficult. Entire trades were to be gathered into one combination or corporation, all based in theory upon a proper economic principle, but not always with a view to carrying out the true economic or industrial proposition.

The preferred stock was supposed to represent the actual values, the common stock frequently represented little that was tangible. The common stocks used were counters in the game of speculation, they stood for hopes of dividends over and above the seven per cent due on the preferred stock. They were, in a word, the speculative end of the enterprise.

It is probably true that the early stock issues were about two for one. It probably is not true that the ratio in many combinations was millions for nothing, but the statement certainly expresses the tendency and the trend of events to issue much stock in order that the entire group,

including the promoter, the financier, the underwriter, the manufacturer, the dealer, and everybody might get something for nothing.

THE SPECULATIVE TRUST.

Let me apparently break the trend of thought here, and reiterate that because the public insist on judging corporations and combinations as a class by the exception, therefore we will follow still further the history of the exception, giving passing attention to the growth and finality of the "trust" which is not a "trust," of the "industrial" which is not an "industrial," but which rather is the *bête noire* of the whole industrial movement.

Combinations began to be put together for speculative purposes; or, put it another way—the Wall Street end came prominently forward into the business of combinations.

For the Wall Street purpose, it was necessary that combinations should be of immense size and apparently involve whole trades.

Neither the promoter nor the financier was able to dispose of all the stock, and therefore a market had to be created for it.

It became essential to have the deal so gigantic that it would not only involve many millions, but would apparently make a corner, as they say in Wall Street, of the particular product in hand.

The common stock was the counter in the game of speculation. From a property basis the common stock had sometimes nothing but expectations of profits. The returns, in the way of dividends, were almost wholly in the power of officers and directors.

One notes that almost every corporation of this expecting class has, by its charter, given to its board of directors and taken from its stockholders the power to regulate or create surplus funds and the power to vote dividends. This is proper enough in the hands of an honest, disinterested, non speculating board of directors, but in the hands of directors "otherwise situated and otherwise inclined" it is a fearful incentive for private speculation, because as dividends increase the price of the common stock naturally increases. The converse of this proposition is equally true.

And so it was within the power of the directors and officers to create or withhold dividends. They had it therefore in their power to raise or lower the Wall Street valuation, or what is commonly known as the market value of the common stock.

The directors and officers possessed not

only the secret power, but had secret information as to what they would or would not do. This secret information was valuable to themselves, and it is said that some officers and directors have not only used this information, but have also actually paid dividends or withheld dividends according to the side of the market, so to speak, upon which they were interested as holders of their own common stock.

These things may not be true. Such statements have, however, been publicly announced as facts by the newspapers, and individual corporations and individual men have been named, and yet, so far as it appears, no libel suits have resulted.

This tended to create the so called pirates among industrial combinations, sometimes designated as "gambling specialties," a class of corporations organized as industrials upon apparently economic principles, but really and truly for the purpose of Wall Street speculations, and speculations only.

THE CRIMES OF THE FINANCIAL PIRATES.

Pirates, because they go to an industrial people under the name of industry; pirates, because neither in fact upon principle or conduct is there any element of industry involved; pirates, because they sought artificially to raise prices of articles of necessity or use to the public; pirates, because at the same time they sought artificially to cut down wages; pirates, because the whole industrial force was, it is said, used merely to affect the stock market, shutting down mills, discharging men by the thousands, issuing statements said to be untrue, and all for the purpose of raising or lowering in the Wall Street market the price of the securities issued by the institutions in question; pirates, because the trustees who are supposed to represent the stockholders really represent themselves only, and that, too, in private speculation.

The officers who were supposed to guard the finances of the company for the benefit of the stockholders used the finances for their own benefit, and for their own personal gain in the way of speculation.

In such companies the director or trustee had largely disappeared so far as his duties as an impartial trustee for the stockholder, the wage earner, or, indeed, the industry itself, were concerned.

The tendency was that of a mad race to quick wealth; sometimes proceeding upon the principle that the end justified the means, sometimes forgetting that industries could not live conducted on purely speculative or gambling methods.

But the result was just what might have been expected, because no man, or combination of men, has ever yet been able to overcome the natural law of supply and demand. The attempted corners or monopolies were failures.

It is absurd to call such combinations "trusts"; because the word "trust" is an honorable word, and has been an honorable word from the incipency of the English language.

It was just as much of a misnomer to call them industrials as it was to call them trusts; the industry was but secondary to the speculation.

WHAT A TRUST SHOULD BE.

The corporation of integrity, the honest combination, is conducted upon the essential element and foundation of coöperation, existing from the workman to the president of the company on the one hand, and, on the other, from every stockholder, and through every stockholder to the public as consumers.

Coöperation is, and must be, the foundation of every honest combination.

Industrial combinations must be conducted upon an industrial basis, which means (1) a fair reward to the wage earner; (2) the production of the best article at the lowest price to the public; (3) honest dividends to honest investing stockholders; (4) an honest board of directors, honestly devoted to the best interests of the company as an industrial combination. This involves an absence of speculation, which means a disregard of the Wall Street end of the proposition, or at least as far removed from it as possible. Such a combination is a benefit to the public at large.

Apparently, by the time that Congress and the different legislatures get their laws in working shape, to handle what is commonly known as the trust problem, the majority of the so called dangers and many, if not all, of the real difficulties, will have worked themselves out, so as to render legislation unnecessary.

The result is easy to predict; the good must eliminate themselves from the bad by sharp lines, made of public demarcation, or else the good and the bad will go to the wall together, because the public will put their money elsewhere.

One thing certainly is now in the minds of the good corporations, namely, to show plainly to the public what is back of the entire issue of stock, to show plainly to the public what the common stock is worth in the prospective earnings. This will result in the elimination of two of the un-

known quantities, and will show to the public what the numerator of the corporate fraction is.

Corporations are demanding a reasonable degree of publicity as to corporate affairs and finances.

This is because the honest corporations know that they can stand that degree of publicity, while the inflated organization, the false industrial, will not dare make the same showing.

As to the promoter and the financier, the tendency of legislation is in one direction, namely, to compel a reasonable disclosure of what they take out of the enterprise.

I venture to assert with considerable positiveness that the courts will ultimately take this question into their own hands, and will put the promoters on the defensive, and will hold the corporation and its promoters responsible for the issuance of stock at least to the extent of saying that stock may be assumed to be issued for value irrespective of promoters' services, unless the public is given warning of the promotion and the amount of its fees.

THE CHANCE FOR THE INDIVIDUAL.

Individualism is not dead. On the contrary, individualism is still more strongly called for in the development of combinations.

The corporation problem of today calls for a development of character, of education, and of brains, which no other phase of social evolution has demanded.

In the great corporate combinations of today, individualism of character, individualism of brains and training, individualism of mind, are at a premium, and constantly demanded.

You can answer the question at once when I ask you what, then, under those circumstances, is the first requisite in a corporation man? The answer comes as quickly as the question, and is formulated in the simple word "character."

This is supplemented by the word "education." The solution of the corporate proposition, the trend to corporate combination, the tendency to the centralization of control, instead of displacing men, arranges men in their order according to their character and education.

It may follow that the men of little force of character, the men of little education, the men of no training, will find their services less in demand, but to the extent that the man of no character and no education and no training is displaced, to that extent will be the greater reward to the man who possesses these characteristics.

The Fad of Imitation Culture.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

A STRIKING PHENOMENON OF THE PRESENT DAY IS THE RARITY OF REAL CULTURE, AND THE PREVALENCE AND POPULARITY OF WHAT MAY BE TERMED CULTURINE—A FASHIONABLE BUT INFERIOR SUBSTITUTE FOR THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

CULTURINE is a typical American product of the present day. It is in greater demand just now than ever before, and the indications are that in the very near future it will become fully as popular and costly as the genuine article which it was originally designed to imitate.

Culturine may be described as a substance that bears the same relation to culture that velveteen does to velvet, oleomargarin to butter, or plush to sealskin. Like all imitations, it has a distinct reason for existence, and in a certain limited sense may be likened to a mixture of a large amount of cotton with a small percentage of silk, the latter appearing on the outside of the fabric in the form of a very thin and very shiny gloss.

There are some persons who regard the present popularity of culturine with distinct approval, arguing that it is merely the forerunner of a wide spread and intelligent demand for that real and uplifting culture of which it is but a cheap and meretricious imitation. In somewhat similar fashion, say these philosophers, did the tidal wave of chromos that swept over the country a generation ago instil into the bucolic heart a taste for pictorial art of a much higher form. There are others, however, who declare that no possible good can result from the wide spread use of so base a substance.

So many and subtle are the arguments used on both sides of the question that it is no easy matter for a mere layman to determine whether or not the manufacture of culturine fairly deserves encouragement. It should be understood, however, that the chromo comparison is not a fair one, because the brightly colored pictures appealed strongly to minds that craved something better than they had previously enjoyed, whereas culturine is only popular among persons who make use of it not to gratify any wholesome, natural craving, but because they have been told that it is fashionable.

A day laborer will perhaps be glad to

adorn his walls with bright and cheery pictures, but it would be a dangerous thing to try to persuade him to pretend a fondness for Emerson and Browning. His life, hard and sordid as it may have been, has at least taught him something about the difference between realities and shams, and that is something that the buyer and consumer of culturine will never learn so long as the world lasts.

THE DEMAND FOR IMITATION CULTURE.

A careful study of the market shows that the present demand for culturine is largely among persons of two distinct types. One regular purchaser is the young man of leisure who has certain undefined intellectual longings, and not enough education or native intelligence to enable him to distinguish between the true and the false. Another is the woman whose life has been a vacuum, so far as any literary or educational pursuit is concerned, since she last read the "Elsie books," and who finds in culturine a substance which is not only within her meager intellectual means, but is also distinctly fashionable in the circle in which she moves. If it were not for the existence of these two human types, there would be comparatively little demand for culturine, and a vast number of deserving persons, many of them women, who are engaged in its manufacture and sale, would be deprived of their present means of subsistence.

Culturine may be had in various forms, the most popular of which, perhaps, are artine, prosaline, and versaline. There are, of course, other special varieties, but those that I have named may be obtained from almost any one engaged in the business.

Although I have never been either a manufacturer or buyer of culturine, nevertheless I have been thrown so much into the society of those who either make or consume it that I feel fully competent to pass expert judgment on the various brands of the article which are now on the

market. In fact, I have devoted so much study to the subject that when I find myself in company with any one in the slightest degree under the influence of the stuff, I can usually tell the name of the maker or dealer from whom it was procured.

The oldest and most reliable manufacturer of culturine in New York is Mrs. Quincy Van Sutphin, who began business in a modest way, about a dozen years ago, with a small Topics of the Day shop, where she dispensed sugar coated crumbs of learning to a limited number of customers. I believe that it was during her term of service behind the counters of this little shop that this indomitable woman first realized the possibilities of an extended trade in learning put up in very small packages to suit the exigencies of fashionable conversation. The result of this discovery was the introduction of what is now widely known as artine, which is simply nothing more nor less than information, both accurate and inaccurate, regarding modern and classic art, put up in small capsules, and sold in boxes containing one dozen each.

I myself well remember the sensation that was created when artine was first placed on the market. It was something uncanny to have a woman who had previously never shown any interest in any form of art whatever, suddenly electrify the dinner table with talk about the Barbizon school, high lights, chiaroscuro, or some young artist who had "found his *metier*," and all because she had swallowed three or four of these capsules before sitting down to dinner.

The immediate success of artine suggested to Mrs. Van Sutphin the idea of developing her business to an extent never before known in society. It was not long before there could be found on her counters not only a fine stock of artine in all its varieties, but also prosaline and versaline, put up in doses that were easy to take and most satisfactory in their effects. It was in order to introduce these new goods that Mrs. Van Sutphin, with characteristic energy, organized a class of twenty one members, who paid twenty five dollars apiece for the privilege of absorbing disjointed fragments of knowledge imparted in the vigorous and incoherent fashion for which this instructor has long been noted. To the present day, I can distinguish culturine of the Van Sutphin brand, because of its inconsequential and frequently inaccurate nature. The woman who has taken a few of these capsules soon finds herself talking in a rambling

and incoherent fashion about books and their authors, and it is a noticeable fact that she always wants to talk, and never cares to listen or to learn. In fact, culturine kills all desire for knowledge at the same time that it stimulates the working muscles of the lips and tongue.

THE CONVERSATION OF A CULTURINE FIEND.

Once, at a dinner party, I sat next a woman who I knew must have absorbed a number of Mrs. Van Sutphin's capsules, for before I had unfolded my napkin she began with, "Don't you find the Grecian note dominant in all of Matthew Arnold's later works?"

I replied that I did, but did she think there would be skating in Central Park within twenty four hours? She did not reply to my question, and I do not think she heard it. She was on too high a plane now to descend to mere commonplace amusement. On she went with: "I've read ten books of Balzac, and that's five more than any member of our French Classic Coterie has read. Next winter we're going to take up Ibsen. He's hard to read, I can tell you."

I tried to stem the torrent by saying that I had inside information from the stable that Fetlock, at thirty to one, was a good long shot for the Brooklyn Handicap. To the credit of certain other guests be it said that my foresight and sagacity in one of the most difficult and engrossing branches of modern learning received instant recognition, the lady on my left going so far as to say that she thought she would take my hint and play that redoubtable animal straight and place; which she proceeded to do the very next day, to my everlasting honor and glory as a prophet, for that was the year in which Fetlock came in half a nose behind the winner, bringing liberal reward to all those who had backed him for place.

But not even the prospect of learning something of value to herself could bring back to the paths of common sense a woman who had swallowed Mrs. Van Sutphin's capsules. My neighbor's next move seemed to indicate that she had taken half a dose each of the varieties marked "Versaline" and "Prosaline."

"I don't care for Longfellow," she said thoughtfully, and apropos of nothing at all except Fetlock's chances in the Brooklyn Handicap; "he was not spiritual and philosophic, as he should have been. Oh, but I do think Omar Kháyám is just too lovely for anything. The year we took Browning, madame told us a lot of interesting things about him. Did you ever

know that he lived in Rome, and that his wife wrote poetry, too? I know she did, because madame gave us one of her poems to read. It was called 'Casa Guidi Windows,' and it was fine, but it wasn't equal to any of her husband's poetry. I think it is real interesting to learn all about authors and where they lived when they wrote their books."

I told her that it was indeed a privilege to acquire information of such a novel and mysterious character as that which she had imparted to me, and then asked her if she didn't think that Coney Island was a delightful place for an afternoon's visit. The look that she turned upon me when I uttered those words reminded me of one that I have seen in years gone by on the face of my Sunday school teacher when I broke the thread of her serious discourse with some frivolous question.

No, she did not think it was a place for any person of serious thought to visit. She had been there herself once, and considered it distinctly vulgar. I was on the point of complimenting her on the possession of such extraordinary powers of discernment, but she turned from me in scorn, and a moment later I heard her flooding the unfortunate on her right hand with Balzac, Browning, Matthew Arnold, and the rest of the immortals. Then I was glad that I had happened upon such a fortunate conversational topic as Coney Island—which I shall hold in reserve for future emergencies—and I straightway turned my attention to the food and drink; for, after all, what do we sit down at the dinner table for?

Of course I did not succeed in putting a final end to the flow of culturine, because the woman who had absorbed the capsules had nothing else at her tongue's command, and it would be beyond all reason to expect any one of her temperament to keep quiet. I shall not, however, inflict upon my readers all that she said to me that evening, for I have quoted enough of her conversation to show what culturine is, and the sort of artificial stimulus that it affords to the ignorant mind. I am positive that this particular woman never took any real interest in any form of literature of a higher grade than a "Duchess" novel, and would much rather have gone to a matinée than to the meeting of a class for mental improvement. She had, however, been made to think that culture was a veritable adornment to the mind, and, not being able to distinguish between culture and culturine, she had absorbed the latter, with the results I have described.

That she was a regular customer of Mrs. Van Sutphin I could not doubt for a moment, for it is a well known fact that all of that lady's clients purchase the same sort of material and use it in precisely the same manner. They are all half ignorant, and they all think, or pretend to think, in precisely the same channel.

AN APOSTLE OF "DRAWINGROOM TALKS."

There is, however, a certain family resemblance between them and the customers of Professor Merriweather, the handsome and popular young Englishman, whose "drawingroom talks" on poetry and the drama are held in such high favor by middle aged women and young persons of both sexes. Nearly all of these clients are emotional to a degree, and sometimes even hysterical. The ruling characteristic by which each and every one of them can be recognized is a certain blending of presumption with ignorance that renders their conversation more impressive than that of any of the graduates of Mrs. Van Sutphin's class.

Professor Merriweather is said by his admirers to be "very strong on the modern drama," and it cannot be denied that there is no subject on which his pupils display more thorough ignorance with a finer coating of conceit. The professor himself is supposed to be a professional dramatic critic of great eminence, and whatever he has to say in regard to the stage of this or any other period of the world's history is listened to with intense respect. Personally, I regard his critical pretensions with contempt, but no good comes from trying to disparage in the eyes of his feminine admirers any man with long brown hair and deep violet eyes. They are certain to argue that if such a man were not really a dramatic critic, he must have been something else fully as interesting.

I have never attended one of Merriweather's talks, but I have met several of the young persons who have taken doses of his dramatic artine, and have heard them talk often enough to be able to recognize one at almost first sight. His prize pupil, who, I believe, takes one of his capsules every morning before breakfast, is Mr. Ralph Pinhead, who writes dramatic articles for a weekly periodical, and is a familiar and imposing figure at all theatrical first nights.

MR. PINHEAD'S VIEWS ON DRAMATIC ART.

Mr. Pinhead is tall, dark, slender, and not at all bad looking. His face, however, is not a cheerful one, being cast in rather

a melancholy mold. Women call it an "interesting" face, which means that they would like to know all about the unfortunate love affair which they are sure has darkened his life. But Mr. Pinhead is not suffering from any love affair or any natural tendency to gloom or mental depression. He is serious because of a realizing sense of his own importance. He knows better than any of us, perhaps, of the awful depths of degradation into which the modern drama has fallen, and when on a first night his eyes roam about the crowded theater, he asks himself, "Where is the Moses who will lead the people out of the Egypt of depraved and unliterary taste into the Promised Land of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Advanced Dramatic Art?" When he asks himself this, he looks sadly about him, and then shakes his head, for he knows that he is the only person in the community capable of undertaking such a task.

During the entr'actes, I frequently approach Mr. Pinhead and encourage him to converse on what he calls the "outlook" of the American drama. To tell the truth, I don't know what the word "outlook" means when used in such a connection, but it sounds well, and is one of the distinguishing earmarks of Professor Merriweather's artine. Mr. Pinhead's views of the stage are rather gloomy ones. He declares that all the managers in the country are banded together in a conspiracy, whose object is to prevent the public from having good plays. He firmly believes that there are enough good dramas written every year by the members of his own immediate circle to supply the entire stage of the country with dramatic literature in its finest form. He himself has prepared a tragedy in blank verse, dealing with the St. Bartholomew massacre, which he has offered to the leading managers of the country.

"And what happened to it?" I inquired; whereat Mr. Pinhead smiled a bitterly satiric smile.

"What happened to it?" he exclaimed. "Precisely what has happened to every play worthy of any serious consideration whatever that has been submitted to any of those scoundrels. It was sent back to me with a polite note of refusal."

But it is on the occasion of an Ibsen *matinée*, or of the performance of an "advanced drama," that Mr. Pinhead's melancholy leaves him and he becomes a buoyant admirer of everything within his range of vision. It was my good fortune to meet him one evening when an absolutely worthless play of great literary pre-

tension was performed by a company of aggressively bad actors, and I have never seen him so bright and cheery as he was then. He beamed his approval of play and players, and applauded vigorously when the leading actor, one of the most atrocious blends of effrontery, ignorance, and charlatanism that I have ever seen, gave us an example of the "natural" school of acting, of which he is an exponent. During the entr'actes, Mr. Pinhead had no time for conversation with such a Philistine as myself. The house was filled with men and women who had taken the Merriweather capsules, and viewed life and art and letters in very much the same fashion. Wherever I went, my ears caught the eager buzz of admiration, and a few days later I read Mr. Pinhead's review, in which he declared that the representation of this particular drama was the most interesting and important dramatic event of the entire season.

AN OLD FASHIONED, HOME MADE BRAND OF CULTURINE.

One more example of culturine, and I have done. There is a woman of my acquaintance who has never patronized either Professor Merriweather or Mrs. Van Sutphin, but who is always provided with capsules of culturine which are fully as effective as either of the two brands to which I have alluded. Hers, however, are strictly home made. She has for many years prepared prosaline and versaline, solely for her own use, and without any intention of supplying the market.

I think she deserves the highest credit for what she has done, especially when we take into consideration the fact that she had very little material to work with. She has a text book of English literature which has served as the foundation for her entire scheme. This book is divided into two departments, one devoted to what it terms "Standard English Authors," and the other to "Contemporary English Authors." She holds the first named portion in high esteem, and has actually read some of the writings of nearly every one contained in it. Moreover, she has been careful to mark with a pencil the name of each author whom she has thus studied, and with a double cross those to whom she has devoted special attention.

For the "Contemporaries," as she calls them, she has but scant respect, and I doubt if she has ever considered it worth while to read any of them, for I have noticed that there are no pencil marks in that portion of her book. It is impossible to interest her in Adelaide Proctor, Ar-

thur Hugh Clough, or Wilkie Collins, but she talks learnedly and in tones of high approbation of Shakspeare, Dickens, and Wordsworth. If you ask her about Robert Louis Stevenson, as I did once, she will probably look puzzled for a moment, and then consult the well thumbed pages of her text book. The name is not to be found there, nor is that of Austin Dobson, for the simple reason that the book was printed in 1875. It is impossible to interest her in these writers, or, indeed, in any of our own generation. She has no faith in them, because she cannot find their names in her book, not even in the pages devoted to the "Contemporaries."

Time was when I was inclined to sneer at the culturine which she prepares in her own primitive way, and which she actually sells to persons as simple minded as herself. Closer familiarity, however, with

the more pretentious brands with which the New York market is flooded has led me to believe that this home made article may yet enjoy a genuine vogue in the most brilliant metropolitan circles. Epicures in art and letters may perhaps turn to it in very much the same spirit that the gormand turns from the richly spiced products of the highest French cookery to such homely dishes as corned beef hash and baked beans. In a great many restaurants attention is drawn to such delicacies as "Aunt Betsy's flapjacks" and "coffee same as mother used to make."

It may be that in the near future the walls of the many literary and intellectual salons for which New York is famous will glisten with announcements of "Home Made Culturine," "Aunt Maria's Old Fashioned Prosaline," and "Artine, Same as Grandma Used to Make."

REVELATION.

THEY told me poppies in the wheat were red,
That southern skies were deeply, darkly blue;
And I, who loved the jeweled words they said—
I thought I knew.

But when I crossed a sea that seemed to stand
Within a hollowed sapphire closely sealed,
And saw the poppies flame across the land—
It was revealed.

Go shout your secret down the wind,
And write where all may read it;
For only the enlightened heart
Will find the treasure you impart,
And only he will heed it.
The world will love your shining words
And praise your cadence ringing;
But only he whose feet have known
The pathway you have made your own
Will know whereof you're singing.

They told me love was—oh, a thousand things—
Sweet, bitter, cruel, holy—tiger, dove—
And I, whose eyes had caught the gleam of wings
Sang oft of love.

But when love entered and the veil was torn,
I stood in silent wonder, to behold,
Of all the chanting lovers since the Dawn,
Not one had told!

Go shout your secret down the wind,
And write where all may read it;
For only the enlightened heart
Will find the treasure you impart,
And only he will heed it.
The world will love your shining words
And praise your cadence ringing;
But only he whose feet have known
The pathway you have made your own
Will know whereof you're singing.

Marian West.

A PERSONAL CHAT WITH OUR READERS BY MR. MUNSEY.

WHAT WE ARE DOING AND PROPOSE TO DO.

It has been so long since I have written anything for this department that I am entirely out of the swing of it. It doesn't follow, though, because "The Publisher's Desk" has not been much in evidence during the last year that I have not given my usual attention to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. On the contrary, I am putting more personal work into our editorial and art departments than at any time within several years. This is made possible by the more perfect business system that has come with a constantly growing business and wider experience.

No publication can cut very much of a figure without first rate business handling. I am a thorough believer in an accurate, energetic business organization. But I believe to even a greater extent in the importance of the editorial branch. It is here that the heart of the whole problem lies, and it is here that I am now doing my hardest work.

From the first I have had the simplest scheme of any publisher. I have had no elaborate machinery to persuade people to buy MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. I have given no premiums and offered no inducements beyond the magazine itself; neither have I done any advertising, not so much as a penny's worth, in half a dozen years. The money that might have been diverted to this purpose, and to premiums, and to this scheme and that and the other, has been put into attractive reading matter and illustrations. I have made a much bigger magazine, notwithstanding the price, than any other save those that sell at 35 cents.

As I have said before in these columns, the editing of a magazine that goes into practically every town in the country, and which is intended for all classes of people, is no "cinch." It keeps one thinking, and is at best a jump in the dark game.

I wish very much that I might get an occasional letter from you telling me what suits you best in the magazine, and what doesn't suit you at all.

Every now and again I find myself speculating whether the serial story properly

has a place in a monthly magazine. Sometimes I think it has, and then again I am not at all sure of it. I wish I might have an expression of opinion from every one of you on this point. Why not let me have it? It won't take you long to write it. And, moreover, I wish you to feel interested in helping to make MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE the people's magazine—a great national institution. It has made a pretty good beginning in this respect already. But there is always room for improvement, and room for growth. Why shouldn't you have a hand in both?

I am starting in this year in dead earnest to make MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE stronger in every respect than ever before in its history. Every hint you give me will be of real service.

Remember, I am making the magazine for you and not for myself. Magazine making isn't the kind of a game I would play for my own amusement. I would rather be out on the golf field; and there are other amusements, as well, that would suit me better.

Magazine making, if it is done seriously, is downright hard work; and it is such disheartening work! There is never anything good enough for its pages, when one is trying to make it better and better and always better. One is very much up against it all the while.

I hope you won't mind my being a bit free and easy in my phraseology in this department. I want to write as I talk. I am talking to you in this section. To attempt to talk to people and put it in the form of a polished essay is rot.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.

On the front cover of this issue I say over my own signature that this number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE comes pretty close to my idea of what a modern magazine should be.

As a matter of fact, I don't know how we could make it very much better if it sold at fifty cents instead of ten. We could, of course, spend a lot more money if we were to go into color printing, and

could use heavier paper. There are various ways in which we could squander money. But would it be a better magazine if we were to do all this? If we were to sacrifice everything to art effects, would it be as strong an all round magazine for the family as it is today? And could we wisely make it very much larger? One hundred and sixty pages come pretty close to the limit, and especially when accompanied by a good amount of advertising. To make it heavier, either by inserting additional pages or by printing on heavier paper, would be, I think, a disadvantage. It would weigh too much.

I might spend more money, too, in the contents of the magazine, both in art and letterpress. I might have it all written by men who through one means or another—accident, maybe, to a great extent—have a big name. But this wouldn't necessarily mean good writing. It doubtless would not mean good journalism.

The same thing is true of art. The reader likes to see people as they are. The camera is far more accurate in the matter of likeness than the artist's brush—more faithful in details, and truer to life.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE always carries a good many drawings, but it carries a good proportion of photographic work as well. If it were purely an art magazine, then I should depend almost wholly on the artist for our illustrations. But MUNSEY'S is by no means a class magazine. It is an all round family magazine with something in it for every one.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for October contains nine special articles, three departments—"The Public Eye," "The Stage," and "Literary Chat"; also two serial stories, six short stories, poems, etc., together with a hundred and sixty illustrations. Here is the list of articles:

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.
THE GREATEST FIGHTING MACHINES AFLOAT.
THE ANNIHILATION OF SPACE.
THE GLORIOUS SPORT OF POLO.
TAMMANY HALL—THE MOST PERFECT POLITICAL ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD.
THE BUCKET SHOP IN SPECULATION.
MAJOR GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE.
ITALY AND HER MAKERS.
THE FAD OF IMITATION CULTURE.

These themes are not heavy enough to sink a ship, neither are they so light as to be valueless. There isn't a dull, philosophic, wearisome subject in the list. Every article is timely and is full of human interest, and all have been written by trained journalists—men whose business it is to write what people will read.

It strikes me that it is wiser to employ an architect if I want a house built, than to employ a tailor to do the job. The same thing holds true in writing. The trained writer can juggle with words a good deal more cleverly than the prize fighter, the military genius, or the railway king. It follows, then, that an article by an unknown mechanic of the pen may well be a good deal better reading than that which comes from the millionaire, the politician, or the ambassador, however big his name.

OUR MID MONTH ISSUE.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has a mid month issue in THE JUNIOR MUNSEY. The latter is published on the 15th of the month. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE comes out on the 30th.

Possibly you may be interested to know something about THE JUNIOR MUNSEY—something more than you now know. It has gone through a good many changes already. I am an evolutionist in the publishing business, as, in fact, I am in everything. I am not wise enough to plan so perfectly that there can be no mistakes in my ventures. When I get an idea that seems to me to be worth following out, I plunge on it before the juice is all argued out of it. The plunge once made, I have to work my way out. Each move in actual experience serves as a guide to the next move, and so on till the problem is at last solved.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is a marked example of this theory of evolution. It was started as a weekly paper. It waded through trouble up to its eyes. A thousand experiments had to be abandoned, but each one served as a tiny light guiding it on to the clearing.

So, too, is THE JUNIOR MUNSEY an example of evolution. It began its career as THE QUAKER. I started it to see if the people of America wanted what would answer to the penny and halfpenny publications of England. Millions of copies of this class of publication are issued in London every week—possibly as many as eight or ten millions. I didn't believe that the American public would care for them, but I wanted to *know*—to make sure. I brought out THE QUAKER to make the experiment. The price was two cents a copy (one English penny). It didn't take long to convince me that there was no "long felt want" in this country for such a publication. The experiment covered about six months. In the mean time I had become rather attached to THE QUAKER, much as one becomes attached to a dog, I suppose. But it had no "go" in it. It wouldn't do anything for itself. I

hadn't any pride at stake; in fact, I never have when it is a question of the right thing to do. So I changed *THE QUAKER* to a pocket size magazine and made the price five cents instead of two. It immediately began to look up. It jumped ahead in circulation from, say, twenty thousand to over thirty—perhaps thirty five. But in this new form, even, it didn't show the right pace. Accordingly, I changed the size again, making it a full magazine with its present price of ten cents. This move resulted in a further increase in circulation. It reached a total of about 48,000, and there it hung. Up to this point it had been a slow game. There was no fun in it. Another change was in order. This time it was a change of name. It appeared first under its present name in April last—only six months ago—and now it has a circulation of one hundred thousand. And this gain has been made in the hot summer months, when all publications lose in circulation.

THE JUNIOR is at last becoming an interesting proposition. Is there anything in a name?

AN INTERESTING COMPARISON.

I HAVE been comparing this present issue of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* with the first number published at ten cents. The comparison is both instructive and interesting. It shows a degree of development to which, I will admit, my fancy did not reach out. How thin and crude that first number looks today, placed side by side with this October issue of 1900! And yet it was good enough to make the world marvel that such a magazine was published at ten cents; good enough to make every one, experienced publishers included, assert that it meant bankruptcy; good enough to force its way to a great circulation in spite of the supposedly insurmountable obstacles it had to face and overcome. It was this pioneering that made the ten cent magazine possible to the readers of America.

UNCUT MAGAZINES.

THREE years have gone by since I began giving you a magazine whose leaves were cut. It cost me a good many thousand dollars to have designed and built, especially for *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, machinery that would give this result. My plant already installed, and composed for the most part of all new machinery, had to be disposed of, sacrificed for a song, to make room for the new inventions. Three years have gone by, and my magazines are the

only ones that are up to date in the matter of uncut leaves.

The great big cash outlay for special machinery meant nothing to me as compared with the fact that my readers were getting a modern magazine in every respect. When one takes up a magazine to read, he wishes to read—not to go into the magazine binding business. There is no machinery too good with which to produce *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*. And there are no articles too interesting for its pages, and no illustrations too attractive.

A LARGER POPULATION.

THE census figures show a handsome increase in our population. A larger population should mean a larger circulation for *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*. I should like to see it run up to a million a month. There isn't a family anywhere that can afford not to exchange ten cents a month for it. There must be a good many families who are not making this exchange. But there is no way for me to locate them. You could locate them, as you are in touch with them. Each of you knows a dozen families—fifty families. How many of these fifty are not taking *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*? Certainly all are able to spare ten cents a month for it—or only about eight cents a month, when taken by the year. If you were to tell them what *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* would mean to them as a part of the home life, they would be pretty sure to become permanent readers of it.

I should like to feel that the readers of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* have an interest in it as an institution, as well as in its pages. Such an interest on your part would give it a unique place among the publications of the world—would give it a circulation greater than any in the world.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has maintained an average monthly edition for half a dozen years of between six and seven hundred thousand. This means more than three million regular readers—an audience big enough to stimulate any editor to do his best work all the while.

If all these three million constant readers should individually interest themselves in giving *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* a lift in circulation, the result would be an edition so large that it would astound the world. One hour's work on the part of each of the readers of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* would give it in a single day three million additional readers.

I don't quite like to make a cold bid for this hour, but between you and me, I should mighty like to have it.